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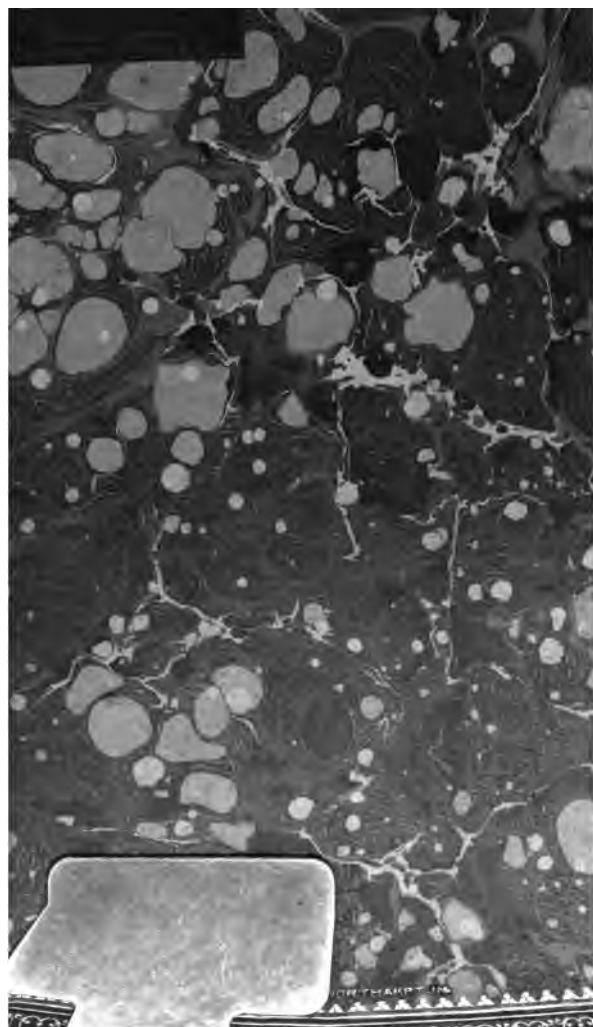
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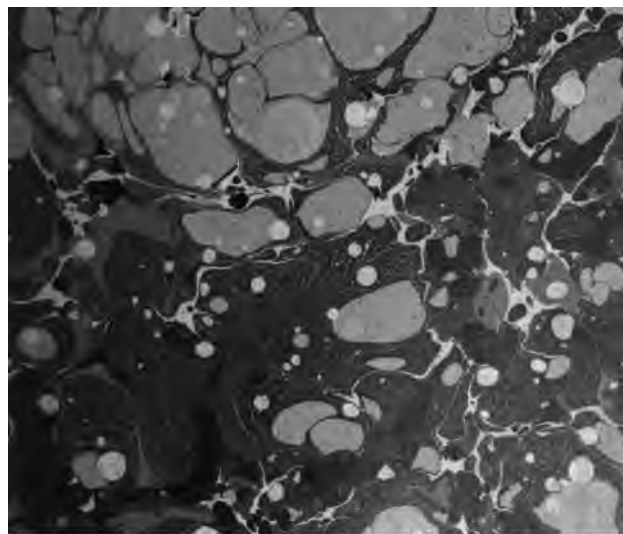
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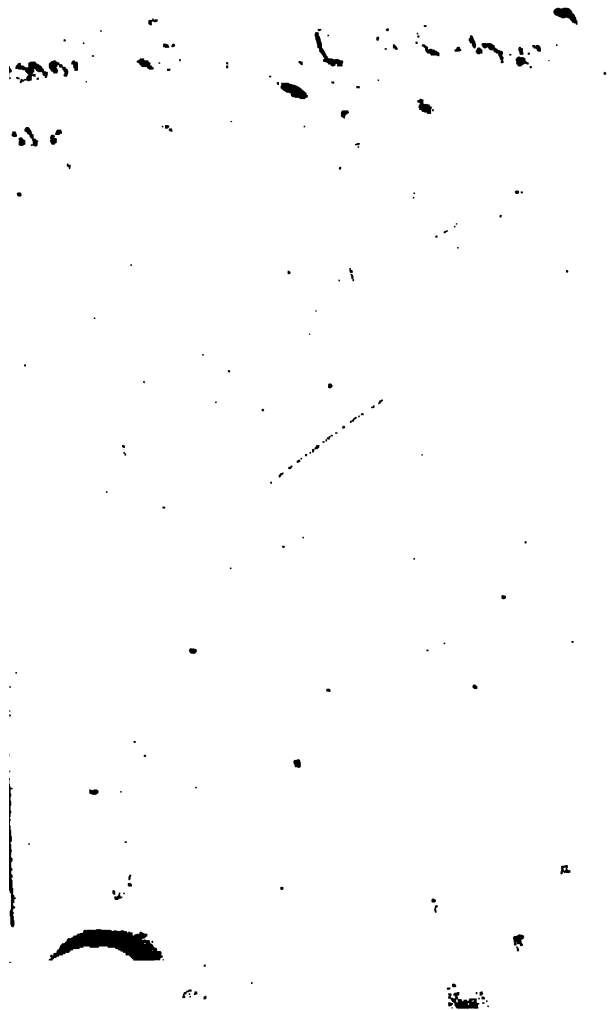
Elizabeth Legg her love
may God give her grace

Elizth Legg

June 3rd .. 1810

Elizabeth Ann
Bridport Dorset

September 25. 1836



A
CHOICE COLLECTION
OF
SPIRITUAL and DIVINE
HYMNS,

Taken from various AUTHORS;

Intended for the Use of those few, who are *indeed*,
or *desire* to be, Strangers and Pilgrims on Earth,
and are determined to know *nothing* but JESUS
CHRIST and him *crucified*.

By C. H.

O sing unto the Lord a new Song. Psa. xcvi. 1.

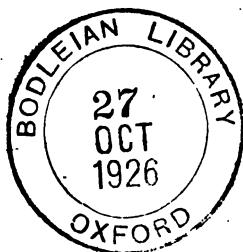
Worthy is the Lamb that was slain Rev. v. 12.

Speaking to yourselves in Psalms, and Hymns, and Spirit-
ual Songs, singing and making melody in your hearts
unto the Lord. Eph. v. 19

B R I S T O L :

Printed by WILLIAM PINE, in Wine-street.

M.DCC.LXXVI.



To all the FAITHFUL IN CHRIST
JESUS, *especially those whom the*
LORD *hath called me to watch over*
and feed with the word of his grace.

MY DEAREST BRETHREN,

THE following collection of spiritual and divine Hymns, taken from various Authors, are (as a small cup of cold water) humbly presented to you in the name of our **LORD JESUS CHRIST**; intended as a means to refresh your weary spirits whilst in your pilgrimage, through this howling wilderness and dreary desert.

These sacred songs want no recommendation. **TRUTH** carries its own evidence and will speak for itself. I shall therefore only add, that according to my humble opinion, these Hymns appear to me very excellent; they contain the very marrow and essence of the pure *undefiled* gospel of **JESUS CHRIST**: and are most sweetly adapted to the state of *every* one, taught of the *meek and lowly Jesus*; from the *least* to the greatest in God's house: and in short, to every one that is only under the *least* drawings and influences of the **HOLY COMFORTER**, the **SPIRIT of TRUTH**.

In chusing and collecting of them (which hath been a very solemn and weighty matter with me before the Lord) I have studied to please but ONE; viz. **THE HOLY ONE** of *Israel*; **IMMANUEL**, **GOD** with **US**: in doing which I am sure I shall not displease those few, that are *indeed* God's people. And therefore I don't doubt but all such as are *truly* simple in heart, and *poor* in *spirit*, who look beyond the *shadow* to the *substance*, and have a real *taste* and *relish* for the *sufferings* and *death* of Jesus, (from whence all our blessings flow both in time and in eternity) and are determined to know nothing but **JESUS CHRIST** and him *crucified*, will find in this collection of Hymns, some *sweet* and *savory* food, suitable to the various states and conditions of their minds.

The volume is swelled to a much larger size than I at first intended. But Providence having put in my way, some very choice Hymns, which appear to me, *truly evangelical*, and full of sweet *heart-felt experience*; and which at the sametime open in a plain, intelligible manner the *leading* and *essential* truths in the holy gospel: I thought therefore these Hymns would answer another valuable end, and might be substituted in the place of many religious books, which in general treat only of the *theory* of the gospel, and the sentiments and *peculiar* opinions, of fallible men: and therefore rather *injure* than edify the mind. The greatest part of these hymns have already been made use of in our little societies, which God hath *remarkably* owned and blessed, above every other composition or collection we ever met with. Besides there is an *universal call* for the same, (many of which are just

out of print) which were the principal motives that induced me to publish this edition.

And here I would beg leave to drop a serious, and I hope a *seasonable* word of advice, to you my dear brethren, altho' it may seem rather foreign to this subject, yet I trust it will not prove altogether unprofitable. And that is, most earnestly to recommend to your serious study above every other book, in solemn prayer and faith, that so much neglected, but truly precious book of God, the HOLY BIBLE, which *alone* is able (through the divine teachings of the Holy Ghost) to make you *truly* wise to salvation. And by which alone we must *all* stand or fall, in that *awful* and *tremendous* day, "when God shall judge the world in RIGHT-EOUSNESS by THAT MAN, whom he hath ordained."* And therefore ought to be the constant study of our whole lives.

'Tis, my dear brethren, "the sword of the Spirit,"† the only weapon the enemy of our souls cares for, because it *alone* can *effectually* destroy his kingdom; and is therefore, what every soldier fighting under the banner of Jesus Christ, stands in *absolute* need of: neither can he by *any* means, fight the LORD's battles *without* it. And I am fully persuaded, that if this two-edged sword, THE WORD OF GOD, were made more use of, IN THE SPIRIT; all our most subtle and potent enemies, the world, flesh and devil (with whom there is a *continual* war) must *inevitably* fall before us: and it would be impossible we could fail of victory.

But let us, my dear brethren, take heed. Re-
member

* Acts xvii. 31. † Eph. vi. 17.

member it's the sword of THE SPIRIT, and therefore can *only* be handled by THE SPIRIT; whomsoever therefore makes use of it *any* other way, and attempts to *handle* it only with the withered hand of carnal reason and worldly wisdom, will, whilst he is aiming to stab his enemy, *only* wound his own soul, and slay himself. Because he must *unavoidably* wrest the scriptures to his *own* destruction. May the Lord, therefore, my dear brethren, not only give you the sword; but the SPIRIT of TRUTH also, to handle it. Which he has graciously promised to do, unto every one that asks him.* And should any be desirous (as perhaps they may) to know under what name I pass in the Christian world, and what are my religious sentiments,

To the first question, I would answer,† that I am no *partizan*, neither have I any *outward* connection with *any* sect or party now going. And therefore, do in the face of the whole world, *disown* and *renounce*, every particular name; (by which the professors of the Christian religion, are denominated) but *that very antient one*, given to the *first* disciples of Jesus-Christ at Antioch, viz. CHRISTIANS.† And yet at the same time I love *all*, and *every* one, of *every* denomination, without the least distinction, that take the *whole* bible for their creed, that hold THE FAITH in the unity of *the Spirit*, and who own and confess by the Holy Ghost, that poor *mean* MAN, and *despised* Nazarene, Jesus of Nazareth, to be their LORD and their GOD,‡ &c. &c.

And secondly, in regard to my religious sentiments

* Mat. vii. 11. † Acts xi. 26. ‡ John xx. 28.—Col. ii. 9.

ould any be desirous of knowing, I would
 em to the first hymn in this collection,
 ey will see *all the fundamental* truths of the
 religion (some part of which is expressed
by words of scripture) the *real* sentiments,
 heart, and the *substance* of which, I, in a
 lain manner, endeavour to teach and en-
 the name of the Lord.

having delivered the sentiments of my
 nd the principal reasons for publishing
 lection of hymns, which I trust were
 singleness of heart to the Lord *alone*, from
 conviction of his will (otherwise they
 ever have been printed by me) which I
 as *fully* made manifest, by many *remarka-*
curing providences, before I attempted
 hem to the press. And still farther, to
 rate the same, have had throughout the
 a testimony within my own breast, that the
 d look with a gracious smile, and was not
 ed with this weak and feeble attempt to
 : his honour and glory, which yields me
 of mind, I value above thousands of gold
 er; yea, millions and millions of worlds.
 ll now conclude the whole with calling
 ou my dearest brethren, in the name of
 ar Great High Priest, that you would join
 upplicating his gracious throne, for a bles-
 on these precious hymns, in the few fol-
 petitions; which I trust spring from, and
 othing but the real and genuine feelings of
 orthy breast.

ORD GOD! Thou most dear and precious
 NUEL! Behold! from thy mercy's seat!

thy

thy poor vile, unworthy worm, who humbly begs leave to fall prostrate before thy dear bleeding feet, earnestly desiring to present to Thee, this little book of hymns, for whose sake alone they were published, beseeching Thee to take them into thine own hands, and give them thy special blessing, and sprinkle every page, verse and line, with thy most precious heart's blood : and make them *sweet* and *salutary* food, to the souls of all thy dear people ; and, an universal blessing to thousands, wherever they shall come, more *especially* to the little flock thou hast called me to labor amongst and watch over.—And all the praise shall be ascribed to thy name O Lord ! For thou *only* art worthy to receive glory and honor, and power, for thou wast slain and hast redeemed US to GOD by thy blood ; to whom be praise and dominion for ever. Amen !

I remain, most dearly beloved brethren,
Your souls sincere well-wisher,
And ever willing servant,
Under the cross of Christ.

C. H.

APRIL 10, 1776.

SPIRITUAL *and* DIVINE
H Y M N S.

H Y M N I.

A brief confession of THE FAITH, of a *true*
Disciple and follower of JESUS CHRIST.

1 **T**HE doctrine of our dying Lord,
The faith he on mount Calv'ry seal'd,
We sign; and *ev'ry* stedfast word
Within his testament *reveal'd*,
We firm believe; and curst are they
Who *add* thereto, or *take away*.

2 And now, before this awful crowd
Of brethren militant on earth!
Before the first-born Church of God!
We hearty own the *second* birth:
We constantly consent to this,
Who *hath not Christ, is none of his*.

- 3 Also to blood, we this maintain,
 That *none* are righteous, no not *one*,
 But those for whom the Lamb was slain,
 Who're justify'd by faith *alone*;
 And, who so in his name believes,
 Himself and all Christ hath receives.
- 4 Our works and merits we disclaim,
 We trample on our righteousness;
 Our *holiest* actions we condemn
 As *dung* and *drofs*: and this confess,
 They are but sand, who build thereon,
Deny and *flight* the corner stone.
- 5 No other doctrine dare we hear,
 But, Christ *alone* our Saviour is,
 To *all* beside we stop our ear,
 And shun as *dangerous heresies*:
 This truth to death we will proclaim,
 There is no Saviour but the LAMB.
- 6 He is the only Lord and God!
 The *fulnes* of the *Three* in ONE:
 His name, death, righteousness, and blood,
 Shall be our *glory*, this *alone*:
 His *Godhead*, and his *death* shall be
 Our song to all eternity!
- 7 On him we venture *all* we have,
 Our bodies, souls, and spirits too:
 None will we ask beside to save,
Nought but the Saviour will we know:
 This we subscribe with *heart* and *hand*,
 Resolv'd thro' grace, by *this* to stand.

- 8 This now, with heav'n's resplendent host,
 We echo thro' the church's bounds;
 And 'midst the Heathen make our boast,
 Of our *Redeemer's blood and wounds* :
 And loud like many waters join,
 To shout the *Lamb*, the MAN divine!
- 9 By this our mark will we be known,
 In heav'n, and in the earth abroad,
 That *ev'ry doctrine* we disown,
 And *ev'ry faith*, and *ev'ry God*,
 But *Christ EMMANUEL*, and *that faith*
 Which apprehends his *blood and death*.
-

H Y M N II.

The real and genuine fruits and effects of Saving Faith.

- 1 **T**HE sinner that truly believes,
 And trusts in his crucify'd God,
 His justification receives,
 Redemption in *full* thro' his blood :
 Tho' thousands and thousands of foes
 Against him in malice unite,
 Their rage he thro' Christ can oppose,
 Led forth by the Spirit to fight.
- 2 Not all the delusions of sin
 Shall ever seduce him to death :
 He now has the *witness* within,
 United to Jesus by faith.

This faith shall eternally fail
When Jesus shall fall from his throne :
For Hell against *both* must prevail ;
Since Jesus and he are but *one*.

3 The faith that unites to the Lamb,
And brings such salvation as this,
Is more than mere *notion* or *name* ;
The work of God's *Spirit* it is.
A principle active and young,
That *lives* under *pressure* and *load* ;
That makes out of *weakness* more strong ;
And draws the soul upward to God.

4 It treads on the *world* and on *hell*,
It vanquishes *death* and *despair* :
And (what still is stranger to tell)
It overcomes heav'n by *pray'r* ;
Permits a vile worm of the dust
With God to commune as a *friend* ;
To hope his forgiveness as just ;
And look for his love to the *end*.

5 It says to the mountains, depart,
That stand betwixt God and the soul ;
It binds up the broken in heart,
And makes their fore consciences *whole* ;
Bids sins of a *crimson* like dye
Be spotless as snow and as white ;
And makes such a sinner as I
As pure as an angel of light.

H Y M N III.—C. M.

The same.

- 1 **W**HEREVER faith does justify,
 It purifies the heart :
The pardon and the purity
 Join hands and never part.
- 2 The happy state of pardon doth
 An *holy* life infer;
In subjects capable of both,
 They never *funder'd* were.
- 3 From precious faith, a precious strife
 Of precious virtues flow,
A precious *heart*, a precious *life*,
 And precious *duties* too.
- 4 A happy sinner I remain,
 But sin hath lost its *pow'r*;
Sin, still I have, but *Christ* doth reign,
 His wounds my *strength* and *tow'r*.
- 5 No heavy yoke his precepts prove,
 No tiresome load impose;
My heart now fill'd with sacred love,
 His will with *pleasure* does.
- 6 To boast of faith in bonds of sin,
 Blasphemes thy *Jesu's* name;
Believers still enslav'd within,
 Put thee to open shame.

- 7 Those souls, whom faith with Christ unites,
 Are *peaceful, calm, serene*,
 His Spirit in such hearts resides
 And keeps his temple *clean*.
-

H Y M N IV.—C. M.

The same.

- 1 **M**ISTAKEN souls! that dream of heav'n,
 And make their empty boast
 Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,
 While they are slaves to lust.
- 2 Vain are our fancy's airy flights,
 If faith be cold and dead ;
 None but a *living* pow'r unites
 To Christ the living head.
- 3 'Tis faith that changes *all the heart* ;
 'Tis faith that works by *love*,
 That bids all *sinful* joys depart,
 And lifts the thoughts *above*.
- 4 'Tis faith that conquers *earth and hell*,
 By a celestial pow'r ;
 This is the grace that shall prevail
 In the decisive hour.
- 5 True faith *obeys* her author's will,
 As well as trust his grace ;
 A pard'ning God is jealous still
 For his own holiness.

6 When

- 6 When from the curse he sets us free,
 He makes our natures clean ;
 Nor would he send his Son to be,
 The minister of sin.
- 7 His Spirit *purifies* our frame,
 And seals our peace with God ;
 Jesus and his salvation came
 By water and by blood.
-

H Y M N V.

The Christian's happy life.

- 1 **H**OW happy are the men who know
 The Lamb and walk with him below ?
 How happy they who calmly bear
 All griefs and persecutions here ?
 And fix their steady minds on him,
 Who them did from the world redeem.
- 2 They trust the Lord, whose vocal blood
 Saith, All things work together for good ;
 Nor murmur they when cross'd or wrong'd,
 When like to die, when life's prolong'd ;
 But quiet under all go on,
 And sing, *Thy will, my God, be done.*
- 3 In these our Saviour dwells, and is
 Their strength, and righteousness, and bliss ;
 The dove spreads here prolific wings,
 And here the peaceful olive brings :
 In hearts like these, the Father God
 Is pleas'd to 'stablish his abode.

- 4 The fear of death is far remov'd,
While Jesus whispers, My belov'd ;
And cancels sin, then death each views,
As serpents, when their stings they lose :
Nor nakedness, nor want, nor sword,
Can part them from a tender Lord.
- 5 If they possess a joyous frame,
'Tis well, they thank the Saviour's name ;
If they are heavy ; low they sit
And wait resign'd at Jesu's feet :
A peace surpassing human thought
They still enjoy which leaves them not.
- 6 Often I taste this liberty,
And O my God, get near to thee :
I foretaste heav'n, and long to feel
This happiness abide me still ;
Or leave the foolish world and prove
The fulness of thy bliss above.
-

H Y M N VI,——L. M.

The TRUE Believer's legacy.

- 1 **T**HE name of Christ, how sweet it sounds,
How sweet the mention of his wounds ;
How good, how excellently good
Is the bare name of *Jesu's blood*.
- 2 What makes it so to me is this :
All that is Christ's *my* portion is ;
I'm his, and all I e'er shall be,
And all *he* has is made to *me*.

- 3 O what a great estate have I,
A heav'n to all eternity !
 I'm rich the *Lamb* hath made me so,
 Nor would I *greater* riches know.
- 4 O law, I dread thy threats no more,
 Our *Saviour* yonder paid my score ;
His blood I know hath blotted all
 The hand against me on the wall.
- 5 The promises I glad look o'er,
 And thankfully the *Lamb* adore ;
 For when he dy'd he made his will,
 And these his legacies reveal.
- 6 His new eternal testament
 I read, and much sweet time is spent
 In searching ev'ry verse and line,
 How much by *Jesu's* will is *mine*.
- 7 What did my Saviour at his death
 To me, unworthy me, bequeath ?
All that he had, his *merits, blood,*
 He left me when he went to God.
- 8 My dear Testator must I bless,
 And wearing his pure righteousness,
 He dy'd and left *me* this I'll tell,
 Or *I* had *naked* went to *hell*.
- 9 Men shall not be deceiv'd, for I
 Will loud declare how I came by
 My fine array, my purity,
 I'll say, my *Saviour* left it *me*.

10 O Jesus, but unloose my tongue,
And grace shall be my ceaseless song;
Telling how black, how vile I am,
How fair and comely in the Lamb.

11 Telling how poor I lately was,
How sad I sat beneath the cross;
Till I by faith beheld thee die,
And now how rich, how glad am I.

H Y M N VII.

All TRUE Believers, strangers and pilgrims on earth.

1 **W**AYFARING men and sojourners
Are we who seek the heav'nly spheres,
Nor do we here belong:
Our certain dwelling place is where
The Lamb's triumphant hosts appear,
His dear redeemed throng.

2 Forget not this while thus ye fit
To rest you at our Saviour's feet,
Ye family of God;
But leaning on your staves as do
Poor travellers, who their home pursue,
When weary on their road.

3 Our meetings here is not the rest
Remaining for us, but a taste;
Yet friends a little while,

A journey more and we
And his sabbath see,
Safe from all our toil.

- 4 Dry up your tears ye weeping host,
For yonder see is Salem's coast,
There waits the happy troop ;
The army of our brethren there,
Join earnest in our feeble pray'r,
Lord fill the number up.
- 5 'Tis but to stay a few more days
Ere we shall join their perfect praise,
And like them Christ adore :
Not in a tabernacle then,
Nor in a city built by men,
But heav'n for evermore.
- 6 Go on in peace ye little flock,
Before us moves the Lord our rock,
Of which the Hebrews drank,
Nor did they tire in all their road,
So strength'ning was the mystic flood,
Drink friends and Jesus thank.
- 7 Drink and you shall your strength renew,
The Lamb prepares this stream for you,
Draw near ye thirsty poor :
O fellow-pilgrims, drink and sing
The virtues of this sacred spring,
And God the rock adore.

H Y M N VIII.

The Pilgrim's Song.

- 1 **R**ISE my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;

Rise

Rise from transitory things,
 Tow'rds heav'n, thy native place.
 Sun and moon and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove;
 Rise my soul and haste away
 To seats prepar'd above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course;
 Fire ascending seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their source;
 So a soul that's born of God
 Pants to view his glorious face,
 Upwards tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onwards to the prize;
 Soon our Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies:
 Yet a season and you know
 Happy entrance will be given;
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchang'd for heaven.

H Y M N IX.—C. M.

Sunday Morning.

1 **W**ELCOME, thrice welcome day of rest!
 On thee our Lord arose!
 On thee he bursts the bands of death,
 And triumph'd o'er his foes

2 To

- 2 To day he bids the faithful rest,
To day he show'rs his grace ;
Seek ye my face, (our Lord invites)
Lord, we would seek thy face.
 - 3 To day our feet shall tread thy courts,
In pray'r, and praise, and love ;
O may our works be offer'd pure,
As those by saints above !
 - 4 O may we please thee well to day,
May that be all our care !
Give us thy grace lest evil thoughts
Shou'd mingle in our pray'r.
 - 5 Let heav'n, propitious, aid our souls,
Let heav'n in pity hear ;
Come with us to thy temple Lord,
And we'll adore thee here.
-

H Y M N X.—C. M.

Sunday Noon.

- 1 **B**LESS'D be thy name, immortal King,
Of all the nations Lord ;
Whose love provides for fainting souls
The cordial of thy word.
- 2 Lift up our souls in holy zeal,
Inflame our breasts with love ;
Touch our unhallow'd lips with fire,
O thou anointing dove !

3 Leave

- 3 Leave then, my soul, the things of earth,
 With God's assembly join;
 Lo! Heav'n descends to welcome man
 To taste the things divine!
- 4 I come, dear Saviour, lo! I come,
 Lord of my life and soul;
 I come diseas'd, and faint, and sick,
 Be pleas'd to make me whole.
- 5 I thirst, and fly to thee, my Lord,
 Thou fountain-head of good;
 Filthy I come, and all unclean,
 O cleanse me in thy blood!
-

H Y M N XI. — C. M.

Sunday Evening.

- 1 **L**O! Now the sun declines apace,
 The holy sabbath flies;
 Come, therefore, let us close the day
 In sacred harmonies.
- 2 When, O dear Jesus, when shall I
 Behold thee all serene?
 Bless'd in perpetual sabbath-day,
 Without a veil between?
- 3 Assist me while I wander here,
 Amidst a world of cares;
 Incline my heart to pray with love,
 And then accept my pray'rs.

- 4 Release my soul from every chain,
No more hell's captive led,
And pardon that repenting child
For whom the Saviour bled !
 - 5 Behold the streams of purple gore,
That trickle from his side !
And pardon that repenting child,
For whom the Saviour dy'd.
 - 6 Spare me my God ; O spare the soul,
That gives itself to thee !
Take all that I possess below,
And give thyself to me.
 - 7 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give
To be my guide, and friend ;
To light my ways to ceaseless joys,
To sabbaths without end.
-

H Y M N XII.—C. M.

Before Sermon.

- 1 **G**LORY to God, who gave the word !
And bid the preachers cry ;
Who caus'd his will to be proclaim'd,
And brought salvation nigh.
- 2 Lord ever give us of this bread,
And grant us ears to hear ;
Hearts to receive the heav'nly seed,
And bring forth fruit with fear.

- 3 Thy scriptures light our darksome path,
And guide our fault'ring feet;
Direct us in the living way,
And to the mercy-seat.
 - 4 Fill ev'ry hungry soul who cries,
From thy exhaustless store;
And let no one go empty hence,
But tasting, pray for more.
 - 5 Let all thy children, Lord, be fed
With the eternal *word*;
Be wise, and stronger grow thereby,
Increasing in the Lord.
-

H Y M N XIII.—L. M.

The earnest Seeker.

- 1 **O** What a world of doubts and cares,
And sins before my face appears!
How many paths do I perceive!
Nor know I which to choose, or leave.
- 2 Good God! direct my feet aright,
Throughout this long Egyptian night:
My soul to Canaan's pasture lead,
There let me hide my weary head.
- 3 Till then in secret calls, and pray'rs,
By inward sighs, and streaming tears,
I'll seek thy face: my search receive,
O! Let me see thy face, and live.

- 4 Altho' the way be strew'd with pain,
Thou hast not bid me seek in vain :
I'll seek — if ne'er the bliss be giv'n,
I'll perish at the gate of heav'n.
- 5 The Lord hath said, *Seek ye my face* ;
The invitation I embrace ;
And should I err — I'll waiting sit,
And perish at my Saviour's feet.
- 6 My mid-night hours I'll pass away,
Waiting in hope the Bridegroom's stay ;
And begging in his way I'll lie,
And perish if he pass me by.
- 7 I'll watch ; perhaps, my Lord may come ;
If back I turn, hell is my doom :
If I ne'er find the sacred road,
I'll perish crying out for God.
- 8 The soul who seeks the Lord shall live ;
Seek, O my soul ! my spirit strive ;
Pray loud, if he denies to hear,
I'll perish (if I must) in pray'r !
-

H Y M N XIV. — L. M.

Reproach'd for CHRIST's sake.

- 1 **A** H ! my dear master, now I see
Thy scriptures are fulfill'd in me ;
I must, because I own thy name,
Take up my cross, and suffer shame.

B

Slanders

- 2 Slanders on flanders now I hear,
Rebukes, and false reproach I bear ;
I am the sport of all the throng,
The world's contempt, the drunkard's song.
- 3 The high, the low, unlearn'd, and wife,
Alike my foolish ways despise ;
While such as almost Christians are,
Condemn my way as too severe.
- 4 As evil, men my presence flee,
Exclude me from their company ;
My foes, and friends promiscuous blame,
And scarce I bear a Christian's name.
- 5 O my dear God, be thou my aid !
On thee let all my hopes be stay'd ;
Mind me of thine eternal crown,
Nor let these trifles cast me down.
- 6 Come, blessed Bridegroom, bring my day !
O take my wishful soul away !
O rest me on thy father's throne,
The glory shall be thine alone.

H Y M N XV.—C. M.

In time of persecution.

- 1 **P**ROPHET, and teacher, come from God,
We glorify thy word ;
Who can'st to kindle fire on earth,
And send a flaming sword.

See,

- 1 See, Lord, how Satan spoils thy church,
Thy scatter'd sheep behold ;
Distress o'er-spreads the people's hearts,
And fear attends thy fold.
- 3 Billows of fury fright the flock,
And mighty tempests swell ;
Against us man with man combines,
And aids the hosts of hell.
- 4 False brethren in religious forms,
Their artful malice use ;
Array'd like sheep, the rav'nous wolves
Thy heritage abuse.
- 5 Rise, mighty God, maintain thy cause,
Hold out the victor's crown ;
Strengthen the weak, and raise the hands
Despairingly cast down.
- 6 Help us, O Lord, to persevere,
And more than conquerors prove ;
Assist us manfully to fight,
And triumph in thy love.
- 7 And if thy will should call to death,
We know thy will is good ;
Increase our strength, and we shall strive,
Resisting unto blood.
- 8 Let Heav'n be open to our view,
Tho' ghastly death appear ;
Our souls shall leave the world with joy,
And tread down ev'ry fear.

- 9 The captain of the hosts above
Prepares our dang'rous way;
If God be for us, we at last
Shall surely win the day.
- 10 Let Satan thunder in his hour,
And let his legions roar ;
But for a night our griefs endure,
And then we grieve no more.
- 11 Be thou our rock, almighty Lord,
To thee ourselves we yield ;
Be our salvation, our defence,
Our refuge, and our shield.
- 12 If thou maintain thy childrens right,
No terrors we shall know ;
Thy will be done, descend ye rains,
Ye winds tempestuous blow.
- 13 Thro' all we lift our longing eyes,
Where saints and martyrs feast ;
Like them regardless of our lives,
That with them we may rest.
- 14 How more than happy all their souls
Who firm for Jesus stood ;
Boldly confess'd his faith below,
And seal'd it with their blood.
- 15 Worthy art thou of endless praise,
More than thy saints can give ;
Worthy eternal pow'r and strength,
And blessings to receive.

H Y M N XVI.—C. M.

*Seven HYMNS from the seven cries our LORD utter'd
on the cross.*

- 1 **S**EE on the cross my SAVIOUR hangs!
All red with guiltless blood;
Seven flowing streams of purple hue
Compose the healing flood:
- 2 Laden with wrath, and grievous pangs,
Seven times aloud he cries!
Now knowing all things were fulfil'd,
He bows his head, and dies!
- 3 And didst thou bleed seven times for me?
I'll weep each day of seven;
I'll imitate thy bitter cries,
And ceaseless cry to heav'n!
- 4 Thy groans I'll plead, I'll urge thy tears,
Perhaps thy love will hear;
For Oh! unless thou give relief,
My cross I cannot bear.
- 5 I cannot justly call thee mine,
I dare not as I wou'd;
For I alas! am all impure,
O! cleanse me in thy blood.

H Y M N XVII.

My God ! my God ! why hast thou forsaken me ?

- 1 **W**HY bear I yet the Father's rod ?
 Why yet forsaken by my God ?
 Say Justice — Must I ever mourn ?
 Must I for ever be forlorn ?
 Weep then, ye fountains of mine eyes,
 For God my humble suit denies !
- 2 Have all thy mercies found an end ?
 Is he no more the sinner's friend ?
 Hath God forgot his usual love ?
 And is no pity left above ?
 Weep then, ye fountains of mine eyes,
 For God my humble suit denies !
- 3 Will God be gracious now no more ?
 Or slight the Lord his helpless poor ?
 Will no exorciates now prevail ?
 Doth all his former kindness fail ?
 Weep then, ye fountains of mine eyes,
 For God my humble suit denies !
- 4 Can Jesu's blood no more atone ?
 Will God behold his slaughter'd son ?
 And hear him cry, and see his side,
 Nor pardon him for whom he dy'd !
 Weep then, ye fountains of mine eyes,
 For God my humble suit denies !

5 Dear

- 5 Dear Lord, if mercy be in heav'n,
Let mercy to my soul be giv'n !
For Jesu's sake my trouble see,
And let his suff'rings plead for me !
In pity hear a sinner cry,
Nor more my humble suit deny !
-

H Y M N XVIII.—C. M.

Father, forgive them ; for they know not what they do.

- 1 **F**ATHER, forgive thy froward child ;
Forgive for Jesu's sake !
Save me ! O save me from my sin,
And from the burning lake !
- 2 Sin upon sin I long have heap'd,
Led captive by the foe !
O pardon me ! For what I did,
Father, I did not know !
- 3 E'er since I knew thy holy will,
I've lov'd to go aside ;
Have took delight in vanity,
And pleas'd myself in pride.
- 4 Careless of heav'n, and Jesu's love,
I've pass'd the days of youth ;
A stranger to the living faith,
A stranger to the truth.
- 5 Lost in the maze of carnal mirth,
Far from thy peace I've gone !
O faithful shepherd, bring me home,
Seek thy returning son.

- 6 I see my faults, I see, and cry;
 I feel the heavy load:
 God justly hides away his face,
 For I have fled from God!
- 7 I own, I've turn'd to crooked paths;
 I own it, Lord, and grieve;
 Throughout my life I've done amiss,
 Father, my sins forgive!

H Y M N XIX.—C. M.

To day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.

- 1 **O** Cou'd I hear that Saviour's voice,
 Who suffer'd on the tree!
 Once hear him say, 'Thy sins are hid,
 'For I have dy'd for thee!'
- 2 Happy that thief, thrice happy he,
 Who ask'd, and was forgiv'n!
 Ask'd, and the son of God reply'd,
 'To day I give thee heav'n!'
- 3 Behold I ask, and seek, and pray;
 But cannot yet obtain:
 Often I come before thy throne,
 But seem to come in vain.
- 4 Remember, O remember me;
 My pangs are too severe!
 My spirit bows beneath the weight,
 My burden who can bear!

5 Hast thou forgot to deal in love ?
Wilt thou be pleas'd no more !
Must peace for ever leave my breast,
And storms be ne'er blown o'er !

6 O gracious Saviour, hear my pray'r,
And let salvation shine !
Say to my mournful soul rejoice,
For paradise is thine !

H Y M N XX.—C. M.

Woman ! Behold thy Son. — Son ! Behold thy Mother.

1 **F**ATHER, attend my Saviour's groans,
His woe, and anguish see !
Behold he bleeds to heal my wounds,
Behold he groans for me !

2 Father, behold my Saviour's pangs,
And hear his bitter cries !
Tortur'd for me he yields his breath,
For me the victim dies.

3 Father, can'st thou behold thy Son,
And see his grief and pain ;
And yet forbear to pardon him,
For whom thy Son was slain !

4 For me he left his native heav'n,
Thy bosom, and thy throne ;
Hear then in his beloved name !
O hear me in thy Son !

- 5 See where he prays, and pleads for me !
Why hear'st thou not his pray'r ?
Attend his cry, and all his suit,
Thou God of pity hear !
- 6 Jesu, thou all-atoning Lamb,
Vouchsafe one gracious look ;
O turn, and see my griefs, and tears,
And note them in thy book !
- 7 Lord, I have, sorrowing, sought thy face,
In public, and alone ;
Behold me fighting by thy cross,
Saviour, behold thy Son !
- 8 Behold, and count me of thy flock ;
And from thy sacred fold,
Translate me to eternal courts,
Where I may thee behold.
-

H Y M N XXI.—C. M.

I thirst.

- 1 **I** *Thirst*, the holy Jesus cries,
Thirsts for his Father's peace ;
Thirsts for relief, that all his pangs,
And tortures all may cease.
- 2 He thirsts that men would turn to God,
And taste the well of life ;
That all, who feel the weight of sin,
In him might end their strife.

- 3 O Lord, I thirst, and thirsty faint,
Thy healing waters give;
Shew me the living stream of blood,
That I may drink, and live.
- 4 O lead me to salvation's well,
Where I may purge my sin;
O when shall I its virtue feel;
O when shall I be clean !
- 5 I thirst for peace, and cry for rest,
My sore distemper heal;
O quench my drowth with tender love,
Thy flowing streams reveal !
- 6 I long to taste the love of God,
To taste the milk and wine;
Come Lord, and let me price-less buy,
And live the life divine !
-

H .Y M N XXII.—L. M.

Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is gracious, come my soul,
And humble lay thee at his feet;
To him spread open all thy griefs,
To him thy ways, thy wants commit.
- 2 Father, I give myself to thee,
Commend to thee my soul, my all;
My laden spirit seeks thy rest,
And waits when thou wilt hear my call.

3 Lift

- 3 Lift up mine eyes east on the ground,
 Uphold my feet, and raise my hands;
 Direct my sight to heaven's gate,
 Direct my steps to *Canaan's* lands.
- 4 I see my shame, and am distress'd,
 Have no where but to thee to fly;
 To thee, whose mercies never fail,
 To thee the only succour nigh.
- 5 Deny me not my fervent suit,
 But let me share the Saviour's love;
 O still the God of pity reign!
 Still faithful to thy promise prove.
- 6 If still these heavy nights remain,
 Yet let them end in joyful day;
 Lord, work thy will; be heav'n the end,
 Tho' rough, and thorny be the way.
- 7 Assure me of my part in thee,
 My only, true, and faithful friend;
 Then will I wait thy wise decree,
 And all I have to thee commend.
-

H Y M N XXIII.—C. M.

It is finish'd.

- 1 'TIS done! The rocks are rent in twain;
 The temple's vail is torn!
The Saviour dies, his parting soul
 To distant realms is borne.

- 2 'Tis *finish'd* ! The *Messiah's* dead !
He dies to die no more ;
Dies, that the souls of mortal men
To heav'n may sweetly soar.
- 3 He dies to shut the mouth of hell,
To lead the way to heav'n ;
Dies, that the heavy laden soul
May ask, and be forgiv'n !
- 4 Jesu ! I ask, O hear my pray'r !
My Saviour, God the Son ;
Forgive my sin, my pardon seal,
And whisper thou, 'Tis done.
- 5 My drooping spirit now revive
With all thy quick'ning grace ;
Say to me, ' I have thee redeem'd ;
'Tis *finish'd* ! Go in peace.'
- 6 All pow'r is thine in heav'n and earth,
Speak but the gracious word ;
And I shall feel salvation flow,
And I shall know the Lord.
- 7 Touch but my heart, it shall be clean ;
My eyes, and I shall see ;
Give me to seek thy lovely face,
And I shall live to thee.
- 8 Send from above the Holy Ghost
Me to baptize with fire ;
That all my heart, that all my thoughts
To thee may still aspire.

H Y M N XXIV.

The LOVE-FEAST.

IN Jesu's name our souls we bow,
 We meet in Jesu's name;
 Come Holy Ghost within us now,
 Kindle the heav'nly flame!
 Come with the joy the angels know
 In realms of bliss above;
 O come, and all our hearts prepare
 To keep the feast of love!

2 Father, JEHOVAH! God and Lord,
 Fulness of all divine,
 Descend, and seal this little flock
 To be for ever thine!
 Come, let the children of the Lord
 Thy peace, and favour prove;
 O come, and all our hearts prepare
 To keep the feast of love.

3 Jesus, the Lamb, for sinners slain,
 The saints eternal food;
 Give us thy flesh to eat to-day,
 And let us drink thy blood.
 Come, Prince of peace, in glory come,
 All prejudice remove;
 O come, and all our hearts prepare
 To keep the feast of love.

4 Come

- 4 Come holy, holy, holy Lord,
From heav'n thy lofty throne !
Come Thou united mystic THREE,
And join us all in one !
Pour out thy blessings on our souls,
Come thou anointing dove !
Come, and the oil of gladness shed,
And we shall feast in love !
-

H Y N M XXV.—C. M.

Praise.

- 1 **B**LESS'D be the Lamb, whose golden fleece
Hides all our evil ways ;
The Sun of Righteousness, who rose,
That we might see his rays.
- 2 Eternal glory be to thee,
Thou fountain head of love ;
Let all the earth adore thy name,
And ev'ry pow'r above.
- 3 Blessing, and praise to Christ, the Lord,
Who enter'd into rest ;
Who banquets now with all his saints,
And bids us to his feast.
- 4 The Saviour, once for sinners slain,
Eternal lives, and reigns ;
Jesus, the merciful High Priest,
Our advocate remains.

- 5 The tender Shepherd of our souls,
The High, anointed Priest ;
Jesus, the humble Son of Man
Is God, for ever blest.
- 6 All glory to his healing name,
More than we here can give ;
Who liv'd, that we might die to sin ;
And dy'd that we might live.
- 7 Prepare me for the solemn hour,
When I must cease to live ;
And when my soul is call'd away,
Do thou my soul receive.
-

H Y M N XXVI.

Another.

- 1 **B**LESS we Jesus—only he,
Our Redeemer stoops to be ;
He, for our salvation, bled ;
First-begotten from the dead.
- 2 While in death-like sleep we lay,
While we all were gone astray,
He, our Lord, our life became,
He restor'd us thro' his name.
- 3 Hail ! Thou Son of Ancient days,
Hail ! The object of our praise ;
Elder brother, thou, whose wings
Healing to the nation brings.

- 4 Thou art worthy to receive
Glory more than we can give ;
Thou alone art strong to save,
Thine own arm salvation gave.
- 3 Christ alone the wine-press trod,
Laden with the wrath of God
Ventur'd none with thee to join,
All the glory shall be thine.
-

H Y M N , XXVII.—L. M.

Another.

- 1 COME, let us sing to Jesu's name,
And bless the author of our peace ;
Let us adore our Lord, the Lamb,
Our wisdom, strength, and righteousness.
- 2 Let all to celebrate his praise,
Their grateful hearts, and lips employ,
And all the remnant of our days
Declare his saving pow'r with joy.
- 3 O let the record of the Lord,
And his glad tidings be believ'd ;
Sinners give ear, and be restor'd,
Approach in faith, and be receiv'd.
- 4 Behold ! we need not fear, or doubt,
Our debt is paid in Jesu's blood ;
God will, in no wise, cast us out,
O ! taste, and prove how God is good !
- C
- 5 And

- 5 And while we seek his love to know,
Himself shall meet us in our way ;
Rivers of life in us shall flow
Encreasing to the perfect day !
- 6 Eternal, wise, and gracious God,
Before thy people hence depart,
Us sprinkled with thy healing blood,
And write thy gospel on our heart.
- 7 Confirm thy truth in ev'ry breast,
The witness let thy spirit be ;
Confess us thine, and let our rest
Be endless with thy saints, and thee.
-

H Y M N XXVIII.—S. M.

The MARRIAGE of the LAMB.

P A R T I.

- 1 **L**ET us be glad, and sing ;
Let joy o'erflow our breast !
The marriage of the Lamb is come !
We're bidden to the feast.
- 2 The new *Jerusalem*,
The Lamb's espoused queen,
The holy city of our God
Comes down to dwell with men !

- 3 No more the *Hebrew* tribes
May *Salem's* temple seek ;
In humble hearts the Lord resides,
And there his glories speak.
- 4 The promis'd great high Priest,
All stain'd with holy blood,
Builds temples in the sons of men,
And seals them sons of God.
- 5 He humbly calls them friends,
Each soul his ark becomes ;
The peaceful dove with silver wings
There sheds divine perfumes.
- 6 There Jesus writes his law,
His kingdom there he brings ;
There dwells the Lord, the Lord of Hosts ;
There reigns the King of Kings !
- 7 All shall be taught of God
By oracles within ;
No more of man shall man enquire,
Nor be a slave to sin.
- 8 This ev'ry captive hear !
Forake the shades of night ;
Arise, and watch, and seek by pray'r,
And Christ shall give you light.

- 5 And while we seek his love to know,
Himself shall meet us in our way ;
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- 7 Confirm thy truth in ev'ry breast,
The witnesses let thy spirit be ;
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H Y M N XXVIII.—S.

The MARRIAGE of the LAMB.

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The Lamb's espouse
The holy city of
Comes down

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The MARRIAGE of the LAMB.

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And seals them sons of God.
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Each soul his ark becomes ;
The peaceful dove with silver wings
There sheds divine perfumes.
- 6 There Jesus writes his law,
His kingdom there he brings ;
There dwells the Lord, the Lord of Hosts ;
There reigns the King of Kings !
- 7 All shall be taught of God
By oracles within ;
No more of man shall man enquire,
Nor be a slave to sin.
- 8 This ev'ry captive hear !
For sake the shades of night ;
Arise, and watch, and seek by pray'r,
And Christ shall give you light.

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Himself shall meet us in our way ;
Rivers of life in us shall flow
Encreasing to the perfect day !
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The witness let thy spirit be ;
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Be endless with thy saints, and thee.

H Y M N XXVIII.—S. M.

The MARRIAGE of the LAMB.

PART I.

1 **L**ET us be glad, and sing ;
Let joy o'erflow our breast !
The marriage of the Lamb is come !
We're bidden to the feast.

2 The new Jeru-
The Lamb's
The hol-
C

oulds...
And...

He...
Each...
The peace...
There...

There...
His kingdom...
here dw...
There reign...

All shall be...
By oracles with...
more of ~~man~~ ~~the~~...
Nor be a ~~slave~~...

his...

d,

- 5 And while we seek his love to know,
Himself shall meet us in our way ;
Rivers of life in us shall flow
Encreasing to the perfect day !
- 6 Eternal, wife, and gracious God,
Before thy people hence depart,
Us sprinkled with thy healing blood,
And write thy gospel on our heart.
- 7 Confirm thy truth in ev'ry breast,
The witness let thy spirit be ;
Confess us thine, and let our rest
Be endless with thy saints, and thee.
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H Y M N XXVIII.—S. M

The MARRIAGE of the LAMB.

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There reigns the King of Kings !

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By oracles within ;
No more of man shall man enquire,
Nor be a slave to sin.

8 This ev'ry captive hear !
Forake the shades of night ;
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The MARRIAGE of the LAMB.

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H Y M N XXVIII.—S. M.

The MARRIAGE of the LAMB.

P A R T I.

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The Lam-
The hol-
Cor-

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The peaceful dove with silver wings
There sheds divine perfumes.

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His kingdom there he brings ;
There dwells the Lord, the Lord of Hosts ;
There reigns the King of Kings !

7 All shall be taught of God

By oracles within ;
No more of man shall man enquire,
Nor be a slave to sin.

8 This ev'ry carnal
Forsake thou ;
Arise, and

- 5 And while we seek his love to know,
Himself shall meet us in our way ;
Rivers of life in us shall flow
Encreasing to the perfect day !
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Before thy people hence depart,
Us sprinkled with thy healing blood,
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The MARRIAGE of the LAMB.

P A R T I.

- 1 **L**ET us be glad, and sing ;
Let joy o'erflow our breast !
The marriage of the Lamb is come !
We're bidden to the feast.
- 2 The new *Jerusalem*,
The Lamb's espoused queen,
The holy city of our God
Comes down to dwell with men !

- 3 No more the *Hebrew* tribes
May *Salem's* temple seek ;
In humble hearts the Lord resides,
And there his glories speak.
- 4 The promis'd great high Priest,
All stain'd with holy blood,
Builds temples in the sons of men,
And seals them sons of God.
- 5 He humbly calls them friends,
Each soul his ark becomes ;
The peaceful dove with silver wings
There sheds divine perfumes.
- 6 There Jesus writes his law,
His kingdom there he brings ;
There dwells the Lord, the Lord of Hosts ;
There reigns the King of Kings !
- 7 All shall be taught of God
By oracles within ;
No more of man shall man enquire,
Nor be a slave to sin.
- 8 This ev'ry captive hear !
Forake the shades of night ;
Arise, and watch, and seek by pray'r,
And Christ shall give you light.

The Second P A R T.

- 9 And ye devoted souls,
Who wait the Saviour's stay ;
Behold, for lo ! He comes, he comes,
Prepare the bridegroom's way.
- 10 See by his conq'ring hand
The *Dragon* wounded lies ;
Come, trample fearless on the foe,
And share a victor's prize !
- 11 How blest, and happy he,
Who overcomes the beast ;
He shall be call'd the child of God,
And God shall give him rest !
- 12 He sav'd by Christ from fear,
Shall hidden *Manna* eat ;
Shall be a pillar high in heav'n,
And take a conq'ror's seat !
- 13 No more shall he have pain,
Sorrow, or sin, or strife ;
God shall wipe all his tears away,
And give him endless life !
- 14 Wrapp'd in perpetual joys,
And mark'd with Jesu's name,
His soul shall pour forth praise to God,
And glory to the Lamb !

15 My master Jesus Christ,
O seal my heart to thee !
And when my soul is call'd away,
Thus happy let me be,

16 With all the holy faints,
And in the virgin throng,
Let me attend thy feast, and sing
The new eternal song !

H Y M N XXIX. S. M.

At parting with friends.

A S ye, in Jesu's name,
His servants have receiv'd ;
I'd humbly (not regarding shame)
Our record have believ'd ;

O we your souls commend
O our Redeemer's care ;
God, our master, be your friend,
While you still sojourn here.

May ye his favour prove,
And all his riches know,
In his everlasting love,
Taste his feast below.

- 4 May ye in Jesus die,
And when from flesh releas'd,
Obtain a mansion in the sky,
And there for ever rest.
- 5 Lord, hearken to our pray'r,
Thy faithful promise mind;
Those who receive us kindly here,
Permit thy heav'n to find.
- 6 While tir'd we seek the prize,
Refreshment they afford;
Let not their souls in any wise,
Fail of a saint's reward.
- 7 Bring near the joyful day,
When we again shall meet;
Where sighs and sorrows flee away,
At our *Immanuel's* feet.
- 8 Prepare our happy place,
Thither our wishes tend;
O ! lead us safe by sov'reign grace,
To joys that never end.
-

H Y M N XXX.—C. M.

Under convictions.

- 1 **H**EAR me, thou dying lamb of God !
Because of sin I faint;
O let thine ears consider well
The voice of my complaint.

Ope

Open the fountain of thy blood,
To mitigate my pain ;
Relieve a heavy laden soul,
Nor let me cry in vain !

3 Hear me, thou bleeding Saviour, hear !
Wash me, and make me clean,
Behold me on the brink of hell,
And save me from my sin.
Haste ! for my vileness weighs me down ;
The burden I sustain
Constrains me to entreat for help,
Compels me to complain.

3 Hear me, Redeemer of the world !:
If thou delay to hear ;
My guilty soul must sink to hell,
And be tormented there !
I merit everlasting flames !
Nor have I ought to plead ;
Yet Jesus save that trembling soul,
For whom thy blood was shed.

4 Hear me, physician of the sick,
Unpity'd see I mourn ;
Shew me thy peace, and let my soul
A second time be born !
Assume thy power, creator God !
And change my present state ;
After thine image, and thy will,
Again my soul create.

H Y M N XXXI.—C. M.

Another.

- 1 JESU, give mercy to my soul;
If mercy may be giv'n ;
For O ! I greatly have transgress'd,
And have offended heav'n.
- 2 Jesu, I had not dar'd to pray,
But sunk to hell my home,
Had not thy voice the sinner call'd,
And bid the weary come.
- 3 Too long, alas ! I have refus'd,
I made too long delay ;
Yet let my spirit know thy peace,
Tho' late in this my day.
- 4 Shine on me, O thou morning-star,
Who day eternal brings ;
Rise on me, sun of righteousness,
With healing in thy wings !
- 5 Pour forth the fountain of thy blood
To make my spirit whole ;
Let all thy merits, Lord, descend,
To purify my soul.
- 6 Forgive my sin, encrease my faith,
And thro' thy tender love,
Prepare a mansion for my soul
In realms of peace above.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXXII.—C. M.

Distress of spirit.

- 1 **O**! Who will pity my distress?
Wretch, that I e'er was born;
Pain'd with the absence of my peace,
Forlorn, and forlorn!
- 2 My sins, like armies in array,
Against my soul appear;
And oh! a wounded spirit, Lord,
What living man can bear?
- 3 See, gracious God, my lost estate,
Disrob'd of ev'ry joy;
Sad thoughts, and melancholy sighs,
My mournful hours employ!
- 4 I call to heav'n in bitter cries,
But heav'n denies relief;
I turn to man, but man appears
A stranger to my grief!
- 5 Thou, who didst feel, thou only know'st
The nature of my pain;
Thou only see'st my secret pangs,
O see them not in vain!
- 6 Return, physician of my soul,
And ease my tortur'd breast!
Pour water on the thirsty ground,
And give the weary rest!

7 Father

7 Father, thy will, not mine be done ;

Yet O my sorrows-see !

Saviour, regard my helpless cry,

And haste to succour me !

8 Canst thou forget, thou man of griefs,

Thy suff'rings on the tree ?

Remember all those suff'rings, Lord,

And haste to succour me !

9 'Tis now the prince of darkness reigns,

O save me from this hour !

O Jesu ! cast th' accuser down,

And over-turn his pow'r.

10 Support, and lead me in the way

By saints, and martyrs trod ;

Affure me of thy friendship here,

And bring me safe to God.

H Y M N XXXIII.—C. M.

The same.

1 **W**EARY of thoughts I sit me down,

Like one without relief ;

Like one forsook by ev'ry friend,

And thus I vent my grief.

2 Alas, my God ! for woe is me,

In vain I seek for rest ;

New doubts and troubles still oppress,

And croud my laden breast.

- 3 Few footsteps of the Lord I see
By a faint glimmering light ;
Great God ! if mercy be for me,
O ! lead my spirit right.
- 4 Look down, if Jesus dy'd for me ;
If thou hast lov'd thy Son ;
And let the spirit filling him
Direct me to thy throne.
- 5 I own the favour is too great,
And hardly dare implore ;
I cannot rise to buy the bliss,
For I am lame and poor.
- 6 I nothing have, I nothing am,
And nothing can I plead ;
But only Jesus dy'd for me,
For me the Saviour bled.
- 7 Till thou shalt bid me go, or come,
I will for help entreat ;
I will not leave thy throne of grace,
But perish at thy feet.
- 8 Surely, my Lord, thy sinless veins
Empty'd themselves of blood ;
That I might find salvation there,
And wash me in the flood.

H Y M N XXXIV. — S. M.

For perseverance.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Father, hear!
 And see a helpless worm;
 Shaken by ev'ry blast of wind,
 And mov'd by ev'ry storm.
 To seek thy courts, O God,
 My soul hath just begun;
 And fain thy wisdom I wou'd know,
 And fain would find thy Son.
- 2 But many terrors rise
 To cross my narrow road;
 So that I, trembling, hold the plough,
 And groan beneath the load:
 Lest I should turn aside,
 My breast is fill'd with fear,
 And lest perdition be my lot,
 Amaz'd, I make my pray'r.
- 3 O! shou'd I leave my search,
 Or fall from heav'nly light;
 Where wou'd my endless mansion be,
 But in eternal night!
 How fearful shou'd I die?
 How bid the world adieu?
 Or stand before the angry Lord?
 Or Jesu's vengeance view?
- 4 If I shou'd careless err,
 Or ever fall away,

How

How shou'd I meet the Lamb of God?
 Or bear the judgement-day?
 Dear Jesus, help my soul,
 And hide me in thine hand,
 Enable me to bear my cross,
 And give me pow'r to stand.

5 Only my spirit seal,
 And lade my breast with woe;
 Awake ye winds, descend ye rains,
 Ye floods of sorrows flow:
 Saviour, encrease my grief,
 And thicken yet my cloud,
 Only thro' all my dismal way,
 Prepare my path to God.

H Y M N XXXV.—C. M.

Bewailing.

1 **I** Am the man, whose eyes have seen
 The Lord's afflicting rod;
 I have a son of sorrows been
 Before an angry God.

2 I long have groan'd beneath the smart
 Of guilt, and fear, and dread!
 And in the sorrows of my heart
 Have many prayers made.

3 O blessed Advocate between
 The angry Lord and man;
 Procure me pardon for my sin,
 And heal me of my pain.

4 Let

- 4 Let pity on me be bestow'd,
I faint if thou delay ;
Reveal the virtues of thy blood,
And put my griefs away.
 - 5 O be not always wroth, but turn
Thy threat'ning fury by ;
Think on the suff'rings thou hast borne,
And haste to hear my cry.
 - 6 I ask not life, nor wealth, nor ease,
Nor transitory things ;
Lord Jesus fly to my release,
With healing in thy wings.
-

H Y M N XXXVI.

Complaining.

- 1 JESUS, to my suit attend,
Say, art thou the sinner's friend ?
Then on me thy mercy shew,
Then let me thy kindness know.
- 2 Thy own sorrows call to mind,
When thou suffer'dst for mankind ;
Let them bind thee to forgive
One, who labours to believe.
- 3 One who labours, did I say ?
Ah ! who labours night and day ;
Always compass'd in a cloud,
Always banish'd from my God.

- 4 O my Jesus, turn, and see ;
View the griefs that lie on me ;
Wars without, and fights within,
All occasion'd by my sin.
- 5 Do not, Lord, my woes forget,
Mind thy cross, and bloody sweat :
O ! regard thy cries and tears,
Think upon thy groans and pray'rs.
- 6 Didst thou our diseases bear ?
Didst thou our temptations share ?
Pity then, O pity me ;
Friendless, if forlook by thee.
- 7 Asks my Lord what I would have ?
My immortal spirit save :
This my stony heart remove,
This my soul renew, and prove.
- 8 Saviour stoop, to let me know
All thy holy will below ;
Shew me all my sins forgiv'n,
Shew my place prepar'd in heav'n.
- 9 Left I err, or turn aside,
Let thy Spirit be my guide ;
Lead me in the perfect road,
Then receive me up to God.

H Y M N XXXVII. S. 1

The trembling seeker.

1 **L**ORD, I am poor, and weak,
 Soon from my hope remov'd;
 Help me, that I may rightly seek,
 And find I am belov'd.

2 The journey is too hard,
 The work is too severe;
 My troubled spirit, Lord, regard,
 And give me strength to bear.

3 Without thee I am dead,
 Yet speak the gracious word,
 And I shall raise my drooping head,
 And call my Jesus Lord.

4 I wou'd thy leisure stay,
 And bear thy chaf't'ning hand;
 The only thing for which I pray,
 Is, that I still may stand.

5 But O! without thee, Lord,
 I nothing right can do;
 I find no sweetness in the word,
 But threats, and clouds, and woe.

6 Attend to my complaint,
 The sinner's friend and mine;
 Haste to supply thy servant's want,
 And let thy presence shine.

7 Saviour, be near me still,
And make, and keep me poor;
With me thou art, but in me dwell,
And I can ask no more.

H Y M N XXXVIII.—C.M.

Desertion.

- 1 **R**ETURN, Redeemer, O return,
And let thy bowels move;
See how disconsolate I mourn,
Estranged from thy love.
- 2 Ah Lord! I know my faithless heart;
How I have flighted thee!
Yet let thy spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy face from me.
- 3 I have abus'd thy tender care,
Thy sweet embraces fled!
And now in tears I make my pray'r,
And guilty droop my head.
- 4 Alas! my Lord, my tears are vain;
See Jesu's healing stream;
Regard his sorrow and his pain,
And pardon me through him.
- 5 If open'd were his wounds for sin
And peace be purchas'd there;
Then let my soul be wash'd therein,
And all the virtues share.

D

6 Rise,

- 6 Rise, Lord, and let thy light return ;
 O be not absent long !
 Shine, and my soul shall cease to mourn,
 And love be all my song.
-

H Y M N XXXIX.—C. M.

Visiting the sick.

- 1 **P** EACE from the Lord salute this house,
 And all who dwell therein ;
 Eternal peace be with the soul
 Corrected for his sin.
- 2 Skilful physician of the flock,
 The searcher of the reigns ;
 Thou know'st the sorrows of our hearts,
 Our sicknesses, and pains.
- 3 Then hasten to our brother's need,
 O ! turn thee to his cry ;
 Close to his heart, which pants for thee,
 Thy bleeding side apply.
- 4 Dear Saviour, lend thy gentle hand,
 Support his fainting head ;
 Thy holy spirit give him aid,
 Thy love make all his bed.
- 5 As yields the outward man to death,
 And sense and life decay ;
 So let the inner man increase,
 And strengthen day by day.

If thou hast not already shewn,
Now shew his sins forgiv'n;
Assure his soul thy pray'rs have gain'd
A place for him in heav'n.

Beyond the skies, when summon'd hence,
O! let his spirit soar,
To pleasures at the Lord's right hand,
And joys for evermore.

H Y M N XL.—C. M.

A prayer for faith.

HAIL! Alpha, and Omega, hail!
Author of all our faith;
The finisher of all our hopes,
The truth, the life, the path.

Hail! First, and Last, the morning-star!
In whom we live and move;
Encrease our little spark of faith,
And multiply our love.

O! let us go from strength to strength,
From grace to greater grace;
From one degree of faith to more,
Till we behold thy face.

Let that belief which Jesus taught,
Be treasur'd in our breast;
The evidence of unseen joys,
The substance of our rest.

- 5 The faith deliver'd to his saints,
For this we may contend;
For this, whereby our souls are sav'd,
And we obtain our end.
-

H Y M N XLI.—C. M.

The solemn assembly.

- 1 **B**EHOLD! we meet to worship God,
Let ev'ry soul depart,
Who loves not Jesus Christ alone,
Nor seeks him with his heart.
- 2 But ye, who wait to find the Lamb,
In reverence draw near,
And listen to his soft, still voice,
The Lord, our God, is here.
- 3 Speak, Jesus, to the mourning soul,
And bid its terrors cease;
Say to the sinner self-condemn'd,
My blood hath bought thy peace.
- 4 Look on the fearful, see their doubts,
And let their tears be dry;
Support the faint, and let them hear,
"Be not afraid, 'tis I."
- 5 Ancient of Days descend, descend;
Awake Jehovah's Son;
Breath into these dry bones thy life,
And make thy God-head known.

o bless the people thou hast lov'd,
 Thy saving grace be nigh;
 'et earth, and hell, and all our sin,
 Before thy presence fly.

H Y M N XLII.—C. M.

Christian soldiers.

WHERE are the soldiers of the Lord,
 Who are on Jesu's side?
 Who bears the great Jehovah's sword
 Against the *Dragon's* pride.

ide on, and tread the serpent down,
 Press forward to the prize;
 Jesus holds out the purchas'd crown,
 And beckons from the skies.

e strong, and quit yourselves like men,
 Whoe'er begins the war,
 He that o'ercomes on high shall reign,
 And have the morning-star.

et all the army surely know,
 What great rewards are giv'n;
 Ye weak souls, to conqu'ring go,
 And seize the prize of heav'n.

H Y M N XLIII.—L. M.

I desire to know nothing but Christ.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou Son of God most high,
Who knows how weak we are, and frail,
In all temptations still be nigh,
And help us lest our faith should fail.
- 2 Thou see'st our wants, and all our needs,
Our clouds, our doubts, our griefs, and fears;
O let our captive souls be freed,
And far remove our fruitless cares.
- 3 Our longings after thee thou know'st,
Our fervent wishes to be blest;
Deny us not the Holy Ghost,
To lead us to thy peaceful breast.
- 4 We ask not riches (if we do,
Turn from our suit, nor hear us pray :)
Pleasures and honours we forego,
And only seek the living way.
- 5 Tho' hungry here, and thirsty too;
We clamour not for earthly food;
Hunger we must 'till Christ we know,
And thirst 'till we have drank his blood.
- 6 We feel our poverty and shame,
And groan, but not for worldly things;
We wou'd be cover'd with the name
And spirit of the King of Kings.

7 Hear

Lord, and our petitions grant,
 only ask a place in heav'n;
 t in paradise we want,
 et our manfions there be giv'n.

I Y M N XLIV—C. M.

True pilgrims.

'E travel home to endless reft,
 Strangers and pilgrims here,
 d to our Saviour's feaft,
 reign for ever there.

reet enjoyment here below
 n charm our fouls to ftay;
 ints fuperior bleffings know,
 o walk'd in Chrift, our way.

h, honours, pleasures we refign,
 rich earth-born fouls deceive;
 orts eternal, things divine
 r needy fouls relieve.

gerous way we have to pafs,
 th fnares on every fide;
 ar we not, almighty grace
 r weary fteps fhall guide!

ate of heav'n wide open ftands,
 m far we fee our home!
 e Jefus fpreads his bleeding hands,
 fhew that there is room.

- 6 Part of our family are gone !
Let hell, or men despise ;
In their blest'd steps we travel on,
'Till we regain the skies !
- 7 We'll strive 'till we possess the crown,
The righteous God shall give ;
Nor will we lay our weapons down,
'Till we the prize receive !
- 8 Still will we run, tho' still oppress'd,
For heav'n shall end our race !
Amen / and may we never rest,
'Till there we find a place !
-

H Y M N XLV.—C. M.

The triumph of the church.

- 1 **A** WAKE, awake, Jehovah's arm ;
O arm of God ! awake ;
Rise, put on strength, spoil *Rahab's* pride,
And let the *Dragon* quake.
- 2 Descend, as in the ancient time,
As in the fathers day ;
And let our souls, redeem'd from hell,
Thy mighty valour praise.
- 3 Art thou not he that dry'd the sea,
And made her waves obey ;
And thro' the deep, and *Jordan's* streams,
Prepar'd thy people's way ?

Then let thy ransom'd *Israel* shout,
 Zion, thy God adore ;
Sorrow, and sighs shall flee away,
And tears shall be no more.

5. Come, ye redeem'd, return, return,
 Let praise your lips employ ;
Gladness and peace shall crown your heads,
 And everlasting joy.

6 The Lord, the high and lofty Lord
 Shall mark us with his name ;
The sacred shadow of his hand
 Shall cover us from shame.

7 Awake *Jerusalem*, awake,
 Drunken, but not with wine ;
Rise, O dejected city, rise,
 The Lord hath call'd thee mine.

8 Thy bitter cup is turn'd away,
 Let all thy children sing,
Break forth in songs afflicted flock,
 Your Maker is your King.

9 Awake, O *Sion*, put on strength,
 Array'd in bridal dress ;
Thy Prince attends before thy gate,
 The Lord, thy righteousness.

10 Rise from the dust, behold the light,
 Thy MARRIAGE-DAY is come ;
Prepare the way, ye virgin train
 And make the Bridegroom room.

- 11 Attend, for lo! his feet appears,
Divine his message sings;
“ *Sion*, thy God shall reign in thee;
“ With healing in his wings.”
-

H Y M N XLVI.—C. M.

- 1 COME, O Lord Jesus, let me plead!
And thou my pleadings hear;
Thy love my sinful lips inspire,
Thy love accept my prayer.
- 2 Then give me, Lord, a filial soul,
A true obedient mind;
A heart untain'd by vain desires,
A will to thee resign'd.
- 3 Whate'er delights a foolish world
May I refuse to share;
And undisturb'd pursue my way,
As but a stranger here.
- 4 If troubles rack my lab'ring soul,
Thou Lord remain my friend;
Thou be my lot when time shall cease,
And grief, and pain shall end.
- 5 Rugged, and thorny be my path;
So thou uphold my head;
And dark, and mournful be my way,
So thou my spirit lead.

- 6 Assist me, Lord, to persevere
In all my grief and pain;
O make me faithful to the end,
That I the crown may gain.
- 7 In all my journey to my Lord,
Let this my comfort prove;
That thou wilt love my weary soul
With everlasting love!
- 8 That thou wilt let me know thee mine;
And feel my sins forgiv'n;
That when my pilgrimage is o'er,
My soul shall rest in heav'n!
-

H Y M N XLVII.—L. M.

The Voice of the Seven Spirits.

- 1 **L**ET him that hath an ear to hear,
Attend the secret of the Lord!
And ye, who can receive with joy
The blissful promise of his word!
- 2 Hail conqueror, thou that overcom'st!
To thee a sacred fruit is giv'n;
Thy soul the Lord himself invites
To taste the tree of life in heav'n!
- 3 Bless'd warrior, who the vict'ry gains,
Faithful in Christ, and try'd by fire;
For thou shalt 'scape the second death,
And find the crown, thy soul's desire!
- 4 Victorious

4. Victorious soldier, leap for joy,
Hid *manna* shall become thy food;
A new white stone thy breast shall bear,
All written with the name of God!
5. Thrice happy he, who valiant proves,
And triumphs in the mystic war;
For he in power shall rule the lands,
And he shall have the **MORNING STAR!**
6. Whoe'er the dreadful battle wins,
Freely our Lord shall him confess;
The book of life shall bear his name,
His raiment Jesu's *righteousness*!
7. Hail victor! Well-belov'd of God,
A pillar in JEHOVAH's throne;
The secret name of God and Christ,
Shall seal thee his adopted son!
8. How glorious, who the conquest gains?
Who treads the way our Captain trod;
For he shall share the Saviour's throne,
And reign triumphant with his God!
9. Ye sealed spirits, taste your joy;
The heav'nly words in transport hear;
But ye, who choose delights below,
To search these sacred things forbear.

H Y M N XLVIII.—C. M.

An invitation to JESUS CHRIST.

- 1 **D**RAW near, ye souls of human race,
And hear the Saviour's fame;
His blood procures the sinners peace,
And takes away their shame.
- 2 Thro' him the spirit's fill'd with woe,
Eternal joys receive;
And they, who death's sad sentence know,
In him for ever live.
- 3 O be intreated guilty souls,
Nor spend your all for nought;
'Come near, ye weak, and blind, and fools,
He will not cast you out.
- 4 Rise up, be reconcil'd to God,
Together let us strive;
Redemption's found in Jesu's blood,
And who so finds shall live.
- 5 Despise the former joys and mirth,
And seek the heav'nly prize;
Seek pleasures far beyond the earth,
And banquet with the wise.

H Y M N XLIX.—C. M.

Longing for Glory.

- 1 **O** When shall I with God appear,
And in his presence shine!
When Lord, shall I thy supper share,
And lose my life in thine!
- 2 My body, soul, and spirit longs
For everlasting day!
I waiting pass (with mournful songs)
My tedious time away!
- 3 Others may love the things below,
And be on earth content;
But 'tis not with my spirit so,
I wail my banishment!
- 4 Yet if the holy counsel be,
That I this cross shou'd bear;
Amen! Lay what thou wilt on me,
Only my God be near!
- 5 I wou'd not murmur, I wou'd wait
Till thy salvation come;
Till thou shouldst change my helpless state,
And bear my spirit home.
- 6 I long to leave this wretched world!
To banquet on thy love;
I long to see my Saviour's face,
And all his goodness prove!
- 7 I long

- 7 I long to flee to thee my Lord,
Where griefs shall all be o'er !
When I shall see the holy land,
And mourn, and weep no more.
- 8 To see my friends the saints in light,
And full perfection know !
When from my heart in ceaseless streams
The well of life shall flow ! ,
-

H Y M N . L.—L. M.

The Beggar.

- 1 **N**EAR Jesus, the eternal door,
For entrance, Lo ! I wait, and pray ;
Like *Bartimeus*, blind, and poor,
My soul fits begging in the way.
- 2 O that the Lord, by love constrain'd,
Wou'd visit such an one as me ;
Wou'd hearken to my suit unfeign'd,
Open my eyes, and let me see.
- 3 **G**REAT MEDIATOR, Prince of Peace,
For me, and other sinners slain ;
My spirit from the curse release,
And let thy blood dissolve my chain.
- 4 A captive to the world I am,
A slave to ev'ry kind of sin ;
I own my fall, confess my shame,
And come to thee to be made clean.

- 5 No one can save me but the Lord,
Nothing but Jesus wou'd I have;
Say, Master, say the gracious word,
Stretch out thine hand, and touch, and save.
- 6 Lord, if thou wilt, thou able art
To make me white as *Salmon's* snow;
At once renew my evil heart,
And make me holy here below.
- 7 This, only this, my Jesu grant,
And write my name with thee above;
Nothing in earth, or heav'n, I want;
But only to be fill'd with love.
-

H Y M N LI.—L. M.

Desiring to be Upright.

- 1 **O** That I knew my Master's will!
Knew what to do, and what to say!
Knew how his pleasure to fulfil!
And how to keep the perfect way!
- 2 Teach me, my God, and humbly stoop,
To shew me all thy gracious mind;
On me thy Spirit's light lift up,
Nor longer lead thy servant blind.
- 3 Thee only wou'd I please, my Lord,
From all myself I long to part;
I loath myself, am self-abhorr'd,
And griev'd I bear a stubborn heart.

- 4 Thou know'st how often, at a stand,
I reason what thy will may be ;
Between my own, and thy command,
Sin steals, and over-powers me !
- 5 Grant me the merit of thy blood,
And I shall truly then be fav'd !
No more shall I offend my God !
Or be to Satan re-inflav'd !
- 6 Only thine Holy Ghost reveal,
And let my soul by thee be led ;
And all thy mind, and all thy will
In, and by me shall be obey'd.
-

H Y M N LII.—L. M.

Employment.

- 1 **O** That my labours all may cease,
In thee, my God ; in thee, my peace !
May all I do, or think, or say,
Still bring me forward on my way.
- 2 I know the path that leads to God,
With trouble, woes, and grief is strew'd ;
Yet rather than I back wou'd turn,
I'd wander all my days forlorn.
- 3 Only, dear Lord ! prepare my seat
Beneath my blessed master's feet !
The meanest place thy courts afford,
So I behold my smiling Lord.

- 4 Only above preserve my crown,
Let friends be cold, and kinsfolks frown;
No worldly wealth shall court my care,
Thy presence only wou'd I share.
- 5 How gladly would I yield my breath,
And bow my ready head to death;
If thou the pard'ning word proclaim,
And mark my forehead with thy name!
- 6 My heav'n is thine—if thou would'st say,
How gladly wou'd I flee away;
Blest with my Saviour's throne in view!
How joyful bid the world adieu!
-

H Y M N LIII.—S. M.

Fear.

1 **Q**UITE weary, near to faint,
I my hard lot deplore;
I wou'd myself with God acquaint,
But 'tis not in my pow'r.
I know my dang'rous state,
Still carnal, sold to sin,
Corrupt, impure, degenerate,
Have all my doings been.

2 How many gracious days
Have I mispent, and lost?
(Lov'd to frequent unholy ways,
And made of sin my boast?)

Alas ! those days are gone,
 Those golden days are o'er ;
 The gospel year, which lately shone,
 Perhaps, may shine no more.

3 O ! whither shall I fly,
 If God has me forlook ?
 To whom may I for mercy cry ?
 Or, where for refuge look ?
 How shall I meet the Lord ?
 Or, how his anger bear ?
 When I shall see his flaming sword,
 And banner in the air.

4 When by the trumpet's sound,
 The dead to life shall come,
 And all, who slumber under ground,
 Shall rise to hear their doom :
 When time shall have an end,
 When Jesus, in a cloud,
 Shall with his angel host descend,
 And with the trump of God.

5 O Lord, my crimes forgive,
 If I may be forgiv'n ;
 And with thy chosen me receive,
 When thou shalt come from heav'n.
 Spare me, in mercy spare ;
 Wash me, and make me clean ;
 And fit me for the day, when here
 I shall no more be seen.

H Y M N LIV.—S. M.

Follow me.

- 1 **S**ERVANTS of God arise,
Awake, and understand ;
The world's delusive gifts despise,
And look to God's right hand :
There is your happy place
By Jesus Christ prepar'd ;
Ye sons of sorrow, and of grace
There is your great reward.
- 2 Who wou'd be here content,
Where nought but troubles flow ;
When we may leave our banishment,
And endless sabbath know ?
Up ev'ry laden soul,
Ye weary, and forlorn ;
Your Father, good, and merciful,
Invites you to return.
- 3 All we with sorrows tir'd,
Wou'd fain a sabbath find ;
The heav'nly land have we desir'd,
And left our all behind :
For this alone we look,
For this alone we pray ;
And in the dark, as men forlook,
We tread our weary way.
- 4 Jesus, the pilgrim's guide,
Consider our distress ;

We wander in a defart wide,
 And mourn without redrefs :
 Yet if it be the way,
 If we may find thee here,
 Thy holy pleasure we obey,
 And humbly persevere.

5 If heav'n may be our rest,
 And thou our souls wilt guide ;
 We ask no more, no more request,
 Nor ask we ought beside !
 Let us but reach at last
 The palace of our God ;
 The bitter cup we'll gladly taste,
 And run the rugged road.

H Y M N LV.—C. M.

The Prodigal.

1 **W**HEN I bewail my banishment,
 How all my pow'r is gone ;
 My kingdom lost, my graces spent,
 I thus my fall bemoan.

2 Sighing, I say what shall I do ?
 For I, tho' heaven-born,
 No more my royal state may know ;
 How can I choose but mourn !

3 My Father's house with joys abound,
 There endless pleasures flow ;
 While I in pining want am found,
 Feeding on husks below.

- 4 And must I ever thus remain
Banish'd my Father's home ?
Return, my soul, go back again,
In sin no longer roam.
- 5 Perhaps, my Father may forgive,
I will arise, and see ;
Who knows, but he may still receive
A son so vile as me !
- 6 Unworthy to be call'd thy child,
Lo ! I approach thy throne ;
Lord, if thou wilt be reconcil'd,
Embrace, and kiss thy son.
- 7 Give me not up to just despair,
My rebel state I mourn ;
Return, and hear a sinner's pray'r,
Father, at last return.
- 8 My garments rags, and fig-leaves are ;
Take off the hateful dress ;
Bring the best robe, let me appear
In Jesu's righteousness.
- 9 'Tis all I ask, I cannot rest,
Till thou my wants relieve ;
Father, fulfil my late request,
To me my Saviour give.

H Y M N LVI.—G. M.

Before preaching.

- 1 **S**TRETCH out thine arm, eternal Lord !
Thy people seek, and save :
To day let rebels be restor'd !
Open the sinner's grave !
- 2 Enlighten every blinded eye,
While truth thy mind declares :
And while thy wisdom makes her cry,
Give to the people ears !
- 3 Awake, O God, convince of sin
The souls lock'd up in death :
On those who sleep secure, unclean,
Thy quick'ning spirit breathe !
- 4 Awaken all our slumbering land !
Thy will aloud proclaim :
Let stubborn sinners be constrain'd
To bow to Jesu's name !
- 5 Make known thy everlasting word !
And write it on our hearts :
And give (what thou requirest Lord)
Truth in the inward parts.

H Y M N LVII.—C. M.

The same.

- 1 **A**RISE, O God, the heavens bow !
And condescend to hear :
Regard the remnant left below,
And answer to our pray'r.
- 2 We ask not wealth, nor seek we ease,
Thee, Lord, we want alone :
O make our heart thy resting place,
And there erect thy throne !
- 3 Stir up thy pow'r, thy strength reveal,
To us a Saviour come :
Us with thy healing presence fill,
Our souls shall give thee room.
- 4 Let not our former sins prevent
Thy love, or make thee stay :
Let nothing stop thy sweet descent,
Dear Jesus, come away !
- 5 We know our own unworthiness,
Our poverty, and shame :
And humbly seek our health, and peace,
In thy auspicious name !

H Y M N LVIII.—L. M.

Another.

1 **T**HY gracious promise Lord we plead,
 To many generations made,
 Where two or three shall join in pray'r,
 Thou said'st, *I also will be there.*

2 In Jesu's name, we meet to-day,
 Thy pow'r amidst us, now display :
 View ev'ry heart, and kindly move
 To change the stony into love.

3 Whate'er thou needful see'st, bestow ;
 And how to serve thee rightly shew :
 Inspire our thoughts, assist our pray'r,
 And humbly bow thine ears to hear..

4 We look to find thy Spirit nigh,
 Who shall our every want supply ;
 Who us shall teach to know the Lord,
 Fulfilling all thy holy word.

5 Without thy pow'r we only sin,
 And clouds and darkness rise within :
 Without thy light we nothing know,
 Nor any thing well-pleasing do.

6 Send thou the gift so long foretold,
 The promis'd leader of thy fold :
 Pour out on us thy righteousness,
 Thy changeless love, thy stedfast peace.

7 We

- 7 We all our wants to thee commend,
And shall, till here our warfare end;
Then with thine hosts will we adore
Thy grace O God, for evermore !
-

H Y M N LIX.—C. M.

The Call.

- 1 **H**O ye who thirst ! Who streams desire
Draw near and waters buy :
Ye wand'ring souls, whom journeys tire
Eternal rest is nigh !
- 2 Look to the cross, ye thirsty see
The blood of Jesu's side !
Beneath the shadow of this tree,
The weary may abide.
- 3 Lo ! from his head in streams divine,
Flow mingled tears and blood :
Water to cleanse, and blood to sign
The sinner born of God !
- 4 Here may the guilty leave their guilt,
The needy satisfy'd :
For this the blood of Christ was spilt,
For this the Saviour dy'd !
- 5 Despair not, O ye fallen race !
Ye here may be renew'd :
And born again, and sav'd by grace,
And cleans'd in Jesu's blood.

H Y M N LX.—L. M.

Calling or inviting sinners.

- 1 **M**Y Jesus, Lord, inspire my tongue,
Thy mercy shall be all my song :
To all I know, will I declare
The riches that in thee appear.
- 2 The weary souls will I invite,
And those who wander void of light,
To come to thee, to thee to bow ;
That they like me, thy love may know.
- 3 I'll tell the lost, despairing poor,
No more to doubt, to fear no more ;
I'll say, for you CHRIST JESUS dy'd ;
My Lord for you was crucify'd.
- 4 Sinners, (of whom my soul is chief)
Who groan, oppress'd with guilt, and grief,
Who bear a heart more hard than stone,
My Jesu's tears shall melt it down.
- 5 Ye naked, be ye not afraid,
Nor ye who long like sheep have stray'd,
The cloath'd need not the Holy Ghost,
Nor those the Lord, who are not lost.
- 6 The greater sinners ye have been,
The more your guilt, the more your sin,
The more you want the Saviour's grace,
The more you want him for your peace.

- 7 O do not flay, to Jesus come,
He bids me tell you, *there is room,*
Room for the vilest ! he will give,
Nor casts out any who believe.
- 8 God will not keep his Son conceal'd.
If you are willing to be heal'd :
Who ever will may come and prove
The height, and depth of heav'nly love !
-

H Y M N LXI.—C. M.

Another.

- 1 **U**P, O ye flock ! ye sheep esteem'd !
By Christ, the Lord of all :
Rise up, whom Jesus hath redeem'd,
And hear your shepherd call !
- 2 He bids you to his pasture *come,*
Invites you to his throne :
Ye poor in spirit there is room
For you, and you alone.
- 3 To you lost sheep, who long have stray'd,
He gracious calls, *come in :*
Come, for your price, your debt is paid,
You may be fav'd from sin.
- 4 Attend, and may our God behold,
And meekly stoop to meet,
And give the kingdom to the fold,
Now waiting at his feet.

H Y M N LXII.—L. M.

After Sermon.

WE'LL join to bless our gracious Lord,
And praise him for his holy word ;
We, who like sheep have gone astray,
Have heard the Shepherd's voice to-day !

We come Lord Jesus ! O receive
Thy wand'ring Lambs, and let us live :
Our guilt we know, our sin we own,
For us, O let thy blood atone !

1 Thro' thee the Lamb for sinners slain,
Let us be reconcil'd again ;
Again be born, in thee to rise,
To share thy Father's paradise !

2 We now confess thy gospel true,
Without thee, *nothing can we do* :
Descend, and with our spirits dwell,
And there thy love, thy peace reveal.

5 O that thou would'st not long delay !
Nor send us empty now away :
We hunger Lord, we thirst for thee,
And must, till thee by faith we see.

6 *All things are ready !* Lord come in,
Our heart and head, are sick of sin :
Our souls are pain'd, we all things want,
Come dear Physician, or we faint !

H Y M N

H Y M N LXIII.—C. M.

On the Barren Tree.

- 1 **A** Barren tree I long have grown,
Ah! very many years :
Yet still (thro' mercy) not cut down,
Still me my Maker spares !
- 2 No fruit of righteousness, or good,
I to my Master yield :
Nor can, till water'd with his blood,
Till with his Spirit fill'd.
- 3 Justly e'er now th' Almighty's sword
(For this my barrenness)
Had cut me off; but O! my Lord,
Sav'd me, thro' sovereign grace.
- 4 My Jesus to his Father cry'd !
To spare th' unfruitful tree :
And often since hath strove, and try'd,
With vile, ungrateful me !
- 5 Bless'd husbandman, whose grace alone,
Can make me fertile prove,
Dig round about my heart of stone,
And store the ground with love.
- 6 Gently cut off the former stock,
And graft me into thee ;
And daily from the living rock,
With blood, O water me !

- 7 Rememb'ring I am dust, me spare
A longer chain of days :
And all the fruit that I shall bear,
Lord order to thy praise !
-

H Y M N LXIV—L. M.

On MARY the Sinner.

- 1 **O** That my sinful soul might fit
Like *Mary* at my Master's feet !
Like her's, my tears shou'd plenteous flow,
And silence shou'd declare my woe.
- 2 When **CHRIST** to dine with *Simon* came,
The simple maid (forgetting shame)
The preacher follow'd, and went in
To *Simon's* house convinc'd of sin.
- 3 A time the Lord permits her tears,
His snowy feet the torrent bears :
While quite a stranger to her pain,
Simon beheld her with disdain.
- 4 He wonder'd why the holy Lord
Suffer'd a wretch so much abhorr'd !
To touch his feet ; and dubious thought,
If CHRIST a prophet was, or not ?
- 5 'Twas then **IMMANUEL** kindly shew'd,
How sinners were receiv'd by God :
Mov'd by his grace, to love, and save,
The woman's sins he then forgave.

- 6 Dear MASTER JESUS ! let thine eye
Regard my suit and misery ;
Remit my sin, and hide my shame,
And much, my soul shall love thy name.
-

H Y M N LXV.—L. M.

On the Sower.

- 1 **B**EHOLD ! my soul, how few are found,
Who have the seed on fruitful ground :
How many thousand souls receive
The gospel-seed, yet disbelieve !
- 2 Some by the way-side hear the word,
And look no farther for the Lord :
The busy fiends, like birds of prey,
Attend, and steal it soon away.
- 3 Others, as on a rock untill'd,
Receive the seed, with gladness fill'd :
But quickly, lacking deeper root,
It dies away, nor brings forth fruit.
- 4 In other some the seed is sown,
Whose land with thorns is overgrown :
These choke the word, no fruit it bears,
But withers soon, and disappears.
- 5 O sower ! Jesus sent by God,
Softens my stony heart, with blood :
Pluck up the thorns, which grow in me,
Make me become a fruitful tree.

- 6 Left Satan steal away the word,
Watch o'er me with a flaming sword !
In mighty pow'r, O drive away !
The fiends, who wait as birds of prey.
- 7 From earthly pleasures, riches, cares,
Those choking thorns, those fatal tares,
Deliver me ; and let thy grace
Grow up within me, to thy praise !
- 8 Encrease the breathing of thy love,
And I shall very fruitful prove :
Nourish the seed, and give it root,
And thou alone shalt have the fruit.
-

H Y M N LXVI.—C. M.

On the Ten Virgins.

- 1 **T**HE Bridegroom Christ, *the sinners friend !*
(A voice proclaims) shall come :
The children of the Bride attend,
To light him to his room.
- 2 Rous'd from the bed of carnal sloth,
The wise, and foolish wait :
The lamp profession shines with both !
While at the Bridegroom's gate.
- 3 But as he tarries, general sleep
Seizes the careless train :
Close slumbers on their eyelids creep,
And lulls to rest their brain.

- 4 The wiser few (lest they should lack)
Took oil their lamps to feed :
While others quite forgot to take
Provision for their need.
- 5 Then came the Bridegroom ! then awoke
The wife, and at the word,
Their burning lamps, they joyful took,
And met (prepar'd) the Lord !
- 6 The foolish wak'd,—but O ! too late.
Their lamps were quite gone out :
They ask'd for oil, but found the gate
(Where oil was sold) was shut.
- 7 These were professors—such alone,
Who Jesus never knew :
Who ne'er receiv'd the *secret stone*,
Whose lamps were only shew.
- 8 No oil from Christ, did they provide,
No unction from above :
Sought no supply from Jesu's side,
Felt only carnal love.
- 9 But wiser some that oil receiv'd
Truth in the inward parts,
And in his grace, whom they believ'd,
Nourish their flaming hearts.
- 10 So may I, Lord, my lamp prepare,
With thy sufficient grace :
That when the judgment trump I hear,
I may awake in peace.

- 11 When in the last, and dreadful night;
Thou every work shalt prove :
O may my lamp burn clear, and bright,
In flames of endless love !
-

H Y M N LXVII.—L. M.

Look unto Me and be ye saved.

- 1 **W**HO thirsts for Christ! who Jesus want?
With boldness to his cross draw nigh:
Ye hungry, who for mercy pant,
Look up and see a Saviour die !
- 2 Behold his tears how fast they flow !
How thick the precious drops run down :
Hard hearted souls, he weeps for you !
For you the briny streams atone !
- 3 See from his temples issue forth
(Pierc'd by the thorns) a purple flood :
O that ye sinners knew its worth !
'Tis precious! 'tis redeeming blood !
- 4 Spread wide, behold his bleeding hands !
Thereby he shews his willingness
To embrace all nations, tongues, and lands,
Who bow to him, who him confess.
- 5 The stripes the soldiers him hath giv'n,
Shall heal the sinner's broken heart :
Shall purchase peace for him, and heav'n,
And save him from his just desert.

- 6 So bleeds his feet, so from his side
The sacred torrent freely flows:
That in the stream he might confide,
Whom sins oppress, and guilt, and woes.
- 7 Like men afraid, methinks I see
The guilty tremble round their God!
Amaz'd before his Majesty!
Not daring to approach his blood.
- 8 Fear not ye rebels, bold approach,
No more ye naked souls desist:
O rather come, and love ye much,
Our pard'ning Lord, our precious Chri:
- 9 He loves you, O! ye sinful throng
Bow down, and be ye fav'd, by grace:
Consent ye needy, old and young,
Consent, and proffer'd love embrace!
- 10 O come! and cast ye helpless down,
As clay unfit for any use:
The Saviour will not such disown,
Such he delights to love and chuse.
-

H Y M N LXVIII.—C. M.

Praise for the Gospel.

- 1 COME let us join to bless the Lord
The only wise and good,
By whom alone we are restor'd,
And ransom'd by his blood.

- 2 To-day his flock he meets in peace,
Glad tidings, lo ! He brings :
To-day is call'd the *Day of Grace*,
A day of holy things !
- 3 To-day the messenger is sent
To call the banish'd home :
The lost, the poor, the impotent,
And those who weary roam.
- 4 May we have ears, and pow'r to hear
The reconciling word :
And find the life, and ever share
Th' indwelling of the Lord.
- 5 May we with Jesus be inspir'd,
And see with joy his day :
Which many prophets have desir'd,
But went by night their way.
- 6 Let mercy thee O God compel,
To bring us to thy Son ;
And with us stay. and in us dwell,
And us with glory crown.
-

H Y M N LXIX.—C. M.

Praise.

1. **T**HE kingdom of our Christ is come,
His pow'r and strength is known :
Th' accuser hears his righteous doom,
Our Saviour casts him down.

F 2.

2. The

- 2 The war is over ! Jesus reigns,
Let heav'n their Lord adore :
The serpent groans in heavy chains,
Cast down to rise no more !
 - 3 Rejoice ye brethren, sons of God,
Salvation now is come !
The merit of IMMANUEL's blood,
Strikes the accuser dumb.
 - 4 Exalt his everlasting name !
And worthy blessing pay :
Aloud in all the earth proclaim,
He takes our sins away !
 - 5 In his redemption there is room
For you, ye sons of men !
Believe in Christ, and overcome,
And with our Saviour reign.
 - 6 Rejoice ye weeping saints below !
By fiends, and men abhorr'd :
The kingdoms of the world are now,
The kingdoms of our Lord !
-

H Y M N LXX.—C. M

A Hymn to Christ.

- 1 **S**ING we to God, him let us bless
Who sitteth on the throne :
For he becomes our righteousness !
Our peace and joy alone !
- 

2 With love, as with the cords of men
He drew us to his cross :
Shew'd us himself, there bruise'd and slain,
And how he dy'd for us !

3 He saw us when in our own blood,
And guilt, we cover'd lay :
And pity mov'd the Lamb of God,
To take our sins away !

4 Love caus'd a fountain in his side,
Wherein he made us clean :
Said to us *live, be justify'd,*
And we were born again !

5 When underneath his wrath we groan'd,
Afflicted, and oppress'd ;
His Spirit in our need we found,
Directing us to rest.

6 All that have happ'n'd since our birth,
He order'd for our good :
The sins contracted on the earth,
He cover'd with his blood.

7 He saw us in our misery,
When sin had pierc'd our soul :
And said, *Look up, my sufferings see,*
My wounds shall make you whole.

8 We look'd obedient to his word,
And found him good, and true :
Found rich redemption in the Lord,
Whom we in sinning slew.

- 9 And shall not we his name adore ?
We will while we have breath !
We'll praise the hand for evermore !
Which rescu'd us from death !
-

H Y M N LXXI.—C. M.

Comfort ye my People.

- 1 **A**TTEND ye souls who wait for God
Who look for inward bliss :
Who seek the strait, and narrow road,
And follow righteousness.
- 2 Tho' here distress'd, and griev'd ye roam,
As in a foreign place ;
Your Father soon shall call you home,
And you shall see his face.
- 3 There all the sons of grief and pain,
Who Jesu's cross have borne,
Shall glorious with their Master reign
And never thence return.
- 4 There weary pilgrims rest in peace
Where foes molest no more :
As shipwreck'd men from dang'rous seas,
So they escape to shore.
- 5 The wicked them no more shall grieve,
Nor wrongs shall them oppress :
Brought unto God, in him they live,
In ceaseless happiness !

- 6 Gracious Redeemer, true and good,
Me in their number tell :
With them in robes wash'd white in blood,
Let me for ever dwell !
-

H Y M N LXXII.—C. M.

The house of God.

- 1 **T**HIS is the house to entertain
The pilgrims in their road :
A place of rest for those in pain,
Who follow after God.
- 2 Here may the weary trav'lers stay,
Here (as from *Pisgah*) see.
Their country, and be shewn the way,
Where they desire to be.
- 3 Turn in ye people, for the house
Is Christ's, and he is here :
His servants built it for his use,
It is the house of pray'r.
- 4 Here, (for the precious babes of God)
The word like milk is giv'n :
And here is preach'd the Saviour's blood,
The only way to heav'n !
- 5 Refreshment here the banish'd find,
And strengthen'd here go on :
Till heav'nly joys regale their min
And all their work is done.

H Y M N LXXIII.

- 1 **B**RETHREN let us join to bleſs
Jeſus Chriſt, our joy, and peace :
Let our praiſe to him be giv'n,
High at God's right-hand in heav'n !
- 2 Maſter ſee to thee we bow,
Thou art Lord, and only thou :
Thou the bleſſed Virgin's ſeed,
Glory of thy church, and head !
- 3 Thee the angels ceaſeleſs ſing,
Thee we praiſe our Prieſt, our King :
Worthy is thy name of praiſe,
Full of glory, full of grace.
- 4 Thou haſt the glad tidings brought,
Of ſalvation by thee wrought :
Wrought for all thy church ! and we
Worſhip in their company !
- 5 We thy little flock adore,
Thee the Lord for evermore !
Ever with us ſhew thy love,
Till we join with thoſe above !

H Y M N LXXIV.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing :
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise!
Glorious in his works and ways!
- 2 We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way, the fathers trod :
They are happy now ; and we
Soon their happiness shall see!
- 3 O ye banish'd seed be glad !
Christ our advocate is made :
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our soul becomes.
- 4 Shout ye little flock ! and blest,
You on Jesu's throne shall rest :
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward !
- 5 Fear not, brethren ! joyful stand,
On the borders of your land :
Jesus Christ your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.
- 6 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below :
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

- 7 For thee all things we forsake,
We of better wou'd partake :
We to greater blessings soar;
Unto joys for evermore.
- 8 Seal our love, our labours end,
Let us to thy blifs ascend :
Let us to thy kingdom come ;
Lord, we long to be at home.
-

H Y M N LXXV.—L. M.

For Ministers waiting upon God.

- 1 GREAT Master by thy Father sent,
Eternal, true, omnipotent !
To know thy counsel, we are here ;
In ev'ry heart thy mind declare.
- 2 Behold ! thy witnessess, and shew,
Thy children whither we shou'd go :
Till ends the world, them never leave,
Or till thou them to heav'n receive.
- 3 Appoint our work, and let our will
Be subject to thine orders still ;
Obedient may we always prove,
Below on earth, in heav'n above !
- 4 Our lips inspire with such a coal,
As warm'd *Isaiah's* pious soul :
And thro' our message, thro' our word,
Bring many children to the Lord :

- 5 **C**omfort by us the comfortless,
The souls who feel their sinfulness :
And make our voice like thunder found,
To those who never Jesus found !
- 6 **R**eady (unworthy as we are)
We wait thy counsel, Lord, to hear :
Say thou the word, *Go preach*, and we
Will go, and testify of thee !
- 7 **B**ut send us, Lord, where thou wilt come,
And tho' the work be burdensome,
Or tho' the place be far, or near,
We go—and thou shalt meet us there !
- 8 **W**hen our own wisdom us shall lead,
Or our own knowledge fill our head,
Tear down the idol ! in its room
Let thy clear inspiration come !
- 9 **L**et filial fear, presumption move,
Humble us daily, in thy love :
And now, and always let us see,
The open door, and follow thee.

H Y M N LXXVI.—C. M.

Self-Denial.

- 1 **P**URPOS'D in Jesu's steps to tread ;
 At our Redeemer's call ;
By his Almighty Spirit led,
 We (joyful) leave our all.

- 2 To lands and houses here below,
We bid a long farewell,
To pleasures, honours, profits too,
For those unspeakable.
- 3 For better worlds we this refuse,
And hazard all we have :
Our life below we hate ; and chuse
A life beyond the grave.
- 4 Our reputation, name, and ease,
For Jesus we despise :
Nothing on earth our souls can please ;
We thirst for paradise !
- 5 Here, we foretaste the grapes of joy !
Of righteousness and peace :
And wait, till God shall quite destroy
All our unholiness !
- 6 We wait, to Sion looking up,
There longing to appear !
And journey, having Christ our hope,
That we shall soon be there.

H Y M N LXXVII.—L. M.

Pleading at the throne of grace.

- 1 **A**TTEND thou humble Son of man,
(Who reign'd the Lord e'er time began
Yet lately veil'd thee in our clay !
To take our sin, our guilt away.

Our ears have heard our fathers tell,
Who thro' thee were redeem'd from hell)
How weary sinners found in thee,
A resting place from misery.

The ancient people have declar'd,
And gladly we their record heard,
How good to guilty souls thou wert,
How tender to the broken heart !

In former days, in ages past,
Thou bid'st the heavy laden cast
On thee their burden ; O ! that now
Such favour thou to us would'st show.

The prophets, and th' apostles said,
That thou their Master, thou their head,
Shoud'st never change ; but be the same
To all, who call upon thy name !

If right thy spake, fulfil their word ;
And manifest, and shew us, Lord,
The love to our fore-fathers shewn :
And thee will we adore alone !

H Y M N LXXVIII. — C. M.

*For the most part taken out of Te Deum ; or the
Song of St. Ambrose.*

1 **W**E sing to thee, thou Son of God !
Who sav'd us by thy grace :
We praise thee, Son of Man ! whose blood
Redeem'd our fallen race.

2 We

- 2 We thee acknowledge, God and Lord,
Father ere time began :
Thou art by heav'n and earth ador'd,
Worthy o'er both to reign.
- 3 To thee, all angels cry aloud !
Thro' heav'ns extended coasts :
Hail, holy, holy, holy God,
Of all immortal hosts.
- 4 The Cherubin, and Seraphin,
Continual sing to thee :
The worlds, and all the pow'rs therein,
Adore thy Majesty.
- 5 The prophets goodly fellowship,
In milky garments drest,
Praise thee, thou holy God, and reap
The fulness of thy rest.
- 6 Th' apostles glorious company,
Thy righteous praise proclaim :
The martyr'd army glorify
Thy everlasting name !
- 7 Thro' all the world thy churches join,
T' acknowledge thee the head :
Father of Majesty divine !
Who ev'ry pow'r hast made.
- 8 Also thy true and only Son,
Thy family confess :
King of thy faints, in us made known,
The Lord our righteousness.

Also the Holy Ghost we praise,
The Spirit of the Lord :
The Comforter, whose kindling rays,
Our dying souls restor'd.

10 Thou, Jesus, didst not once abhor
The Virgin Mary's womb ;
But took'st her flesh, and then in pow'r
Didst death and sin o'ercome.

11 The kingdom then thou open'dst wide,
For all who should believe :
Thy wounds were doors ; thy hands, feet, side,
To sinners entrance give.

12 Among their number we presume,
Sav'd by thy precious blood :
Reign here, and in the world to come,
O everlasting God !

H Y M N LXXIX.—C. M.

Resting under the Cross.

1 CHILDREN of *Isr'el*, see what shade
The cross does us afford :
It was for weary trav'lers made :
We thank thee for it, Lord.

2 Awhile sit down, and we'll prepare
To sing his worthy fame,
Who to redeem us sojourn'd here :
Christ Jesus is his name.

G

3 Gethsemane

- 3 *Calvary* is witness still
How often there he cry'd :
So is the cross, and *Calvary's* hill,
Where our great Master dy'd.
- 4 We sing thy sufferings, wounds, and blood
The virtue of thy pain :
We sing thy griefs, thou dying God!
Thou Lamb for sinners slain.
- 5 We sing the merit of thy tears,
The merit of thy groans ;
Thy bloody-sweat, th' availing pray'rs,
For these have made us sons.
- 6 We sing for joy, that heaviness
Did once oppress thy soul :
For thro' thy grief we find our ease,
Thy stripes have made us whole.
- 7 We hail thee, thou by *Jews* revil'd,
To thee we bow the knee :
Hail, very God ! the promis'd child,
The prophets sang of thee.
- 8 We are thy living witnesses,
Who testify that thou
Art sinners righteousness and peace ;
For we have prov'd thee so.
- 9 While others sing the *unknown* God,
We each will sing of thee :
Jesus has wash'd me in his blood,
And lov'd and dy'd for me !

H Y M N . LXXX.—S. M.

- 1 **I**N every place dear Lamb,
Where we may be allow'd,
Will we be speaking of thy name,
And talking of thy blood.
- 2 Nor may we e'er forget
To ask thee, Saviour, still,
To be with us, where'er we meet :
Lest we transgress thy will.
- 3 And Oh ! how sweetly sounds
Thy blood, thy name, thy cross !
Thy passions, sufferings, cries, and wounds,
For all belong to us !
- 4 O Lamb ! thy sinless blood,
Our wounded hearts shall heal :
Thy cross shall bring us nigh to God,
Thy name our bliss shall seal.
- 5 Thy passion shall appease
The wrath of hostile heav'n :
Thy sufferings shall our conscience ease,
Shall shew our guilt forgiv'n.
- 6 Thy cries our peace obtain'd,
And in thy wounds (the pools)
We, who with crimson guilt were stain'd,
Wash white our weary souls.

7 Thy death our life has bought,
Thy tomb hid all our sin ;
For with thy flesh our ev'ry fault,
And curse, and death went in.

8 Thy rising from the dead
Us justified to God :
And by ascending, thou hast made
Thy heav'n our sure abode.

H Y M N LXXXI.

1 COME, my Father's family !
Ye ransom'd of the Lord ;
Come, ye sinners, who with me
Are every where abhor'd :
Let us gladly trace his steps,
Who suffer'd death among the *Jews* :
Who the friendless soul accepts,
Whom all beside refuse.

2 Jesus, the despis'd, and mean,
Our Master, let us own :
He the sacrifice for sin,
The Saviour he alone ;
Let us take, and bear his cross,
Despis'd disciples let us be,
Mock'd and slighted as he was
For you, my friends, and me.



one but Jesus, will we sing,
None else will we adore:
e our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Shall be for evermore:
one among the heav'nly pow'rs,
Nor one on earth our praise may claim,
None but Jesus, call we ours,
None but the bleeding Lamb!

H Y M N LXXXII.—C. M.

LO! we are journeying home to God,
Bid by the Spirit, Come:
And in the way his children trod,
We seek our Father's home.

We walk a narrow path, and rough,
And we are tir'd and weak:
Yet soon shall we have rest enough,
In those blest courts we seek.

Upon mount *Sion's* distant top,
A Lamb our eyes behold!
'Tis Jesus—look ye children up!
He calls us to his fold.

We see him with his raiment red,
As tho' besmear'd with blood;
As newly slain he stands—he bled,
Us to redeem to God.

- 5 Farewell, false, treach'rous world, farewell,
To better worlds we go ;
We travel with our God to dwell,
To cease from toil below.
- 6 To all mankind we bid adieu,
But those with Jesus join'd :
Mortals, we may not stay with you,
We look to things divine.
- 7 Deluded long we here have been,
But now we farther see ;
We see the land where perfect men
Have true tranquility.
- 8 Our Saviour tells us, there is room
For us ; and we believe :
We come, Lord Jesus, lo ! We come ;
Thy promis'd kingdom give.
- 9 Content, and glad, the cross we take,
Before ordain'd by thee ;
We ALL, to follow thee, forsake,
And in the way agree.
- 10 Hated, and mock'd, and disesteem'd,
We yet unshaken run :
So still enable thy redeem'd,
Until our work be done.
- 11 And when the voice of death we hear,
" God now requires you hence ;"
May each in glorious robes appear
With thine inheritance.

H Y M N LXXXIII.—C. M.

For a Feast of Charity.

- 1 **A**TTEND, ye daughters of the King!
We bid you to our feast:
And lo! we come, and Jesus bring
In our devoted breast.
- 2 A feast of charity we keep,
A sign of that above:
There soon shall all our Saviour's sheep
Banquet on Jesu's love.
- 3 Till we the happy country see,
Where ceases sin and fear;
Beneath the cross, that shady tree,
We'll rest contented here.
- 4 Our bread, and water, plainest food,
We'll thankfully partake;
And bless our Lord, who makes it good,
To us for Jesu's sake.
- 5 Eternal streams of water soon
Shall quench our sister's thirst:
To living bread shall you sit down,
And feast among the just.
- 6 Hail, happy souls! ye call'd shall see
The supper of the Lamb:
And you among our company
Shall shout our Saviour's name.

- 7 We know we shall, and thank the hand
That seal'd us this to share :
Come, brethren, then, and to the land
With us in hymns repair.
-

H Y M N LXXXIV.—C. N

Receiving a Minister.

- 1 **H**OW beautiful upon the hills
The preacher's feet appear !
How sweet the voice of peace distils
In ev'ry open ear !
- 2 Glad tidings shall the meek receive ;
The bruised shall mourn no more :
The deaf shall hear, the dead shall live,
Riches shall bless the poor.
- 3 Thy every messenger, O God,
Do we rejoice to see ;
And all who teach the Saviour's blood ;
For these are dear to thee.
- 4 We thank thee now for sending here :
The publishers of peace :
Speak by them, Lord, and every where
By them declare thy grace.
- 5 Him lately sent to us, ordain
To bring the gladfome news,
That thou wast once for sinners slain,
Nor wilt ~~their~~ chief refuse.

- 6 This gospel own, and we aloud
Will blaze abroad thy fame,
And tell the merit of thy blood,
To every straying Lamb.
- 7 So when the harvest-day shall come,
Sowers and reapers too,
Shall shouting, enter endless home,
And thee eternal view.
- 8 This happy morning we desire,
O let it hasten on !
When all shall join the angelic choir,
In singing round the throne,
- 9 The preachers, and the people, there,
Shall thee in fulness see :
Shall keep the long sabbatic year,
The feast of jubilee.
-

H Y M N LXXXV.—C. M.

Confession of sin.

- 1 **W**E all the sinner's tract have trod,
Like sheep we all have stray'd :
In sack-cloth let us seek for God,
With dust upon our head.
- 2 Let shame our guilty souls bow down,
And let us tell our sin :
Who knows, if we our folly own,
But Christ will make us clean.
- 3 Behold,

- 3 Behold, O Lamb of God! a race
Of wretched rebels come
Naked, and poor: O let thy grace
Afford thy children room.
- 4 We own that we the world have lov'd,
Have many idols known:
Pray let thy wrath be all remov'd,
Nor pour thy fury down.
- 5 Think on the holy covenant,
And then, tho' we have sinn'd,
Kindly forgive us—this we want,
O Lord, our only friend!
- 6 Lord canst thou pardon souls so vile?
We know thou canst, and wilt:
For we are the REDEEMER's spoil,
For us his blood was spilt.
-

H Y M N LXXXVI.—C. M.

In persecution.

- 1 **H**OW favour'd are we of the Lord!
How honour'd by the Lamb!
He counts us worthy for his word,
To share his cross, and shame.
- 2 His cross, which many have despis'd,
We wou'd not but endure:
We bear his shame, his name be prais'd,
Who gives us strength and power.

- 3 O that like sheep we all may learn
To tread where Jesus trod :
Silent, when wrong'd, nor wrath return'd,
But leave revenge to God.
- 4 Dumb as the lambs, design'd to die,
May we our ways sustain :
Nor fear the fiercest enemy,
Nor dread the sharpest pain.
- 5 To him, who all our sorrows sees,
May we our ways submit :
Jesus shall try us as he please,
Shall do as he sees fit.
- 6 Behold thy lambs, thy tender herd,
Hunted by beasts of prey :
And let us still have strength prepar'd,
According to our day.
- 7 Say, *follow me*, and lo ! we come
Tho' all the world oppose :
Death, hell, and sin, shall make us room,
And all our master's foes.
- 8 His blood our crimson robes shall wash,
And make them white as snow :
His blood our spirits shall refresh,
Till we to *Canaan* go.
- 9 His blood, his precious blood shall seal
Us ever to our God :
And ceaseless praise our lips shall fill,
To our Redeemer's blood,

H Y M N LXXXVII.

The humble soul at JESU's feet.

1 **W**HY do our souls the LAMB displease !
Why do our souls so slight his peace
He never griev'd us once, nor frown'd
Upon us, since his love we found:
Then why should we so foolishly offend,
So dear a SAVIOUR, and so true a friend ?

2 O let our souls look back, and view
The dangers he has brought us through:
Out of what straits, and misery,
Hath Jesus brought us tenderly ?
Forget not this our souls, think on his cross !
And do not, do not slight our SAVIOUR thus.

3 Remember all his bloody sweat,
His wounded hands, his bleeding feet ;
His agony, his cries, and tears ;
His three and thirty suff'ring years,
Do we remember this ? then how can we
So grieve the LAMB, and deal ungratefully ?

4 Surely our souls can see their sin,
How very foolish have they been ;
They fall at JESU's feet, and prove,
How he is full of grace and love:
Our souls repent, dear LORD, O give us pow'r,
Never, O never to displease thee more !

H Y M N

H Y M N LXXXVIII.—C. M.

1 **T**HE God we know, we know the man,
 Immanuel is his name :
We heard he was for sinners slain,
 And here to seek him came.

2 He truly suffer'd, to redeem
 The lost despairing seed :
Then we may boldly hope in him,
 For we are such indeed.

3 The hungry sinners he receives,
 And is the *sinner's friend* :
Men told us, saying, he forgives
 Whoe'er on him depend.

4 True are the things that ye have heard,
 He freely saves the poor :
Come then, O sinners, to the LORD.
 Our faith, and hopes are sure.

5 Behold, dear LAMB, a company
 Of sinful children come :
Behold, and hear thy people cry,
 And make thy people room.

6 Jesus, thy people heard thy fame,
 And come to prove thee good :
Wash us in thy redeeming name,
 And in thy sacred blood.

7 Thou

- 7 Thou said'st, I will not cast away
Who come for help to me :
We plead thy promise, Lord, and pray,
True to thy promise be.
-

H Y M N LXXXIX.—C. M.—

- 1 **W**ORTHY of glory is the Lamb,
On *Calv'ry* lately slain ;
Who died a martyr, to redeem
The fallen sons of men.

- 2 More willing than we ever sinn'd,
He gave his body up ;
Chearful he knew a shameful end,
And drank the bitter cup.

- 3 More than his hosts, (amazing love!)
Or heav'n, he valued us ;
Content he left the pow'rs above,
To bear our sins and curse.

- 4 More than his life, or sacred blood,
He lov'd our sinful race ;
And all forsook, while he pursu'd
His people by his grace.

- 5 And can it be that we should love
Another more than thee ?
O Lamb, th' ingratitude remove,
Or let us cease to be.

chain us, and we'll all forsake,
and follow thee alone :
more in others praise we'll speak,
till we ascend thy throne.

who without *Jerusalem*,
between two robbers died,
worthy of a Saviour's name,
Jesus, and none beside.

worthy alone is he, who bore
the sorrows, justly ours :
worthy the praise for evermore,
Of all the heavenly pow'rs.

H Y M N XC.—C. M.

Barrenness.

WHY, O my soul, so cold, and dead,
So backward to obey?
slow to praise thy gracious Lord,
And negligent to pray?

votion now forsakes my breast,
Alas ! I cannot love ;
for one spark of heavenly fire,
This coldness to remove !

It like a lump of lifeless clay,
Before the Lord I lie ;
My glory sleeps, I cannot sing,
Only look up, and sigh.

4 Whither

- 4 Whither, O my distracted soul,
Still farther wilt thou stray ?
How hast thou wander'd from the Lord,
And lost the blissful way ?
- 5 Ah ! look, dear Saviour of the world,
My strange indifference see :
Breathe on me, and I'll pay thee back
The love thou bear'st to me.
- 6 Without thee, lo ! I chang'd to ice,
But let thy love return ;
And then with ardour, and delight,
My thankful soul should burn.
-

H Y M N XCI.—L. M.

Confidence of overcoming sin by CHRIST.

- 1 **A** Mountain are my sins I know,
Enough to sink me down to hell ;
But O great mountain, what art thou
Before my Lord, Zerubbabel ?
- 2 Tho' many strong temptations strive,
And snares beset me every where,
And though no chearful thought survive,
I will not of the Lord despair.
- 3 I will not be afraid, but look
Towards the *New Jerusalem* :
Yea, tho' by death, and hell o'ertook,
I still will trust in Jesu's name.

He said, " Whene'er the needy, poor,
 For water seek, with thirst dry'd up,
 I hear them, when they me implore,
 Nor will I leave them without hope."

Grasp this promise, and believe,
 My sins ye now your depth may shew;
 Sight of you will make me grieve,
 But this is all that you can do.

Saviour's blood both took away
 The guilt of all, the pow'r to damn.
 Sing for joy, and well I may,
 For I am in the wounded LAMB.

H Y M N XCII.—C. M.

WHILE on the bosom of the Lamb,
 My favour'd soul may lean;
 Singing the merits of his name
 Before the sons of men.

Freedom too great to be express'd,
 In him behold I prove:
 Enter now his people's rest,
 And taste eternal love.

Hear me ye souls in bondage, ye
 Who never Jesus knew;
 Whose chariot wheels go heavily,
 This rest belongs to you.

H

4 Who

- 4 Who with their faces thitherward,
Their way to heav'n enquire :
Jesus the Lamb, the humble Lord,
Shall answer their desire.
 - 5 Behold him nail'd on yonder tree,
He points you out your road :
He shews himself, and saith, *By me*
Men enter into God.
 - 6 In him such joys the new-born know,
As cannot be conceiv'd :
This I affirm, and others too,
Who have in Christ believ'd.
 - 7 And if he is below so sweet,
What will his fulness be ?
What when we him in glory meet ?
O brethren come and see.
-

H Y M N XCIII.

In times of heaviness.

- 1 SAVIOUR, tho' thou strange appear'st,
Tho' thou dost not seem to see,
Tho' to help me thou forbear'st,
Yet I'll put my trust in thee.
- 2 Saviour, tho' thou shou'dst me slay,
Tho' thou still thyself dost hide;
At thy feet I still will lay,
Still will at thy door abide.

- 3 Be not angry, Holy Lamb,
Turn thee to thy usual grace ;
Jesus, tho' I sinful am,
Shew me once again thy face.
- 4 If thou wilt not hear, I'll die,
Here (as does the widow'd dove)
Mourning, desolate I'll lie,
Till to endless worlds I move.
- 5 Think upon me, *David's Son*,
Think on me, and smiling speak ;
Lord, I cannot bear thy frown ;
Lord, my bruised heart will break.
- 6 O my burthen ! O my pain
Will be insupportable !
Should'st not thou return again,
Lord, it wou'd be worse than hell.
- 7 Yet, O Lamb, shouldst thou refuse
Ever to return to me,
At thy feet my death I'll chuse,
Still I'll put my trust in thee.
-

H Y M N XCIV.

- 1 POOR, and naked as I am,
I approach thee, bleeding Lamb,
Tho' I am ashamed to see,
How I have displeased thee.

- 2 Peter said, and I say too,
Jesus, whither can I go?
Whither can the sinner flee?
Thou hast endless life in thee.
- 3 If another Saviour was,
Other refuge than thy cross,
Surely, I had it persu'd,
I had trampled on thy blood.
- 4 But alas! whenever I try'd
Here, or there, my sin to hide;
Guilt encreas'd on me so fast,
I was forc'd to thee at last.
- 5 By experience I can tell,
Out of thee is nether hell;
In thy wounds I only find
Ease for my distemper'd mind.
- 6 May I never leave thee more,
O thou lover of the poor,
May I in thy love abide,
Hid, and cover'd in thy side.

H. Y. M. N. XCV. — L. M.

Following Christ, the Sinners way to Go

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone;
He that I plac'd my hopes upon;
His track I see—and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's high-way of holiness
I'll go; for all the paths are peace.
- 3 No stranger may proceed therein,
No lover of the world, and sin;
No lion, no devouring care,
No ravenous tyger shall be there.
- 4 No: nothing may go up thereon
But *traveling souls*, and I am one:
Wayfaring men to *Canaan* bound,
Shall only in the way be found.
- 5 Nor fools, by carnal men esteem'd,
Shall err therein; but they redeem'd
In Jesu's blood, shall shew their right
To travel there, till heav'n's in sight.
- 6 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd, because I found it not;
My grief, my burden, long have been,
Because I cou'd not cease from sin.
- 7 The more I strove against its pow'r,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither, soul, for *I'm the way*.
- 8 Lo! glad I come, and thou, dear Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am:
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Yet help me, and thy praise I'll live.

- 9 I'll tell to all poor finners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, *Behold the way to God !*
-

H Y M N XCVI.—C. M.

COME guilty souls, and flee away
Like doves to Jesu's wounds:
This is the welcome gospel day
Wherein free grace abounds.

- 2 God lov'd the world, and gave his Son
To drink the cup of wrath;
And Jesus says, He'll cast out none
That come to him by faith.
-

H Y M N XCVII.—C. M.

- 1 CHIEF Elder in thy church and house,
Look on thy family :
Be tender of thy dear-bought spouse,
Thy dear-bought spouse are we.
- 2 Thy servants (all our brethren) look
To thee, for finners slain :
Thy handmaids, Jesus, thee invoke,
To watch our weaker train.

us to walk that so thy name
 by us honour'd be :
 us the spirit of a Lamb,
 unfeign'd simplicity.

Let a loving spirit rule,
 child-like spirit reign :
 all like thee be merciful,
 like thee from wrath refrain.

Let in the world, may we adorn
 the gospel of thy blood ;
 walk 'midst cruel jeers and scorn,
 as did our Master God.

Weakness (such as thee oppose)
 may we to Jesus win :
 teach thy bride, thy fav'rite spouse,
 invite poor strangers in.

Let us become a burning light,
 guide to such as stray :
 lovingly in all men's sight,
 so sweetly on our way.

I Y M N XCVIII.—C. M.

HERE is the *Lord* ! Let all adore !
 How dreadful is the place !
 This is the gate of heav'n, ye poor !
 Attend and beg for grace.

- 2 Here is the *Lamb* amidst us now,
He spreads his gracious hands :
With blessings for his church below,
Our dear Redeemer stands.
 - 3 Ask what ye will, he saith, and I
Your large request will grant ;
Your many needs will I supply,
And answer every want.
 - 4 Dear brethren think how nigh you sit,
To him who bled for you ;
Fall down and worship at his feet,
Who loves and meets you so.
 - 5 What glorious favours are conferr'd
Upon us by the *Lamb* ?
See how he treats, with kind regard,
The people of his name.
 - 6 The happy angels hov'ring round,
Our mercies wond'ring see :
Let us not then unmov'd be found,
But very thankful be.
-

H Y M N XCIX.—C. M.

- 1 **O** Dearest Saviour whose I am,
And whom I serve alone ;
At thy pierc'd feet (I blush for shame)
And sit me happy down.

- 2 Naked I see myself, and mind
How I have us'd thee ill :
A sinner truly poor and blind,
Yet lo ! thou lov'st me still.
- 3 I raise my eyes and see what smart,
What grief I put thee to ;
And yet ('tis strange) it heals my heart,
While I thy anguish view.
- 4 I know my sins prepar'd the wood,
The nails, and whips, and spear ;
Which tare and slew my Lord my God,
And drew forth ev'ry tear.
- 5 I know that ev'ry stripe he had,
And ev'ry pang he bore,
And ev'ry grief till he was dead,
Was my desert and more.
- 6 This makes me at his cross design
To fit and see and prize,
That loving Lamb, that God of mine,
That wond'rous sacrifice.
-

H Y M N C.

- 1 THE Lamb is slain, how sweet's the sound ?
What fountains are in ev'ry wound ?
Those streams that thence so freely flow,
Will wash the sinner white as snow :

What

What strange diseases will they cure ?
What Med'cine are they for the poor ?

- 2 Had he not dy'd, we all had been
Now lost in unbelief and sin ;
But while he dy'd upon the tree,
He bare content our misery,
Our chastisement, our guilt, and blame
Was laid upon the spotless Lamb.
- 3 His robes he stain'd with scarlet hue,
With num'rous sins, tho' none he knew,
And meekly stood, while on his head
Our sins were charg'd, our follies laid ;
And dy'd a sacrifice to move
Our guilt, to whom he bare such love.
- 4 Thus black with all his people's hurt
He weeping stood in Herod's court ;
A purple robe he wore to shew,
Our sins we hence on him might view ;
Then laid the robe aside, a sign
Our crimes were laid in blood divine.
- 5 Him then the Spirit justify'd
From all that had his garments dy'd ;
Himself he sanctify'd, that he
Might sanctify his family :
Our sins made his, he buried were
Went in the thorns, the nails, the spear.
- 6 For ever sin, and death are slain
(Thro' the Redeemer's sweat and pain)

Offe

Offences and transgressions fall,
The Saviour triumphs over all !
Brings righteousness everlasting in,
And makes by death an end of sin.

H Y M N CI.—C. M.

1 **B**E witness heav'n and earth to-day
We give ourselves to him,
Who dy'd to take our sin away,
And us from hence redeem.

2 We make a present of our lives,
Our goods, and friends, and blood,
To Jesus Christ, who each receives
Who come thro' him to God.

3 No more are we our own, no more.
To this world we belong ;
We are the Lord's, him we adore,
The God of all our throng.

H Y M N CII.—C. M.

1 **W**E come and sit before the Lord,
And worship at his feet :
Thereon our tears and pray'rs are pour'd,
Which once with blood were wet.

2 We

- 2 We own, dear Saviour, ev'ry one
Unworthy is to speak ;
Or dare to sigh before thy throne,
Or there petition make.
 - 3 Yet seeing thou dost sinners love,
And wilt attend their cry :
We venture, Lord, our suit we move,
We venture humbly nigh.
 - 4 We kiss thee, Son of God, and see
Thy wounds, and thankful pray :
And there as on an altar we
Our worthless off'ring lay.
 - 5 We ask (O do not us deny)
A Lamb-like spirit grant ;
A sweet unfeign'd simplicity,
A servant's mind we want.
 - 6 O bless thy lov'd society
With blessings, Lord, like these,
And thou, dear Master, till we die,
Alone shalt have the praise.
-

H Y M N CHIL.—C. M.

- 1 **H**ENCE nothing will we know beside,
No other myst'ry learn ;
But that a Lamb for sinners dy'd,
This be our sole concern.

This we profess and this maintain,
None can salvation know ;
But in believing he was slain ;
This we are witness to.

For this let all our enemies
Contrive to do us hurt ;
This hold we fast, tho' hell should rise
Against the glad report.

Of this, O sinners company,
We humbly make our boast :
This tell to men far off, and nigh,
Our Saviour saves the lost.

He only did the world redeem,
He only sav'd mankind :
And lo ! whoever looks to him,
Shall the redemption find.

Not by our works of righteousness,
But by his precious blood.
He sav'd us, seal'd us, gave us peace,
And made us one with God.

H Y M N CIV.—C. M.

BEHOLD ! before the Lord we sit,
The stone and timber's beam
Shall bear us witness we commit,
And give ourselves to him.

- 2 We are the *Lord's*, are wholly his,
Determin'd to pursue
His footsteps till we see his bliss,
And leave the world below.
 - 3 We list ourselves to him and call
His pilgrims, hence our name :
To him give up our lives, our all,
And take his cross and shame.
 - 4 Welcome reproach, true riches thou,
When for the *Saviour* borne ;
Welcome bad names, and heaviest w
The loss of friends, and scorn.
 - 5 With bitter herbs, the *Lamb* receiv'd
This well the Father knew :
Thus we accept him, he who liv'd
A bitter life below.
 - 6 Thro' evil, and thro' good report,
Naked, oppress'd, revil'd ;
We follow *Jesus* to his court,
And track his ev'ry child.
-

H Y M N CV.—C.

- 1 **I** Hope our *Saviour* don't forget
His child is left behind ;
He sure observes me at his feet,
And bears me on his mind.

- 1 Dost thou not, dearest *Lamb of God* ?
Methinks thou answer'st sweet,
Thy name is on my hands with blood,
And graven on my feet.
 - 2 Thou, *Saviour*, wilt remember me,
Thou wilt, thou surely wilt ;
For thou, my *Lord*, on yonder tree
Didst bear my sin and guilt.
 - 3 The pain which thou hast there endur'd
Will put thee still in mind,
That I, for whom thou suffer'dst, *Lord*,
Am left to roam behind.
-

H Y M N C VI.—C. M.

I am a stranger, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.
Psal. 39. 12.

- 1 **B**ECAUSE I am a stranger here,
And talk of *Jesu's* blood,
I'm scorn'd as all my fathers were,
And rarely understood.
- 2 Around my weary eyes I cast,
Survey the world below :
You are not (glad I say) my rest,
I don't belong to you.
- 3 See, O my soul, the country see
Is fix'd above the skies :
There *Jesus* waits to welcome thee
To share his paradise.

4 Regard

- 4 Regard not then thy treatment now,
But wait a few days more:
And drest in garments white as snow,
Thou shalt attain thy shore.
- 5 Friends hast thou waited here? thy loss
Shall there be well made up;
With all the saints who once were thus,
Thou shalt sit down and sup.
- 6 Gird up thy loins, and forward move,
A pilgrim tho' thou art;
Jesus hath set on thee his love,
And seals thee to his heart.
-

H Y M N CVII.—C. M.

- 1 **L**ET others seek them pleasures new,
Themselves with songs divert;
One thing I only pant to know,
The blood of *Jesu's* heart.
Determin'd am I (who will blame)
While I on earth abide,
To make my song my constant theme,
"My LORD is crucify'd!"
- 2 Under the cross I make my place,
And well regard his pain;
Search into the amazing grace,
The cause why he was slain.
The wond'rous thing has charm'd me so
That ev'ry thing beside

I trample on, this only know,
“ My LORD is crucify’d ! ”

3 What pleasures can a soul esteem,
Who has of Jesus heard,
Unless it be to walk with him,
And think on his reward ?
I have no solid pleasures seen,
No bliss, till I decry’d
The *Lamb*, since which my song hath been,
“ My LORD is crucify’d ! ”

4 No comfort can I take below,
Tho’ ev’ry thing goes well,
Unless his merits on me flow,
Unless his blood I feel ;
When this I prove, I see by faith,
His bloody hands spread wide ;
And sing as I behold his death,
“ My LORD is crucify’d ! ”

H Y M N CVIII. — C. M.

Thou hast redeemed us to God by thy blood. Rev. v. 9.

1 **B**LOOD of the very blessed *Lamb*,
What wonders hast thou wrought !
Redeem’d poor sinners from their shame,
And many thousands bought.
Well may the souls in peace arriv’d
On *Canaan’s* happy shore,
Who when below this blood believ’d,
The fountain now adore !

- 2 By blood converted, thy confefs
The myft'ry round the throne,
And fing, Our Saviour made our peace
By blood, and that his own :
Nor mention ought the thankful train,
But how his precious blood,
When he for sinful man was slain,
Hath brought them nigh to God.
- 3 He wash'd away our fins, they cry,
By his own blood, and we
Are juft, and fanctify'd thereby,
And get the victory.
By shedding of his blood we gain
Remiffion of our fin ;
And peace with God and heav'n obtain,
And all that is therein.
- 4 Ten thoufand blessings ftill afcend
Before his through-bor'd feet,
And thanks be giv'n, the finner's friend.
For all his wounds and fweat.
Let ev'ry tongue confefs to thee,
And ev'ry knee be bow'd,
Who bare our sorrows on the tree,
And wash'd us in his blood.

H Y M N CIX.—C. M.

- 2 **A**ND will a day of clouds and fire
Upon the earth appear ?
When all the living and the dead
Shall ftand at Jelu's bar.

2 And shall mine eyes behold a day
When angels rosy hands
Shall heav'n unveil, and shew the Lamb
To all the distant lands?

3 And must mine ears for certain hear
A summons from the sky,
When the shrill trumpet sounding long
Proclaims the judgment nigh?

4 Will such an awful time commence,
When all who God forgot,
Shall far from Jesu's throne be driv'n
With those who knew him not?

5 Then say, my God, how long, how long,
Ere thou in sight appear?
Behold thy scriptures answer me,
Where men are least aware.

6 Ages and days shall pass away,
And time no longer be;
Jesús shall then on clouds descend,
And all the Lamb shall see.

7 Darkness, and blood, and fire, and smoke,
Shall in the air be seen;
The sun, the moon, and stars shall cease
To light the world again.

8 The sea by mighty tempests stir'd,
With all her waves shall roar,
Shall back return the dead therein,
And put her prey on shore.

I a

9 The

- 9 The trembling mountains far shall move,
Men's hearts for fear shall fail ;
And all the kindred of the earth
In great distress shall wail.
- 10 To hide them in the falling rocks
Poor guilty souls shall fly ;
And loud to hills for refuge too
In vain shall sinners cry.
- 11 O Lamb of God, thou King of saints,
Thou righteous Judge, to thee
I fly for refuge ; in thy wounds
Hide thou ungodly me.
- 12 There be my safe asylum ; there
Let me my int'rest know,
Ere thou in flaming fire appear'st,
To judge the word below.
- 13 Then let the last loud blast be blown !
Then call, *Arise ye dead !*
Then shall my very happy soul
With joy lift up her head.
-

H Y M N CX.

- 1 **I**N all my trials still I see
Our Saviour loves poor sinful me,
This is my only hope ;

This bears me thro' a thousand snares,
And in ten thousand griefs and fears
This lifts me sweetly up.

2 O did my faith a moment fail,
How would the busy pow'rs of hell
Against me dreadful rise ;
How wou'd they tread me under foot,
And seek to spoil me branch and root,
And put out both my eyes.

3 But thanks to his eternal name,
Who is my Lord, and God, and Lamb,
I hold my target firm :
He is my strength, and strong I stand,
While underneath he lays his hand,
His everlasting arm.

4 I will believe he justifies,
I know his groans, and tears, and cries,
Were heard, and are for me ;
Then who can hurt, or who condemn
A soul so favour'd of the Lamb,
A soul so safe and free !

H Y M N CXI.

He sung an Hymn. Mark xiv. 26.

1 COME, O my soul, by *Cedron* come,
And at his supper Jesus see,
Come view him in the upper-room,
With his peculiar family :

After thy Lord's example do,
And sing as he in all thy woe.

2 He when with all his burthens bow'd,
When to his friends he this confess'd,
Your Master's soul, your Chief, your God,
Is very heavy, and oppress'd,
Ev'n then he sang an hymn to shew
What thou, my soul, when sad should'st do.

3 Art thou afflicted? go and pray;
Would'st thou be merry? sing a psalm:
Thus heaviness divert away,
Thus do till all be still and calm:
Thus joy in tribulation still,
And sing come griefs whatever will.

4 Thus *Luther* try'd with troubles fore,
Look'd up thro' all, and prais'd the LAMB:
Nor gave the pleasing subject o'er,
Till by his blood he overcame:
Sing thou, my soul, and thus divert,
And warm with heav'nly fires thy heart.

5 Take that effectual hymn which *John*
(When wrapp'd in sacred ecstasy)
Heard chaunted round the Saviour's throne
And sing to all eternity;
"Worthy is he for sinners slain!
"The Lamb once dead, who lives again."

6 Be this, my soul, thy fav'rite theme,
He dy'd, and wash'd me in his blood,

Sing how the *Romans* tortur'd him,
 And nail'd him to the cross's wood ;
 Sing how the blood his garments dy'd
 When he was bruise'd and crucify'd.

7 Sing of his wounds, their number sing,
 Their worth, their end, their deep profound,
 And gaze upon thy bleeding King,
 Till all thy griefs in him are drown'd :
 Nor cease till thou thy crown hast giv'n,
 Yea sing, my soul, thyself to heav'n.

H Y M N CXII.—C. M.

Is not this the Carpenter ? Mark vi. 3.

1 WITH thankfulness I sing the Man,
 Of blessed *Mary* born ;
 The Lamb of God for sinners slain,
 The same the *Hebrews* scorn.

2 My Friend I sing, who took my place,
 Deliver'd up for me ;
 For me, and all th' ungodly race,
 Who will their ruin see.

3 The *Carpenter*, the *Nazerene*,
 Who all my curse endur'd,
 Who having wash'd away my sin,
 My part in heav'n insur'd.

I 4.

4 When

- 4 When he on *Calv'ry* naked bled,
He groan'd beneath my pain;
A spectacle to angels made,
A gazing-stock for men.
- 5 This of my Lord I can't forget,
With all beside I'd part;
But O his love, death, wounds, and sweat,
Are written on my heart.
- 6 I fain would banish from my mind
The world, and things of sense,
And only muse on what I find
In him, nor move from hence.
- 7 In golden show'rs of drops of blood,
I sit beneath the cross;
And view the Lamb-like Son of God,
And how he slaughter'd was.
- 8 I kiss the nail-holes in his feet,
And where the spear went in;
And make the cave my sweet retreat,
From all the storms of sin.
- 9 Nothing like him so pleasing shines
In my admiring eyes;
Love, conqu'ring love, my soul confines
Him more than all to prize.

Y M N CXIII.—C. M.

I had my soul ten thousand tongues,
All, all should join one theme :
Object of my endless songs
And be my Saviour's name.

As a lion, I who late
Instruct our Saviour strove ;
Conquer'd sit at his dear feet,
Singing the pow'r of love.

Happy spoil am I become,
Willing captive now ;
Precious wounds have made me room,
Wash'd my sins like snow.

Once was blind, and headlong ran
The road that leads to hell :
I met all the truest gain,
In bliss unchangeable.

Washed on my Saviour's blood,
I disesteem'd his cross ;
On highway I daring stood,
Till there my glory was.

When had I ever staid, had he,
From I so evil us'd,
Went to pity sinful me,
His mercy me refus'd.

7 His

- 7 His fame to all eternity
My happy soul shall spread ;
I'll sing, He liv'd; he dy'd for me,
For me to death he bled.
-

H Y M N CXIV.—C. M.

- 1 **M**OST careful Shepherd when I stray,
For prone to stray I am ;
Come after me, and in thy way
Reduce thy dear-bought Lamb.
- 2 This well thou know'st, for I appeal
To thy all-seeing eye ;
My inmost soul loves thee so well,
Than sin, I'd rather die.
3. (Not willingly) I oft forget
My Saviour and his blood :
I leave my place, ev'n his dear feet,
And grieve my tender God.
- 4 This makes me now with bended knees
Thy daily care implore :
Confine me, Lord, if thee it please,
And let me rove no more.
- 5 O take the golden girdle, love,
And bind my heart to thine ;
Let me thy little captive prove,
Become thy spoil divine.

Let all the chains that bound my Lord,
Before the Tetrarch's bar,
Make me thy pris'ner so secur'd,
As not to wander far.

Let all other liberty deny,
But this, to live to God ;
To thee to speak, to act, to die,
In honour of thy blood.

Upon the altar, *Jesus Christ*,
And to the horns his hands,
Bind me, Lord, thy sacrifice,
Nor loosen e'er my bands.

H Y M N CXV.

BLOOD of Jesu's wounds, how good
Sounds it in my ears and heart ?
Nothing surely, like that blood,
Can such solid blifs impart ;
O 'tis most divine !
Weary sinners hither fly,
Wash'd with your crimson sin,
This blots out the dreadful dye.

You who have the law obey'd,
You a righteousness t' attain,
Earnestly by works assay'd,
But have found your strife in vain ;

Turn

Turn you to the blood ;
Thither look, and you no more
Shall lament an absent God,
Nor your dreadful state deplore.

3 Whoſo after reſt enquires,
Let him to the blood approach :
Whoſo perfect reſt deſires,
Jeſu's blood affordeth ſuch ;
Be perſuaded then :
Lift ye up your downcaſt eyes,
See the Saviour bloody ſlain,
There thy reſt, poor ſinner is.

4 Here may I take up my place,
Here for ever happy be,
Here wrap up my bluſhing face,
Seeking nought beſide to fee;
Here my ſoul fit down,
Feed upon the blood and prove
What the Lord for thee has done,
Fathom (if thou can'ſt) his love.

5 Let this thy employment be
Still to gaze on Jeſu's blood ;
Sit beneath the curſed tree,
Look upon thy bleeding God !
Look and never tire ;
Count his ſcars, and tell each wound,
Be this ever thy deſire,
Jeſu's blood's vaſt depth to ſound.

H Y M N CXVI.

ET the church our Saviour blefs
For this great salvation;
Of him, your righteousness,
Favour'd congregation.

Ye thankful at his feet,
Who to save us died;
By pains and labours great
Lath us justified.

Ang the elders, and the choirs
Of the younger people;
Him, who the Lamb desires,
Every weak disciple.

Them at his feet sit down,
Every thankful bringing
Hons of honour to the Son,
Much in concert singing.

Worthy only is our God,
Whom we love sincerely:
Worthy he, for by his blood
He redeem'd us dearly.

His churches worship him,
Saying, Live for ever;
Thou Lamb, our fav'rite theme,
Dearest, constant Saviour.

7 Down

- 7 Down before thy feet we bow,
Daily this confessing,
Thou didst save us, only thou,
Thine be thanks and blessing.
-

H Y M N CXVII.—C. M.

- 1 **O** Dear *Immanuel*, foolish men,
Because they know thee not,
Think very little of thy pain,
And what thy blood hath bought.
- 2 But sure I never can forget
Thou didst that guilt endure,
Which else (e'er now) in torments great
Had sunk me evermore.
- 3 Thy blood, when thy dear feet were bor'd,
Did speak my pardon loud;
Did wash me, O my loving Lord,
And heal'd me in its flood.
- 4 Thy cries so strong, and many tears
So plentifully shed,
I still remember, and the pray'rs
Which thou for me hast pray'd.
- 5 Thy wounds, thy blood, still on my heart
Like best of ointments are:
Like myrrh and frankincense, thy smart,
Or spices brought from far.

- 6 The very mention of thy name
My fainting spirits cheers:
To all my wounds 'tis goodly balm,
It quite expels my fears.
- 7 I love thy scriptures fill'd so full
Of thy most precious blood ;
Thy name, and travail of thy soul,
My dearest Lord and God.
- 8 Nor can I like that work, or word,
That doctrine, book, or theme,
That takes no notice of my Lord,
Or leaves out his dear name.
- 9 As in a figure blood did once
Make all things pure and good,
So now will I that thing renounce
Not sprinkled by the blood.
- 10 Nor will I call that fav'ry hence,
Not salted with the same :
Nor praise the highest eloquence,
Whose subject's not the Lamb.
- 11 Thy blood shall be my salt, my Lord,
Shall sprinkle all my good ;
Shall hallow ev'ry thought, and word,
All shall be purg'd with blood.
- 12 Forgive me if I e'er am pleas'd
With ought not thus made pure,
Or if I ought beside have prais'd,
And let me sin no more.

H Y M N CXVIII.—C. M.

*Thou art a Priest for ever after the Order of
Melchisedech.*

1 **T**HOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
I love to hear of thee :
No musick like thy charming name,
Is half so sweet to me :
O let me ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to me speak ;
And in my Priest will I rejoice,
My great *Melchisedech*.

2 My Jesus shall be still my theme,
While in this world I stay :
I'll sing my Jesu's lovely name,
When all things else decay,
When I appear in yonder cloud
With all his favour'd throng ;
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
And *Christ* shall be my song.

H Y M N CXIX.

1 **W**HAT mercy hath the Saviour shew'd,
In that he who was very God,
Th' eternal Father's brightness,

Car

down from heav'n, and was a man,
ed with my grief and pain,
and in a servant's likeness:

For me
Did he
Toil and travail;
All my evil,
Ev'ry burden
Bore the Saviour in the Garden.

he before the Ruler stood,
ed by the multitude,
ound, and with scourges beaten,
iltless was for me condemn'd.
hole assembly him blasphem'd,
et no one did he threaten.

He knew
The woe
On him poured,
I incurred;
So he tender
Bore the punishment and slander.

from the judgment-seat he went,
mn'd to have the chastisement,
Which was my just demerit;
m'rous sins he patient bore,
Roman whips his body tore,
and guilt oppress'd his Spirit;

In red
They made
Him do penance;
Then his sentence

K

They

They fulfilled,
And the Lamb, my Master, killed

- 4 His Royal Head with thorns they crown'd,
His harmless hands with fetters bound,
And then thro' crowds of people,
The Lamb without the gates they led,
Bearing upon his guiltless head
The sins of each disciple ;
Content
He went,
Bow'd and heavy,
Very weary ;
So he valued,
And to death to win me followed.

- 5 To *Calv'ry's* hill he bore my load,
And there the Lamb, my Lord and God,
When he came thither nailed
My sins, and mine iniquity,
With his own body to the tree,
And there my pardon sealed ;
My Lord,
Ador'd
Be thou ever :
Only Saviour,
God Almighty,
Full of mercy, love, and pity.

- 6 Thou *great Atonement*, GOD MADE MAN !
Who condescended to be slain,
In servants form and meaner ;

Who thy own self, thyself alone,
 Didst bear my offences ev'ry one,
 And dy'dst for me a sinner ;
 Didst bleed .
 Till dead,
 Hence be given
 Thanks in heaven,
 Pow'r and blessing,
 And within me never ceasing.

H Y M N CXX.—C.M.

Godly Sorrow.

- 1 **F**OR him whom I have pierc'd I mourn,
 In sorrow for him look ;
 As friends lament their dear first-born
 By sudden death o'ertook.
- 2 I think alas how oft have I
 Thy kind rebukes refus'd ;
 Preferr'd before thee vanity,
 And all thy love abus'd.
- 3 What shall I do, now I have sinn'd,
 Thou Lamb-like Son of God :
 I'll come to thee, my slighted Friend,
 O wash me in thy blood.
- 4 I'll come to thee, and tell thee all
 The vileness of my sin :
 My many faults, my dreadful fall,
 And thou shalt make me clean.

- 5 Bow'd down with holy shame I'll own
My sin for evermore;
And for my pardon round the throne
I'll ever thee adore.
- 6 I'll mourn that I have pierc'd thee thus;
And yet tho' thus I have,
My sins are all nail'd to thy cross,
And bury'd in thy grave.
- 7 The napkin thou hast left behind
Shall wipe my weeping eyes;
Till I in *Abraham's* harbour find
My endless paradise.
-

H Y M N CXXI. — C. M.

- 1 **O** Saviour of lost sinners, see
Before thy feet I fall;
I bow my guilty head to thee,
And loud for mercy call.
- 2 I know I shall not cry in vain,
For tho' I am so vile,
Thou wast on *Calv'ry* for me slain,
And there mad'st me thy spoil.
- 3 Look on thy bleeding hands, for there
I'm sure my name is wrote;
And see thy side, my Master dear,
If thou hast me forgot.

ure thou canst not e'er forget,
r whom thou hast endur'd
uch sharp pain and bloody sweat,
y dear redeeming Lord.

n the presumptuous *Roman* cast
e pointed javelin in ;
mpt my pardon there, and fast
ote to thy heart my sin.

I believe, and tho' I stray,
annot but have hope ;
makes me, tho' ashamed, pray,
d keeps my spirit up.

y I ne'er thy mercy doubt,
never bad I am ;
ink I e'r can be cast out
thee, my Lord, the Lamb.

et me sin again, but keep
wand'ring soul in thee ;
ll I ask, till I shall sleep
d here no longer be.

H Y M N CXXII.

TH Y Lord, my dearest Lord I see,
That daily I have need of thee ;
a every moment thee I want,
y presence every moment grant ;

K 3

And

And keep me, O my Saviour, by thy side,
And henceforth, Lord, be pleas'd my feet to guide

2 If I but speak, or think amiss,
Or in the least thy will transgress;
My fault, my tender Shepherd, shew,
And always teach me what to do;
Yea let me from my works, my doings cease,
Reign thou in me, my perfect righteousness.

3 I know what's mine is sin, thy blood
Had need wash all to make it good;
Yea all my pray'rs but filthy are,
And hell-deserving ev'ry tear;
My great High-Priest, I offer all thro' thee,
Nor can beside myself accepted be.

4 Into thy hands I give my pray'rs,
And on thy feet I pour my tears;
O wash them, *Jesus*, in thy blood,
And then present them to my God:
He will, I know, he will my works receive.
If thou wilt tell him, I in thee believe.

H Y M N CXXIII.—L. M.

1 **H**OW sad's my state, I know not how
To please the Lamb, or do his will;
Myself and God I want to know,
Yet ignorant of both am still.

2 Im

urn because I cannot mourn,
grieve because I cannot grieve;
ste my sin, yet cannot turn,
hear the truth, but can't believe.

pleas am I, and self-condemn'd,
curable I see my wound;
come to thee, but am agham'd,
where shall help for me be found.

ere shall so great a sinner run?
angers on ev'ry side I see;
undone, undone, undone,
unless our Saviour comes to me.

pity move thee to appear,
inner-receiving Son of God;
ny behalf be kindly near,
and quench my crying sins with blood.

ch out thy gentle hand to give
alvation to a wretch distress'd;
e, O dear Saviour, to believe,
weary soul who wants thy rest.

H Y M N CXXIV.

OME, my soul, before the Lamb,
Fall and do him rev'rence;
is him for his blood and name,
ing his great deliv'rance.

- 2 Why should sorrow bow thee down,
Trials or temptation ?
Is not Christ upon the throne
Still thy strong salvation ?
- 3 What hast thou to do with care ?
Why art thou so busy ?
Christ was slaughter'd, look thou there,
Let that scene amuse thee.
- 4 Cast thy burdens on the Lord,
Leave them with thy Saviour,
He (whose hands for thee were bor'd)
Will thee sure deliver.
- 5 See him falling on the ground,
Troubled in the garden ;
By hell's legions compass'd round,
Cast on him thy burden.
- 6 Go and tell him all thy woe,
Shew the Lord what grieves thee ;
All thy weight, thy troubles shew,
Jesus will receive thee.
- 7 O my soul, didst thou but view
How he hath engraven
Thee upon his hands, then thou
Now would'st walk on even.
- 8 Nothing then, as he hath said,
Thee from peace could sever ;
No ; thy peace from him thy head,
Would be like a river.

Turn thee to thy rest, my soul,
Turn thee, and discover
How he yet is merciful,
Turn thee to thy lover.

Blush that thou hast him forgot,
Happy in him make thee ;
Gaze upon him, who thee bought,
Till to him he takes thee.

Leave thy earthly things behind,
Mind alone thy Saviour ;
Count thou all beside but wind,
Trample on it ever.

Run thou naked, this is right,
Imitate thy master ;
Cast aside thy ev'ry weight,
So thou'lt run the faster.

H Y M N CXXV.—L. M.

Reverence my Son.

TO Jesus, e'er the worlds were made,
The everlasting Father said,
My Son upon my right-hand sit,
And tread thy foes beneath thy feet.

The Word made flesh, the elders see,
And all the royal family ;
Touch'd with a sense of this fall down !
And great th' humiliation own !

- 3 Ten thousand thousand do the same,
Who minister before the Lamb;
Him GOD MADE MAN, they thankful see,
But can't define the mystery.
- 4 So let my soul, the church, and all;
Who love the Lamb, before him fall,
And own our God upon the cross
Was flesh, and came and dy'd for us.
- 5 O let us hide our face, and low
Ourselves before his footstool throw;
And kiss his bloody feet, and be
His worshippers eternally.
- 6 Hail only Lord, and Son of Man!
Who thro' thy own great love was slain;
Hail very body of the Lamb!
Hail *Lord Immanuel*, great *I am*!
- 7 In deepest love, and poverty,
We prostrate fall to worship thee;
Thou man with blood so sprinkled o'er,
Thou God, whom heav'n and earth adore.
-

H Y M N CXXVI.—C. M.

Lead me to thine holy Hill.

- 1 **O** Lead me near the mount of God,
And there thy servant meet;
There let me view thy sprinkling blood,
There worship at thy feet.

Calv'ry lead my soul by faith,
O hear thy groans and cries,
See the Lamb's atoning death,
And glorious sacrifice.

O may I learn of thee, my Lord,
He myst'ries of thy blood,
I shall hear that wish'd-for word,
Come up and be with God.

H Y M N CXXVII.

HOW foolish I am !
I turn from the Lamb,
Laze on my heart, and so nurse my dead frame.

Look up to me, faith
The God of my faith,
On my sin, and see nothing but death.

I often have view'd
My sins multitude,
Of my Saviour, all cover'd in blood.

This keeps me so low,
This adds to my woe,
See to myself, not to *Jefus*, I go.

O hear me, who was
Nail'd high on the cross,
Tell me if I must for ever be thus.

6 Thou

6 Thou faith, look on me,
 Deliver'd for thee,
Thy surety, thy Saviour, and thou shalt be free

7 Behold me, and gaze
 On my bruised face,
Look on my torn body, 'tis thy resting place.

8 I paid thy long debt
 With drops of blood-sweat;
My hands from the Father reach out the receipt

9 Consider not thou
 How dead and how low
Thou art in thyself, but thy Pay-master view.

10 Thus *Abrah'm* believ'd,
 And strength he receiv'd,
To trust in that God, to whom he's arriv'd.

11 Tho' antient and dead,
 The promise him made,
He held, nor once stagger'd at what the Lord

12 O could I do so,
 I know I should too
Receive the blest witness, *Thy sins are as snow*

13 O teach me, my God,
 Beneath ev'ry load,
To see thy hands, Saviour, brimful of thy blood

H Y M N CXXVIII.

Is there no Balm in Gilead? Jer. viii. 22.

- 1 **T**HE drops of precious blood
Which from my Saviour fell,
I count the only med'cine good,
That shall my conscience heal ;
Peace, O my tortur'd soul,
Thy hurt may here be cur'd,
The bruised Lamb shall make thee whole ;
Look up and see thy Lord.
- 2 When nail'd upon the tree,
Thus slay I sin, he saith.
By dying, sinner, thus for thee,
I ransom thee from death ;
Behold me chain'd and bound ;
Thus I thy freedom buy ;
Look upon me, view ev'ry wound,
And know for thee I die.
- 3 My soul, obedient be,
And look upon the Lamb ;
His blood and tears behold agree,
To make a heav'nly balm :
This was of old design'd
To cure the sons of men,
Who groan beneath a troubled mind ;
For these the Lamb was slain.

- 4 His wounded hands are leaves
Of him the tree of life,
Which if applied, assur'dly saves
From guilt, and pain, and grief;
Yea, if incurable
In our own selves we are,
This salve will soon renew and heal,
E'en sinners who despair.
- 5 Many who felt them lost,
And knew they were undone,
Have by this means, without their cost,
Been sav'd, and wear the crown;
They fell at Jesu's feet,
And sighing, look'd to him,
Nor look'd in vain, his balmy sweat,
His blood did them redeem.
- 6 Try, O my soul, yea try
To cure thee here of sin;
Behold, these springs are never dry;
Lord, let me here turn in:
Thou may'st, he saith, and calm
Enjoy the Lord thy God;
Come, sinner, prove thou *Gilead's* balm,
And own 'tis precious blood.

H Y M N CXXIX.—L. M.

Who is this that cometh from Edom with dy'd garments
Isa. lxiii. 1.

- 1 **N**OW will I fall before the Lamb,
In deepest gratitude and shame,

And sing his regal mystery,
His love, and how he deign'd to die.

2 By *Bozrah's* way my Lord I meet,
'Midst thousands in *Jerus'lem's* street,
Groaning, and weeping, and with gore,
Blows, sweat, and bruises cover'd o'er.

3 His cross I on his shoulders see,
Push'd forward by the company;
Pity'd by none, by all blasphem'd,
Reproach'd, derided, and condemn'd.

4 Who is it? ask the strangers, who
You man dragg'd on in purple hue?
What makes his garment look so red?
What makes him sighing, bow his head?

5 'Tis I, my Lord an answer makes,
For my afflicted people's sakes
I tread the wine-press; all their sin
My raiment stains, and makes unclean.

6 But, my dear Master, I reply,
Why art thou so tormented, why?
What makes thee thus such smart endure?
He saith, Thy wounded soul to cure.

7 To *Golgotha*, in greatest shame,
I bear thy load, thy guilt, and blame;
There, on my cross, I go, that I
Thy sin with me may crucify.

8 Behold

- 8 Behold me trav'ling thither, see
Me nail'd on the accursed tree :
Behold ! upon the fatal wood,
Thy naked Lord, thy bleeding God.
- 9 Yes, Lord, amidst the crouds I view
Thy body torn, and black, and blue ;
I see thy stripes, and weep to see
This trouble I have brought on thee.
- 10 Thy bloody flesh all pierc'd and tore,
I kiss, and bless thee, and adore ;
Most dear to me, thy worthless worm,
Art thou, my God, in this sad form.
- 11 Hear, brethren, Jesu's history,
And look up to the bloody tree ;
Behold, and bless the Lamb of God,
In human flesh besmear'd with blood.
-

H Y M N CXXX.

It is finished. John xix. 30.

- 1 **A**S Jesus on mount *Calv'ry* hung,
By death, with sin, so deeply stung,
Just as his soul expired,
Stooping beneath the pond'rous load
Of all my sins, his head he bow'd,
Then from the world retired.
My Lord's.
Last words

We r

Were so moving,
And so loving,
I can never
se to mind them, O my Saviour F

'd, very loud he cry'd,
Iren, ye are justify'd;
om the world am banish'd,
I might follow me, and hear
own mouth, *your sin and fear,*
work and curse is finish'd.

Your peace
And ease
I, so pained,
Have obtained;
Look ye to me,
our bleeding Master, view me.

h, and wisdom, joy, and peace,
iness, and righteousness,
I plenteous redemption;
ry, and perfection too,
as I die for you,
little congregation:

Look up,
Dear troop,
See th' anointed,
Him appointed
For your Saviour;
as he perfects you for ever.

r the Lamb's last words believes,
happiness receives;
Jesu's heir commences;

L.

He.

He then in Him himself may bleſs,
Compleat in Chriſt, his righteouſneſs,
And freed from his offences:
Such prove
That love
Which ſurpaſſes
Thought, and ceaſes
Care and folly,
Ev'ry work, and word unholy.

H Y M N CXXXI.—C. M.

- 1 **W**OULDST thou, my ſoul, the Father ſee
Then with the ſages go
To *Beth'lem* ; in the ſtable he
An infant liv'd below.
- 2 They in a manger there beheld
In ſwaddling-cloaths the Son ;
And low before the Holy Child,
They worſhipp'd and fell down.
- 3 (By faith they ſaw th' incarnate God,
Gold, frankincenſe, and myrrh,
They offer'd, as they wond'ring ſtood,
The Great Deliverer.)
- 4 Thus did the kings, the ſhepherds too,
Thus, O my ſoul, the ſame,
Go kiſs the Son, and worſhip thou
The humble Babe and Lamb.

by the manger still abide,
or any rev'rence pay,
o this Infant, God descry'd,
and manifest in clay.

little child, my Lord and God,
in favour'd *Mary's* knees;
thy hands divine, and loud
thy condescension praise.

Y M N CXXXII.—C. M.

*that believed were together, and had all things
in common. Acts iv. 32.*

OW happy were the brethren when
They all one mind enjoy'd;
faith in the Redeemer slain,
whom were all employ'd.

house to house their bread they brake,
singleness of heart;
to his friend, for Jesu's sake,
of his goods impart.

e communion closely join'd,
ey fast together stood;
the Lamb their wills resign'd,
d own'd him Lord and God.

ler all the multitude
noly pray'r agreed;
ler bless'd his name and blood,
to them from *Moses* freed.

L 2

5 Each

- 5 Each to the church, the Saviour's wife,
Willing himself gave up;
Each liv'd to Jesus Christ his life,
And he was all their hope.
- 6 No strife nor envy thro' the whole,
Nor avarice appear'd;
All had one end, one heart, one soul,
All ey'd one great reward.
- 7 The Saviour was the Ruler then,
To him they all gave ear;
All waited at his feet to learn
What they should do, and where.
- 8 The government to him they saw
Was by the Father giv'n;
So subject were, while love was law,
And made their earth like heav'n.
- 9 Their enemies their walk beheld,
Their blifs did Heathens move;
Who well confests'd, with wonder fill'd,
See how these Christians love!
- 10 O that our Saviour would restore
Such golden days again;
Give back our ancient peace and pow'r,
Thy kingdom bring and reign.
- 11 With Lamb-like spirits all endure,
With grace the whole adorn;
And we, dear Lamb of God, will shew
That we are thy first-born.

When thou our fellowship shall bless
With blessings, Lord, like these,
Our hearts shall flow with thankfulness,
And gratitude, and praise.

H Y M N CXXXIII.

[LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n to earth come down !
Fix in us thine humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown :
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art ;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart !

Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into ev'ry troubled breast !
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd rest :
Take away the pow'r of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be ;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, Almighty to deliver !
Let us all thy life receive !
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave !

Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thine hosts above :
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy precious love.

- 4 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be ;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restor'd by thee !
Chang'd from glory into glory,
Till in heav'n we take our place ;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.
-

H Y M N CXXXIV.

- 1 **A**RRAY'D in mortal flesh,
Lo ! the great angel stands !
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands ;
Commission'd from
His Father's throne,
To make his grace
To mortals known.

- 2 Be thou our counsellor,
Our pattern and our guide !
And through this desert land
Still keep us near thy side !
O let our feet
Ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek
The crooked way.

e'd hear our Shepherd's voice,
whose watchful eye doth keep
or wand'ring souls among
e thousands of his sheep :

He feeds his flock,
He calls their names,
His bosom bears
The tender lambs.

this dear Surety's hands,
soul, commend thy cause,
answers and fulfils

Father's broken laws :

Believing souls
Now free are set;
For Christ hath paid
Their dreadful debt.

n let our souls arise,
tread the tempter down;
Captain leads us forth
conquest and a crown : .

March on, nor fear
To win the day,
Though death and hell
Obstruct the way.

H Y M N CXXXV.

HOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows,

I see from far thy beauteous light,

Inly I sigh for thy repose :

My heart is pain'd; nor can it be

At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Oh ! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of ev'ry motion there :
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in thee.
- 3 O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live !
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive :
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but thee !
- 4 O love ! thy sov'reign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care ;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there :
Make me thy duteous child, that I,
Ceaseless, may, Abba Father, cry.
- 5 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call ;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
I am thy love, thy God, thy all !
To feel thy pow'r, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice !

H Y M N CXXXVI.

! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain !
And thousand saints attending,
All the triumph of his train :
Hallelujah !
Hallelujah ! Amen.

eye shall now behold him,
And in dreadful majesty ;
Who set at nought and sold him,
And crucified him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Behold the true Messiah see.

Island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth, shall flee away ;
Who hate him must confounded,
As the trump proclaim the day :
Come to judgment !
Come to judgment ! come away !

redemption, long expected,
Now in solemn pomp appear !
His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air !
Hallelujah !
Behold the day of God appear !

For thine own bride and spirit,
Hear, Lord, the gen'ral doom

The

The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home :
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids them come!

H Y M N CXXXVII.

- 1 **S**TRANGERS and sojourners below,
We travel through this wilderness;
Seeking the promis'd rest to know
In Christ, the fountain of true bliss :
We seek a place beyond the skies,
An everlasting paradise.
- 2 In this pursuit we stand in need
Of daily fresh supplies of grace ;
Our souls with manna Christ must feed,
While we his leading footsteps trace :
So shall each pilgrim gladly move
Onward unto his home above.
- 3 No earthly joy is worth our stay,
Or struggle for another breath ;
These comforts vanish and decay,
And yield us no relief in death :
While others vain delights pursue,
We taste God's love for ever new.
- 4 His cross inflicts the deadly blow,
And crucifies each rebel sin ;
Peace, love, and joy, hence richly flow,
And cause sweet melody within :

Dependent

endent on the God of pow'r,
glory in a suff'ring hour.

new *Jerusalem* appears,
her citizens resplendent shine,
God hath wip'd away the tears,
and fill'd them with the life divine :
th them we shall his glory see,
d praise him through eternity.

I Y M N CXXXVIII.—L. M.

[OW shall I speak my Saviour's worth,
Or tell the love he bears to me !
all I begin to sing his birth,
And follow him to *Calvary* ?

, this I'll tell my brethren dear,
And call them to receive his grace ;
now his righteousness is near,
And free for all the fallen race.

tender arms are open still,
Returning sinners to receive ;
ady his mind, and fix'd his will,
To save whoever shall believe.

pris'ners to the refuge fly,
His wounds, a covert from the storm ;
hy should you languish here and die,
When sav'd you may be from all harm ?

5 He

- 5 He waits with pardon in his hand,
And longs that you the same might share;
Come, sinners, at his mild command;
His name forbids your hearts to fear.
-

H Y M N CXXXIX.

- 1 **Y**E weary wanderers draw near,
That know no solid peace or rest;
Lay by each doubt and anxious fear,
And lean upon your Saviour's breast:
All's stolen fruit than can be found
To cheer the soul on nature's ground.
- 2 Come; for the gospel bids you come;
Jesus for sinners bled and dy'd;
The sacred word reports there's room;
The Saviour woo's you for his bride:
Your souls shall find a resting-place
In arms of everlasting grace.
- 3 The day of small things don't despise;
By poverty increase your store;
The happy soul, that's truly wise,
Does richer grow by growing poor:
All we desire, and all we need,
Must daily from the Lamb proceed.

H Y M N CXL.

JESUS, thou tender heart,
 Give me a while to sit,
 To learn the good and needful part,
 In stillness at thy feet.
 Low may I bow before
 The footstool of thy grace,
 And love and praise thee more and more.
 Till I behold thy face.

Afford me free access
 Unto thy wounded side;
 Here would I fix my dwelling-place,
 And there for ever hide:
 Sprinkle my heart, O Lord,
 And my whole frame renew;
 Redeem and crucify the flesh,
 And form me all a-new.

I AM, O glorious name!
 What tribute is thy due?
 Hence I my God in human frame
 And sinner's likeness view:
 Thee, cloath'd in flesh and blood,
 By faith I would embrace;
 With Simeon blest th' incarnate God,
 And then depart in peace.

H Y M N CXLI.

- 1 **M**Y Lord, I'm fill'd with wonder
To find thee still so kind,
When I intensely ponder,
The coldness of my mind ;
My numberless omissions,
My negligence in pray'r,
My manifold commissions,
And wand'rings here and there.
- 2 How many vile affections
Surviving vex my heart ;
How strong are these corruptions,
Which, warring, give me smart ;
The world, the flesh, the devil,
Strive to usurp the sway ;
Still tempting me to evil,
To lead my soul astray.
- 3 Instead of loud thanksgiving,
Wherein I should abound ;
I'm subject to complaining,
When trials me surround :
My want of resignation
Disorders me within ;
Gives birth unto temptation,
To unbelief and sin.
- 4 But soon I am ashamed
Such thoughts to entertain ;
Why should my Lord be blamed,
When in the fault I am ?

Tis thine to be forgiving
The penitential race,
And mine to be receiving,
The bounties of thy grace.

H Y M N CXLII.—C. M.

- A** Thousand foes prepare to war
Against a feeble saint ;
Jesus, in my behalf appear,
And cheer me lest I faint.
- 2** Give me a heart divorc'd from sin,
Shut up from worldly care ;
Constant, sincere, and fervent, in
The exercise of pray'r.
- 3** Watchful in ev'ry work and word,
Ready to speak thy praise ;
Arm'd with thy Spirit's two-edg'd sword,
And cloath'd with ev'ry grace.
- 4** Fill'd with a godly filial fear,
A constant jealous care ;
Lest I from the right path should err,
Or fall into a snare.
- 5** To ev'ry earthly object dead,
Alive to things above ;
Conform'd unto my living head,
And fill'd with ardent love.

- 6 Let anxious fears no more molest
My poor and helpless mind ;
Thy cross slay all within my breast
That is not meek and kind.
- 7 Assume in me thy dwelling-place,
Regard my low degree ;
Subdue me wholly by thy grace,
And let me faithful be.
-

H Y M N CXLIII. — L. M.

- 1 **H**OW blest are they whose feet have found
The way unto *Immanuel's* ground ;
And steadfastly do walk therein,
Far from the crooked paths of sin.
- 2 There weary spirits sweetly rest,
Contentedly in *Jesu's* breast ;
They so much of his mercy prove,
As that they cannot help but love.
- 3 In peace their hearts enjoy the Lamb,
Who once was wrapt in human frame ;
They view in his dear marred face,
The object of eternal praise.
- 4 His Spirit shews their sins forgiv'n,
And seals them for the heirs of heav'n ;
And gives them patience here to wait,
Till *Jesus* them to bliss translate.

5 He arms them for the evil day ;
And while in heart with him they stay,
He girds them with his mighty pow'r,
And brings them thro' the trying hour.

6 Then rest, my soul, upon thy Lord,
Ev'n Jesus Christ, the living word,
And then thy joy shall ne'er decay,
Ill it brake out in endless day.

H Y M N CXLIV.—L. M.

1 THE Saviour's love, once truly known,
The man of sin and self pulls down ;
Humbles the sinner at his feet,
And makes his wounds and passion sweet.

2 Bow'd down in shame, we gladly own,
The work to be the Lord's alone ;
To him our very all we owe,
What of ourselves or God we know.

3 Our works no longer then we praise,
Nothing extol but Jesu's grace ;
Free and unmerited, we prove
The boundless height and depth of love.

4 While thus we learn the needful part,
Shame fills, love warms, the grateful heart ;
While on his suff'ring form we muse,
Our cares and very thoughts we lose.

M

5 We

- 5 We stand amaz'd, and wonder why
The Saviour could for sinners die ;
We blush to see him in his blood,
Yet here we look, and drop our load.
- 6 All blessings from the cross proceed ;
All we desire, and all we need ;
For Christ, the Father's only Son,
For us eternal life has won.
- 7 Then, O my soul, how canst thou be
So cold to him who dy'd for thee !
How canst thou chuse but love his name,
And glow with holy fervent flame ?
-

H Y M N CXLV.

- 1 **I** Grieve, nor can my grief e'er cease,
Till I my Saviour truly love ;
Till he with blood signs my release,
And sweetly draws my thoughts above !
For this I languish, mourn, and pine,
To prove the dear Redeemer mine.
- 2 But oh ! how backward is my mind,
How widely my affections rove !
Yet no true peace on earth I find,
No trace of bliss, where'er I move ;
Objects of sense can ne'er impart,
Felicity unto my heart.

No : nothing now can satisfy,
 Or true contentment here afford,
 Till I by faith can humbly cry,
 Jesus is now become my Lord :
 Jesus, the man of deepest grief,
 Alone can send me kind relief.

On him, my all, I fain would stay,
 And sweetly on his bosom rest ;
 Till all my griefs shall die away,
 And love shall sparkle in my breast ;
 When shall it be, my dearest Lamb,
 That I shall feel this holy flame ?

Thy saints can triumph in thy bliss,
 And all thy wond'rous works declare ;
 Oh ! how I long to feel their peace,
 And all their banquetings to share :
 Come to my heart, O quickly come,
 And tell me that thou art my own.

H Y M N CXLVI.—L. M.

1 SINNERS, behold the Lamb of God !
 Come, try the virtue of his blood ;
 By faith the man of sorrows view,
 Expiring on the cross for you !

2 Salvation's well wide open stands,
 And blood-streams run from feet and hands ;
 The open'd side doth richly flow,
 From whence, with joy, we water draw.

M 2

3 Water

- 3 Water to quench our parching thirst,
To cleanse and make us meet for Christ;
T' allay our nature's fire within,
And purify the soul from sin.
 - 4 Jesus alone true life imparts,
And med'cine for all wounded hearts;
With balm supplies for ev'ry sore,
And works a speedy perfect cure.
 - 5 One look to him upon the pole
Revives and heals the sin-stung soul;
Relieves the weary and the faint,
The tempted and each mourner's want.
 - 6 Come then, thou great High-priest, apply
To us this sovereign remedy:
That we the blessings of thy death
May know to be our own by faith.
-

H Y M N CXLVII.

- 1 **O**H! Lord, how faithless is my heart,
How very apt from thee to stray!
Just like a broken bow I start,
And nature strives to bear the sway:
Was ever one so vile, yet bless'd;
So foul, yet by the Lord caress'd!
- 2 Forbid, my Lord, each vain desire,
And bind my passions to thy cross;

ench all the sparks of nature's fire,
And bid me count my gain but loss;
And Jesus tear each idol down,
And establish in my heart thy throne.

Grace, grace shall wipe away my tears,
And speak the tempest to a calm;
It will warm my heart, and charm my fears,
And prove a never-failing balm:
The maladies of sin remove,
And fill my soul with perfect love.

Henceforth I'd serve thee, if thou'lt please
To gird me with a heav'nly pow'r;
Singing the glories of thy grace,
Till all my pilgrimage be o'er:
With hallow'd fire inspire my tongue,
And love shall be my endless song.

H Y M N CXLVIII.

) Lord, how great's the favour!
That we, such sinners poor,
Can, through thy death's sweet favour,
Approach thy mercy's door,
And find an open passage
Unto the throne of grace,
Here wait the welcome message
Which bids us go in peace.

And, we are helpless creatures,
Full of the deepest need,

M 3

Throughout

Throughout defil'd by nature,
Stupid, and inly dead ;
Our strength is perfect weakness,
And all we have is sin ;
Our hearts are all uncleanness,
A den of thieves within.

3 In this forlorn condition,
Who shall afford us aid !
Where shall we find compassion,
But in the church's head ?
Jesus, thou art all pity,
Oh take us to thine arms,
And exercise thy mercy,
To save us from all harms.

4 We'll never cease repeating
Our numberless complaints ;
But ever be intreating
The glorious King of saints ;
Till we attain the image
Of him we inly love,
And pay our grateful homage
With all the saints above.

5 Then we, with all in glory,
Shall thankfully relate.
Th' amazing, pleasing story
Of Jesu's love so great :
In this blest contemplation
We shall for ever dwell,
And prove such consolation
As none below can tell.

H Y M N CXLIX.

- ¹ **C**OME, descend, O heav'nly Spirit,
Fan each spark into a flame;
Blessings let us now inherit,
Blessings that we cannot name.
Whilſt Hoſannas we are ſinging,
May our hearts in rapture move;
Feel freſh grace in them ſtill ſpringing,
Breathe the air of pureſt love.
- ² **L**et us ſail in grace's ocean,
Float on that unbounded ſea;
Guided into pure devotion,
Kept from paths of error free :
On thy heav'nly manna feeding,
Screen'd from ev'ry envious foe :
Love, O love, for ſinners bleeding,
All for thee we would forego.
- ³ **K**eeep us, Lord, ſtill in communion,
Daily nearer drawn to thee ;
Sinking in the ſweeteſt union
Of that heart-felt myſtery :
Keeep us ſafe from each deluſion,
Well protected from all harms ;
Free from ſin and all confuſion :
Circle us within thine arms.

H Y M N CL.—L. M.

- 1 **B**ELOVED Saviour, faithful friend,
The joy of all thy cross's train;
In mercy to our aid descend,
Or else we worship thee in vain.
- 2 In vain we meet to sing and pray,
If Christ his influence with-hold:
Our hearts remain as cold as clay,
Till we our God by faith behold.
- 3 Then let us feel thy healing beams,
And view thy reconciled face;
Yea, prove thy presence in these means
To bless a vile and helpless race.
- 4 Here manifest thyself in peace;
Thy faithful mercies now make known:
Oh! breathe on us a gale of grace,
And send the cheering blessing down.
- 5 We gladly for thy coming wait,
Our well-beloved friend thou art;
We bow as sinners at thy feet,
And bid thee welcome to our heart.

H Y M N C L I. — L. M.

1 **T**HE one thing needful, that good part
Which *Mary* chose with all her heart,
I would pursue with anxious mind,
And seek unwearied till I find.

2 My mind enlighten with thy light,
That I may understand aright
The glorious gospel mystery,
Which shews the way to heav'n and thee.

3 Hidden in Christ the treasure lies,
That goodly pearl of such great price;
No other way but Christ there is
To endless happiness and bliss.

4 O Jesu Christ, my Lord and God,
Who hast redeem'd me by thy blood;
Unite my heart so fast to thee,
That we may never parted be.

5 Give me a new and contrite heart;
The faith which works by love impart;
Wash me from all the stains of sin,
And make and keep me clean within.

H Y M N

H Y M N CLII.

JESU, JESU, King of fairs,
Known to thee are all my wants;
Self-covicted, self-abhor'd,
I approach thee, dearest Lord.

2 Known to thee, whose eyes are flame,
I thy love and pity claim;
With an eye of love look down;
Help, O help me very soon.

3 Still I feel a fleshly part,
Much corruption in my heart;
Oh! I'm very vile indeed,
Of thy blood I sure have need.

4 Break, O break this heart of stone,
Form it for thy use alone;
Bid each vanity depart,
Build thy temple in my heart.

5 This be my support in need,
That thou didst so freely bleed;
All my hopes and joys arise
From thy bloody sacrifice.

6 This confirms me when I'm weak,
Comforts me when I am sick;
Gives me courage when I faint,
Well supplies my ev'ry want.

my heart be near,
e shepherd's care ;
weakness by thy grace,
l a constant peace.

M N CLIII. —S. M.

Lord, attend my pray'r,
id all my wants relieve ;
y heart, and dwell thou there,
u in me may'st live.

ness I draw nigh
throne of grace ;
nner's mournful cry,
me with thy peace.

ad'st the naked breast ;
ty I groan ;
ice, my Lord, to rest,
rship thee alone.

ld I hate my sin,
der on thy love ;
anctify'd within,
whole heart's above.

ex my mind,
hy wounds I'll flee ;
nay I elsewhere find,
e but in thee.

- 6 To thee I recommend
My poor and trembling soul ;
On thee for future grace depend,
Who art my all in all.
-

H Y M N CLIV.

- 1 **O** Thou tender loving Jesus,
Now thy saving grace impart ;
From the world and Satan save us,
Save us from our evil heart :
Throw thy arms in mercy open,
Bid, O bid us, Jesu, come ;
Let our flinty hearts be broken,
Falling on the corner-stone.
- 2 Here for ever let us center,
Steady, though assail'd by sin ;
Forward may we boldly venture,
Till eternal life we win ;
Banish ev'ry reas'ning scruple,
Scatter ev'ry gathering cloud ;
Our poor hearts, O Jesu, sprinkle
With thy precious, precious blood.
- 3 When our chearing feelings sicken,
And a veil our souls o'er spreads ;
Then with grace our spirits quicken
To raise up our drooping heads :

Our foolish hearts e'er wander
In the source of real joy?
Back, but not in anger,
Thy frowning should us destroy.

us from thy heav'nly storehouse,
All display thy banner high;
Thou victorious on before us,
Take the world and Satan fly:
Then the angel with thy summons
Seals in peace the pilgrim's eyes,
That trying moment bear us
Safe into thy paradise.

H Y M N CLV.—C. M.

SINNERS attend, attend, I pray,
And hear the gospel word;
Regard your visitation day,
And entertain your Lord.

He calls unto the sons of men,
His offer'd grace to prove,
That they in seeking may attain
Repentance, faith, and love.

B Give me thy heart, the Saviour cries,
Justly he doth it claim;
Oh! do not then his call despise,
But give it to the Lamb.

- 2 I want, O Lord, from sin to flee,
And in thy wounds to rest :
Bid me by faith come near to thee,
And lean upon thy breast.
 - 3 Still let a sense of what thou'ft done
In my hard heart be felt,
That by this love which thou hast shewn,
My inmost soul may melt.
 - 4 Oh ! may I never, never faint,
But soar on wings of love,
Till in thy glory, as a faint,
I sing with saints above.
 - 5 Lord, I would now my all give up,
To thee, whom I adore ;
And, humbly falling at thy feet,
Proclaim thy love and pow'r.
-

H Y M N CLIX.

- 1 **J**ESU, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high ;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
Leave, Oh ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me :
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All mine help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find :
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind,
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness !
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within :
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee ;
Spring thou up within mine heart,
Rise to all eternity.

H Y M N CLX.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r

N

That

That mortals ever knew,
That angels ever bore :
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set our Saviour forth.

2 What kind endearing words,
 What condescending ways,
 Doth our Redeemer use,
 To teach his heav'nly grace !
My soul with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for thee !

3 Great Prophet of our God,
 Our tongues would bless thy name !
 By thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came ;
The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.

4 Jesus, our Great High-priest,
 Offer'd his blood, and dy'd ;
 Thou guilty sinner, seek
 No sacrifice beside :
His pow'rful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before God's throne.

5 My dear Almighty Lord !
 My Conqu'ror and my King !
 Thy matchless pow'r and love,
 Thy saving grace we sing :
Thine is the pow'r ; O may we fit,
In willing bonds, beneath thy feet !

H Y M N CLXI.

- 1 **C**OME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing!
Tune mine heart to sing thy grace!
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixt upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love!
- 2 Here I raise my *Ebenezer*;
Hither by thine help I come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus fought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.
- 3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's mine heart—O take and seal it!
Seal it for thy courts above!

H Y M N CLXII.—C. M.

1 **H**APPY the heart where graces reign !
Where love inspires the breast !
Love is the brightest of the train,
And perfects all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear :
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease ;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

4 When join'd to that harmonious throng
That fills the choirs above,
Then shall we tune our golden harps,
And ev'ry note be—love.

H Y M N CLXIII.—L. M.

1 **B**URY'D in shadows of the night
We lie, till Christ restores the light ;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

4

Soft guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
Till the atoning blood appears ;
Then they awake from deep distress,
And sing the Lord our righteousness.

Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains ;
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, pow'r, and righteousness :
Thou art our mighty all ; may we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

H Y M N CLXIV.—S. M.

NOT all the blood of beasts
On *Jewish* altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away :
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay its hand
On that dear head of thine :
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on th' accursed tree;
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with chearful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.
-

H Y M N CLXV.

- 1 **H**AIL thou once despised Jesus!
Hail thou *Galilean* King!
Who didst suffer to release us,
Who didst free salvation bring:
Hail, thou universal Saviour,
Who haste borne our sin and shame;
By whose merits we find favour,
Life is given through thy name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God anointed,
All our sins were on thee laid:
By Almighty love appointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
Ev'ry sin may be forgiv'n,
Thro' the virtue of thy blood:
Open'd is the gate of heav'n,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

- 3 Jesus, hail ! enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide,
All the heav'nly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side :
There for sinners thou art pleading,
" Spare them yet another year :"
Thou for saints art interceding,
Till in glory they appear.
- 4 Worship, honour, pow'r, and blessing,
Christ is worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give :
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
Help to sing our Jesu's merits,
Help to chaunt *Immanuel's* praise !
-

H Y M N CLXVI.—L. M.

- 1 **H**O ! ev'ry one that thirsts draw nigh,
('Tis God invites the fallen race,)
Mercy and free salvation buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel-grace.
- 2 Come, to the living waters come ;
Sinners obey your Maker's call :
Return ye weary wand'ers home,
And find my grace reach'd out to all.
- 3 See, from the rock a fountain rise !
For you in healing streams it rolls ;,
- N 4
- Money.

Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burthen'd, sin-sick souls.

- 4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give ;
Leave all you have, and are, behind ;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon, and peace, in Jesus find.
-

H Y M N CLXVII.

- 1 **G**OD of my salvation hear,
And help me to believe ;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive :
Full of guilt, alas ! I am ;
But to thy wounds for refuge flee ;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me !

- 2 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure ;
Empty send me not away,
For I, thou know'st, am poor :
Dust and ashes is my name,
My all is sin and misery ;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me !

- 3 Without money, without price,
I come thy love to buy ;
From myself I turn my eyes,
The chief of sinners I :



O take me as I am,
I let me lose myself in thee ;
I of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

H Y M N CLXVIII.

GLORY be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky ;
on earth to man forgiv'n ;
the well-belov'd of heav'n.

Our Lord and God, we own,
The Father's only Son ;
of God, for sinners slain ;
For of offending man.

Hear my ear, in mercy bow ;
The world's Atonement, thou,
In thy name we pray,
O take our sins away.

Thou art our Advocate with God,
Save us by thy blood,
Hear my ear, in mercy bow ;
The world's Atonement, thou !

H Y M N

H Y M N CLXIX.—L. M.

1. **C**OME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let ev'ry soul be Jesu's guest;
Ye need not one be left behind;
For God hath bidden all mankind.
2. Do not begin to make excuse,
Ah! do not ye his grace refuse;
This world's vain cares and lusts forsake,
What Jesus freely gives us, take.
3. Have me excus'd: why will ye say?
From health, and life, and liberty!
From all that is in Jesus giv'n;
From pardon, holiness, and heav'n.
4. Come then, ye souls by sin oppress'd;
Ye restless wand'ers after rest;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind;
In Christ an hearty welcome find.
5. Come, and partake the gospel feast;
Be sav'd from sin, in Jesus rest:
O taste the goodness of our God,
And eat his flesh, and drink his blood.
6. See him set forth before your eyes,
Behold the bleeding sacrifice!
His offer'd love make haste, embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by grace.

- 7 Ye, who believe his record true,
Shall sup with him, and he with you :
Come to the feast, be sav'd from sin ;
For Jesus waits to take you in.
- 8 This is the time, no more delay ;
This is the glorious gospel-day :
Come in this moment, at his call,
And liv'd for him who dy'd for all.
-

H Y M N CLXX.—S. M.

- 1 **A** WAKE, and sing the song,
Of Moses and the Lamb ;
Wake ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising pow'r ;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues ;
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.
- 4 Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners sing ;
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day
In Christ, the eternal King.

H Y M N

H Y M N CLXXI.—S. ~~1~~

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, thou didst shed
Thy precious blood for me ;
O dwell within my worthless heart,
And let me live to thee.
- 2 Thou callest all, O Lord,
To come to thee and live ;
I therefore come with all my sins ;
I know thou can'st forgive.
- 3 My Lord and Saviour dear !
I long to see thy face ;
To know thee more and more by faith, ~~1~~
And daily grow in grace.
- 4 And when this life is o'er,
O may I dwell with thee ;
Still worshipping the blessed Lamb,
Who liv'd and dy'd for me.
-

H Y M N CLXXII.—S. ~~1~~

- 1 } **O** Patient, spotless Lamb,
My heart in patience keep ;
To bear the cross so easy made,
By wounding thee so deep.

ing me, my Shepherd, where
thy choicest flocks abide ;
wand'ring save my foolish heart,
and keep it near thy side.

My friend, thou hast enough
My misery to relieve ;
Though sin and guilt oppress me sore,
Thy balm is thine to give.

O thou, my God, unite
My heart so firm to thee,
Thy love where, and at all times,
Thy love my all may be.

H Y M N CLXXIII.

O H ! my Lord, I ask a favour ;
Let my soul from henceforth be
Settled, settled, grounded, ever
In thee to all eternity.
Bring me back, but not in anger,
To chance to stray from thee ;
Ere then I shun the danger,
Which prevents my misery.

When I read thy doleful story,
When it gives me deep concern ;
As to bruise the Lord of glory,
O H ! my inmost bowels yearn :

Sinner

Sinner, come ; look on him yonder !
Then thou'lt surely love like me :
Him, whose love than death was stronger,
Dearer than his liberty.

- 3 Still I love him, and adore him ;
While in life I am confin'd
I will lay my wants before him ;
For I find him very kind.
Like us was he found in fashion,
With us for to sympathize :
Oh ! his heart is all compassion ;
Broken hearts he'll ne'er despise.
-

H Y M N CLXXIV.—C. M.

- 1 **T**HOU, Saviour, my good shepherd art ;
Thy voice, dear Lord, I know :
For thy own life thou hast laid down
To save me from deep woe.
- 2 When I was lost, and far had stray'd
Into a desert wild ;
With tend'rest care thou didst restore
Thy faithless wand'ring child.
- 3 When I was broken and heart-sick,
Thou pitiedst my pain ;
And didst bind up and strengthen me,
And give me health again.
- 4 Th

ou dost me lead and gently tend,
And feed in pastures good;
d bring me to the living stream
Of thy most precious blood.

y blood ! O pleasing sound to me,
And all thy helpless sheep;
ere lies my sure defence by day,
My shelter when I sleep.

H Y M N CLXXV.

THE God, whose smiles we court,
Whose favours we do claim;
Whose love alone new life imparts,
And gives the heav'nly flame;
Is none but the meek Lamb,
Our dear exalted Lord;
Whose grace and Spirit still remain
To bless us in his word.

His promise is the same,
His church below to bless
When they assemble in his name,
To supplicate his grace :
A train of sinners poor
He will not cast behind;
He keeps his word for evermore,
And bears us on his mind.

To our relief he flies,
He flies from realms above;

Answers

Answers our prayers in sweet replies,
And tokens of his love.
Shall we not witness bear
How faithful he hath been ;
And boldly to the world declare,
Salvation we have seen ?

- 4 Yes, if thou'lt help us, Lord,
Thy name we will confess ;
And speak of Christ the living word,
The Lord our righteousness.
We'll mention to his praise
The triumphs of his death ;
And sing his everlasting grace
Ev'n with our latest breath.
-

H Y M N CLXXVI.

- 1 **W**HILE my Jesus I'm possessing,
Great's the happiness I know ;
I receive the purchas'd blessing,
Peace and joy around me flow :
Underneath are the embraces
Of his everlasting arm ;
Then I sing my loudest praises ;
Then I'm safe from sin and harm.

- 2 Truly blessed is the portion
Destin'd me by sov'reign grace ;
While I view divine compassion
In the Saviour's bruised face :

it my fix'd resolution,
 Jesus Christ, my Lord, to love;
 his feet to fix my station,
 for from thence in heart remove.

For it is I find my heaven,
 While upon my Lamb I gaze;
 For I much, I've much forgiven;
 In a miracle of grace:
 'd with sinner-like contrition,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe,
 Copy in the sweet fruition
 Of my Saviour's painful death.

For I still enjoy this feeling,
 In all need to Jesus go;
 To his wounds each day more healing,
 And from hence salvation draw:
 For I have the Spirit's unction,
 Filling me with holy shame;
 I retain a close connection
 With the person of the Lamb.

H Y M N CLXXVII.

[MORNING-STAR, I follow thee;
 Lead me here, or lead me there:
 Be my staff in trav'ling be,
 And no other weapon bear:

Me may angels guard from ill,
When I am to do thy will;
So shall I, with steady pace,
Reach the dearest city, grace.

- 2 This my Master's purchase is;
Here my Lord, my Christ, is King;
He is mine, and I am his,
Him I'll ever praise and sing :
Who can hurt me in this place,
Fenc'd and fortify'd by grace ?
Dearest city, I am thine,
And thy happiness is mine.
-

H Y M N CLXXVIII.

- 1 **O** Saviour, could I always keep
My eye on thee, the living way,
I then, though once a wand'ring sheep,
Should no more from thee run astray :
But wheresoe'er thou wentest, I
Should simply go, not asking why.
- 2 O that I never could forget,
One moment what thou, Lord, hast done
To save my soul, and make me meet
To sit with saints upon a throne :
O that thy off'ring on the tree
Might evermore be ey'd by me !

[Y M N CLXXIX.—C.M.

[APPY are we, when guilt is gone!
This alters all our frame;
and temptations still come on,
ut we are not the same.

at did before afflict as much,
nd give us anxious care,
faithful breast it cannot touch;
or now the Lord is there.

we thro' dang'rous paths to rove,
re shades of death to pass?
shield eternal is his love,
ur light his gracious face.

world must marvel, and ev'n we
dmire that secret hand
ch leads us safe through misery,
Canaan's happy land.

H Y M N CLXXX.

ORD make me faithful to my call,
In heart still truly give up all;

O s

Myself

Myself to thee resign :
 When dangers threaten me around,
 Invincible may I be found,
 Never thy will decline.

2 My feet with holy oil anoint ;
 The destin'd path, thou dost appoint,
 Gladly I then will tread ;
 Bedew me with a genial show'r,
 Into my heart thy influence pour,
 With living-manna feed.

3 A single eye, a faithful heart,
 My Jesus, to thy child impart,
 In ev'ry trying hour:
 Reas'ning's tormenting thoughts prevent,
 Still keep my eye on thee intent
 Till fight my faith o'erpow'r.

H Y M N CLXXXI. C. M.

1 **W**HAT am I, Lord ! that thou so much
 Didst love and value me ?
 Vile dust am I, yet thou for such
 Didst suffer misery.

2 How great a mystery and deep
 Is this, my loving God !
 That thou, to save a poor lost sheep,
 Didst shed thy tears and blood.

his endears thy name to me,
his makes me prize thee so;
use thou on the shameful tree
ly curse didst undergo.

Lord, can it be otherwise?
How can I but be mov'd?
How can I but with weeping eyes
Behold how I am lov'd?

How can I view my suffering Lord,
And see his wounds and smart,
And not sink down in tender shame,
And bless him from my heart?

How be thy name to me more dear,
More precious ev'ry day;
How before thy throne appear,
And rest in thy bright array.

H Y M N CLXXXII.

RACE how exceeding sweet to those
Who truly sinners are;
Weak and distressed, they taste and know
Their heav'n is only there,
In grace, free grace, most sweetly calls,
Directly come, who will;
Just as you are; for Christ receives
Poor helpless sinners still."

And, since they so unite in love,
 Thy very soul's delight are they;
 And thou securely from above
 Dost guide them in the narrow way.

- 4 Come, tender Lord, support the weak,
 Support thy little ones with grace:
 Thou know'st for thee a-thirst we seek,
 Kind Master of thy chosen race.
 Faithful we know thy tender love,
 Thy wounds our heav'n, our paradise;
 May spirit, soul, and body, prove
 An ever-living sacrifice.
- 5 Within the circle of thy arms
 O may we ever live secure;
 'Tis by thy oath that thou art ours,
 Bond ever sacred, ever sure!
 Thy work with mighty arm support,
~~Satan~~ shall ne'er prevail o'er thee:
 Let thy true followers, tho' oppress'd,
 Beneath oppression conqu'rors be.

H Y M N CLXXXIV.

- 1 **O** Tell me no more
 Of this world's vain store;
 The time for such trifles with me is now o'er.
- 2 A ~~Canaan~~ I've found,
 Where true joys abound;
 To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.

The souls that believe,
In paradise live;
me in that number will Jesus receive.

My soul don't delay,
He calls thee away :
follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

No mortal doth know
What he can bestow ;
at light, strength, and comfort : go after him, go.

And when I'm to die,
" Receive me," I'll cry ;
Saviour hath lov'd me, I cannot say why.

And now I'm in care
My neighbours may share
se blessings : to seek them will none of you dare ?

In bondage, O why !
And death, will you lie ?
en one here assures you free grace is so nigh.

H Y M N CLXXXV.

JESUS, my Redeemer dear,
Pity my complaining ;
ull of reasoning and fear,
Look upon my ailing.

2 Once

- 2 Once I walked undisturb'd,
Fear was wholly banish'd :
Joyfully I heard thy word,
Hereby was replenish'd.
- 3 O 'twas sweet unto my taste ;
I was tender-hearted :
Sin's dominions were laid waste,
Guilt from me departed.
- 4 'Twas my meat and drink always,
Thy will to be doing ;
In my heart the well of grace.
Ev'ry hour was flowing.
- 5 Now beneath thy word I flay,
Dead and unconcerned ;
Cold I come and go away
Seldom ever warmed.
- 6 When thy people joyful run,
By thee are befriended ;
Then I, like the elder son,
Murmuring, am offended:
- 7 O, my Lord, how is my case ?
Tell it me, O Jesus !
Bring me to my resting-place,
In thy wounds so precious.
- 8 Lead me, as thou dost thy flock,
Where the streams are flowing ;
Fix, O fix me on the rock ;
Order thou my going.

M N CLXXXVI.—C. M.

Thou our High-Priest and our Head,
Who bear'st our flesh and blood,
Always interced'st for us
Before the throne of God.

Now thou never canst forget
Poor weak members here;
When we suffer in the least,
Art with us thou'lt bear.

With great tenderness art touch'd
At what thy children feel;
By temptations we are press'd,
Thou know'st well what we ail.

Thou hast a tender sympathy
For every smart and pain;
When thou wast a man on earth,
Thou didst the same sustain.

Though thou art exalted now,
To us thou art near;
Thou know'st our weaknesses and wants,
Thou list'nest to our pray'r.

Thou art to us so very nigh,
Thou with us thou art one,
Thou with us, soul, and heart, and flesh,
Thou art of our own bone.

7. What

- 7 What shall we say for this thy love,
But 'fore thee prostrate lie ;
And thank thee that thou wast a man,
To all eternity.
-

H Y M N CLXXXVII.—L. M.

- 1 **H**OW sweet a thing it is to see
The chosen people of the Lord
Dwelling in love and unity,
Abiding stedfast in the word.
- 2 His praises do each tongue command,
His love's convey'd from heart to heart ;
All, willingly, with heart and hand,
Reciprocally act their part.
- 3 All love to hear their Shepherd's voice,
While he gives pasture to his sheep ;
With those that joy they do rejoice,
And weep in heart with those that weep.
- 4 Their burdens mutually they bear,
Alleviate each other's grief,
And when appriz'd of dangers near,
Jointly they supplicate relief.

H Y M N

H Y M N CLXXXVIII.

SAVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,
Sprinkled with redeeming blood ;
And my weary troubled spirit
Now finds rest in thee, my God :
I am safe, and I am happy,
Whilst in thy dear arms I lie ;
Sin and Satan cannot hurt me,
Whilst the Saviour is so nigh.

Now I'll sing of Jesu's merit,
Tell the world of his dear name ;
That, if any want his Spirit,
He is still the very same :
He that asketh, soon receiveth ;
He that seeks is sure to find :
Come, for whoso'er believeth,
He will never cast behind.

Now our Counsellor is pleading
With his Father and our God ;
Now for us he's interceding,
As the purchase of his blood :
Here, methinks, I hear him praying,
" Father, save them ; I have dy'd :"
And the Father answers, saying,
" They are freely justify'd."

H Y M N

H Y M N CXCI.

- 1 **A**LL ye that pass by !
 To Jesus draw nigh,
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die ?
- 2 Your ransom and peace,
 Your surety he is,
Come, see, if there ever was sorrow like his.
- 3 For what you have done,
 His blood did atone,
The Father hath punish'd for you his dear Son
- 4 The Lord, in the day
 Of his anger, did lay
Our sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away
- 5 He answer'd for all—
 —O come at his call ;
And low at his cross with astonishment fall.
-

H Y M N CXCII.—C. M.

- 1 **S**ALVATION ! O the joyful sound !
 What pleasure to our ears ;
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

2 Salv

3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around ;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

1 Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs :
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

H Y M N CXCIIL.—S. M.

HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God !
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood. .

To Christ, th' anointed King,
Be endless blessings giv'n !
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
Who made our peace with heav'n.

Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry ;
We're marching thro' *Immanuel's* ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

H Y M N CXCIV.

- 1 **N**OW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's name;
Ye who Jesu's kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love!
- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face;
As to *Canaan* on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love!
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love!
- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop—and taste redeeming love!
- 5 Welcome, all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to your Saviour's breast;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love!
- 6 He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
His tremendous foes and ours,
From their accursed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love!

- 7 Hither then your musick bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love!
-

H Y M N CXC.V.—C. M.

- 1 **Y**E wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For ev'ry welcome guest.
- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room.
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.
- 4 In him the Father, reconcil'd,
Invites the souls to come;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.
- 5 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

6 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand, thousand souls rejoice,
In extasies unknown.

7 And yet ten thousand, thousand more
Are welcome still to come ;
Ye longing souls the grace adore ;
Approach, there yet is room.

H Y M N CXCVI.—C. M.

1 I'LL rise, and to my father go,
With mournful voice complain,
And humble at his feet I'll bow,
His mercy to obtain.

2 He said, and hasten'd to his home,
To seek his father's love ;
The father saw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.

3 He ran, and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiss'd his son ;
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake,
For follies he had done.

4 Take off his clothes of shame and sin,
(The father gives command,)
Dress him in garments white and clean,
With rings adorn his hand.

- 5 A day of feasting I ordain,
Let mirth and joy abound ;
My son was dead, and lives again ;
Was lost, and now is found.
-

H Y M N CXC VII.—L. M.

- 1 **S**INNERS, obey the gospel-word,
Haste to the supper of our Lord ;
Be wise, to know your gracious day,
All things are ready, come away !
- 2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kifs his late returning son ;
Ready the loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
Just now the stony heart to move ;
T' apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal you sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate ;
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 Come then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
To happiness in Christ restor'd ;
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel-grace.

H Y M N CXCVIII.

- 1 SAVIOUR, canst thou love a traitor ?
Canst thou love a child of wrath ?
Can a hell-deserving creature
Be the purchase of thy death ?
Is thy blood so efficacious
As to make my nature clean ?
Is thy sacrifice so precious
As to free me from my sin ?
- 2 Sin on every hand surrounds me,
No acquittance can I hear ;
Pangs of unbelief confound me,
Oh ! my grief I cannot bear :
Here then is my resolution,
At thy dearest feet to fall ;
Here I'll meet with condemnation,
Or a freedom from my thrall.
- 3 Now then deny thy grace and mercy,
If thou canst, to wretched me ;
Lay aside thy love and pity,
If thou canst, and let me die :
If I meet with condemnation,
Justly I deserve the same ;
If I meet with free salvation,
I will magnify thy name.

H Y M N CXCIX.—C. M.

1 **A**UTHOR of true and saving faith,
That grace to me impart;
Grant me an int'rest in thy death,
A new believing heart.

2 Dismiss my griefs, my sorrows end,
My reas'ning's voice controul;
Approve thyself the sinner's friend,
And bless my helpless soul.

3 Long have I sought thy peace to find,
But all my search was vain;
For unbelief still veil'd my mind,
And dwelling gnaw'd within.

4 At times, thy word's attracting beams
Hath drawn my soul above;
Diffusing thro' my heart the streams
Of everlasting love.

5 Sometimes I've had a little taste,
And thought thy coming nigh;
But, ah! the blessing did not last,
The visitant pass'd by.

6 And must I ever mourning go,
A stranger to thy love?
Shall I be join'd to saints below,
And not with saints above?

- 7 Shall I beneath the gospel stay,
And hear the call of grace;
And, at the awful judgment-day,
Be banish'd from thy face ?
- 8 Oh ! may I feel a glimm'ring hope,
E'er long thou wilt me blest;
And at the last will raise me up,
A kingdom to possess.
-

H Y M N CC.—C. M.

- 1 **I** Wait the visits of thy grace,
My Saviour and my God;
O come, and shew thy smiling face,
And wash me in thy blood.
- 2 Oh ! whither can I go, to get
A pardon for my sin ?
But only to my Saviour's feet,
And wait and call on him.
- 3 Oh ! that I could but once, by faith,
Behold him on the tree ;
And see him languish there to death,
And shed his blood for me.
- 4 Oh ! that I might but once be found
In that blest wedding-dress;
Which in my ears doth often sound,
His blood and righteousness!
- 57

- 5 'Tis this alone can give me ease,
And heal my wounded heart ;
My Saviour's blood and righteousness,
His sufferings and smart.
-

H Y M N CCI.

- 1 **C**OME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and pow'r ;
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Oh ! ye needy, come, and welcome ;
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief, and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh ;
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him :
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruis'd and wounded by the fall ;

If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies !
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry, before he dies,
" It is finish'd !"
Sinner, will not this suffice ?

6 Lo ! th' incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood ;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude ;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
While the blissful seats of heav'n
Sweetly echo with his name,
Hallelujah !
Sinners here may do the same.

H Y M N CCII.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Bring your humble grateful lays ;

to sing our Jesu's merits,
p to chaunt *Immanuel's* praise :
Friend of sinners !
we laud for richest grace.

at grace hast thou vouchsafed !
what mercy hast thou shown !
I, to die for vilest rebels,
thou didst leave thy blissful throne !
Bleeding Saviour !
O melt our hearts of stone.

O ye sinners, come to Jesus,
link upon your gracious Lord :
as pity'd your condition,
has sent his gospel-word :
Mercy calls you,
y flows from Jesu's blood.

O Saviour, help thy servant
proclaim thy wond'rous love ;
thy grace upon this people,
at thy truth they may approve :
Bless, O bless them,
thy shining courts above.

thy gracious word invites them
partake the gospel-feast ;
thy Spirit sweetly draw them,
thy soul be Jesu's guest :
O receive us,
thou find thy promis'd rest.

H Y M N CCIII.

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim, through this barren land =
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand :
Bread of heav'n ! bread of heav'n !
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow ;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through :
Strong Deliv'rer ! strong Deliv'rer !
Be thou still my strength and shield !
- 3 When I tread the verge of *Jordan*,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on *Canaan's* side.
Songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee.
-

H Y M N CCIV.

- 1 **F**ATHER, hear the blood of Jesus,
Speaking in thine ears above !
From thy wrath and curse release us ;
Manifest thy pard'ning love :

O receive

receive us to thy favour,
For his only sake receive;
We us to our bleeding Saviour,
Let us by his dying live.

To thy pard'ning grace receive them;"
Once he pray'd upon the tree;
His blood cries out, "forgive them;
"All their sins were purg'd by me."
Our Advocate in heav'n
Prays the pray'r on earth begun,
Father, shew their sins forgiv'n;
"Father, glorify thy Son!"

H Y M N CCV.—C. M.

LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Could he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

As it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.

Could he the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, dy'd
For man, his creature's sin.

4 Thus

- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While thy dear cross appears ;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
That debt of love I owe ;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.
-

H Y M N CCVI.

- 1 **T**HOU Son of consolation,
Refresh us in our need ;
Breathe thro' this congregation,
Our souls with manna feed :
Dispel the clouds of darkness,
Command the light to shine ;
And banish all our sadness
By one sweet look of thine.
- 2 Remind us of thy sorrows,
The thorns which pierc'd thy head ;
And all those open furrows
The cruel scourges made :
Oh ! lead us to the garden
To view thy bloody sweat,
Wrestling beneath the burden
Of sins distressing weight.
- 3

- 3 Yea, let us be repairing
 With haste to *Calvary* ;
 To view the nails him tearing,
 While stretch'd upon the tree ;
 Oh ! who can tell the anguish
 Which reach'd that tender heart ;
 Which there did inly languish
 Thro' piercing racking smart.
- 4 Methinks, I see him bleeding,
 And wish there to abide,
 Where purple gore is streaming,
 From hands, and feet, and side :
 Oh ! let thy bitter penance,
 And interceding love,
 Redress our ev'ry grievance,
 And raise our hearts above.
-

H Y M N CCVII.

- 1 **H**E dies ! the friend of sinners dies !
 Lo ! *Salem's* daughters weep around :
 A solemn darkness veils the skies !
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground !
 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
 For him who groan'd beneath your load !
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood !
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of glory dies for men !

But

But, lo ! what sudden joys we see ;
Jesus, the dead, revives again !
The rising God forsakes the tomb ;
(The tomb in vain forbids his rise !)
Angelic legions guard him home,
And shout him, welcome to the skies !

- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints ! and tell,
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns !
Sing, how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains !
Say, " Live for ever, wond'rous King !
" Born to redeem ! and strong to save !"
Then ask the monster—" Where's thy sting ?
" And where's thy victory, boasting grave ?
-

H Y M N CCVIII.—C. M.

- 1 MY blessed Saviour, is thy love
So great, so full, so free ?
Behold ! I give my love, my heart,
My life, my all to thee.

- 2 I love thee for that glorious worth
In thy great self I see :
I love thee for that shameful cross
Thou hast endur'd for me.

- 3 No man of greater love can boast,
Than for his friend to die :
But for thy en'mies thou wast slain ;
What love with thine can vie ?

4 Thou

- 4 Though in the very form of God,
With heav'nly glory crown'd ;
Thou would'st partake of human flesh,
Beset with troubles round.
- 5 Like thee in faith, in meekness, love,
In ev'ry beauteous grace ;
From glory thus to glory chang'd,
May I behold thy face.
- 6 O Lord, I'll treasure in my soul
The mem'ry of thy love :
And thy dear name shall still to me
A grateful odour prove.
- 7 Thy friends, the excellent on earth,
Shall be my chief delight :
And when alone, I'll make thy law
My study day and night.
- 8 Where thou dost pitch thy tent, and where
Thy honour deigns to dwell,
There, I'll fix mine and there reside,
Thy wond'rous love to tell.
-

H. Y. M. N. CCIX.—C. M.

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace,
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

Q

2 Touch'd

- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy divine,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what fore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.
- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears ;
And in his measure feels afresh,
What ev'ry member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed, he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address,
His mercy and his pow'r :
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace,
In the distressing hour.
-

H Y M N CCX.—L. M.

- 1 **T**HE cross, the cross, O that's my gain !
Because on that, the Lamb was slain ;
'Twas there my Lord was crucify'd,
'Twas there my Saviour for me dy'd.
- 2 What wond'rous cause could move thy heart,
To take on thee my curse and smart ?
When thou fore-knewest, I should be,
So cold and negligent to thee.

- 3 The cause was love, I sink with shame
Before my sacred Jesu's name,
That thou should'st bleed and slaughter'd be,
Because, because thou lovedst me.
- 4 Thou lovedst me : O boundless grace !
Who can such wond'rous mercy trace ?
I, who unfaithful, foolish am,
Yet find thee still a patient Lamb.
- 5 To thy red cross I lift mine eyes,
That is a Tree will make me wise ;
That is a Tree of knowledge good,
Evil was drown'd in Jesu's blood.
- 6 The bloody cross now bears a fruit,
Which does poor hungry sinners suit ;
It is a Tree of life for all,
Who're doom'd to death by *Adam's* fall.
- 7 See what a deep-dy'd red it bears !
Look how that nail my Saviour tears !
Stain'd and besmear'd with blood divine,
There hangs the King from *David's* line.
- 8 Here will I stay and gaze a while
On thee, thou friend of sinners vile ;
I'll look and see what I have done
To God's eternal gracious Son.
- 9 Lord, what is man, and what am I,
That thou should'st such a creature buy,
And seal my ransom with thy blood,
Languishing, dying on the wood ?

- 10 Here is an ensign on a hill !
Come hither, sinners ! look your fill ;
To look aside is pain and loss,
I'll glory only in the cross.
- 11 I'll live and dwell by this blest flood,
The flowing stream of Jesu's blood ;
That blood which he in tender love,
To shed did leave his throne above.
- 12 Here in a glass I fix my eye,
The glory of the Lord t' espy ;
This by beholding I shall be,
Chang'd to his image who lov'd me.
- 13 No flaming sword doth guard this place,
The bloody cross proclaims free-grace ;
No other way can heaven win,
All by the cross must enter in.
-

H Y M. N CCXI.

- 1 **W**HAT praise unto the Lamb is due !
How should our spirits all take fire
When we his boundless love review,
And see him in his blood expire !
Who can describe, how much he loved,
Or paint that strong uncommon zeal,
With which his tender heart was moved,
When he sustain'd the pains of hell ?

knows what pain he underwent
 from the cross he cry'd so loud
 why, (his heart with anguish rent)
 ask'st thou me, my God! my God?
 was a bitter cry indeed,
 was a dark and doleful hour;
 every Spirit seems to bleed,
 hell t' exert its utmost power.

is our point, his dying smart
 can unbelief remove,
 can melt the stubborn heart,
 make it feel the warmth of love,
 while others make the law their aim,
 will count their gain, thence mourn their loss,
 I know nor seek no other name,
 Jesus bleeding on the cross.

Y M N CCXII.—C. M.

Man how deadly wàs thy wound,
 Thy timpany of pride,
 never, never had been cur'd,
 did not *Immanuel* dy'd.

wretched those, whom balm so rich,
 the blood of Christ don't heal!
 we apply it, let my soul
 for'reign virtue feel.

- 3 Most plain the dear Redeemer prov'd
His human nature true,
When on the cross he offer'd up
Flesh, soul and body too :
- 4 Let that incorporated tide,
The riches of thine heart,
Dear Jesus! wash away my stains,
And cleansing grace impart.
- 5 May that rich blood, which saves a world,
And ransoms souls from hell,
Truly deliver me from all
The bondage that I feel.
-

H Y M N CCXIII.

- 1 **L**AMB what wonders hast thou wrought?
Thou hast sinners dearly bought:
Helpless, vile, unthankful we,
We have right to come to thee.
- 2 Doom'd by law to endless pains,
Captives held by thousand chains,
Lamb! one thing has brought us thro',
'Twas thy being slaughter'd so.
- 3 Who then would not come to thee?
Who need fear he lost shall be?
Ev'ry one that comes, thou tak'st,
Ev'ry yoke and chain thou break'st.

- 4 Sin and misery, guilt and fear,
Stop thee not, but bring thee near,
Go, ye finners, this I know,
I have—ye may find it so.
- 5 O that all my words would hear,
O would finners lend an ear !
Would they go, they all would find,
That he casteth none behind.
- 6 He will ne'er reproach a heart,
Has it much or little smart :
He each soul will welcome home,
Say, my finner, art thou come ?
- 7 I have waited long for thee,
Wish'd, and that most heartily,
That thou knew'st what I had done,
What I bore for thee, my son !
- 8 Bring thy sin, thy guilt, thy fear ;
See my side, come, hide thee there,
Sprinkle with my blood thy heart,
Then the slayer must depart.
- 9 Henceforth keep thy eye on me,
Thou shalt ne'er forsaken be ;
I for thee have shed my blood,
Should I keep back other good !
- 10 Who can tell how much he'll say,
Talking with us night and day ?
Do not think, it is not true !
This he ever means for you.

H Y M N CCXIV.—L. M.

- 1 **O** Worthy Lamb ! what endless store
Of blessings from thy wounds flow o'er,
To me unworthy, poor and base,
Made blest'd and happy thro' thy grace !
- 2 Can I enough think on that blood,
Which day and night I find so good !
Thy blood will ev'ry grief assuage,
Throughout my earthly pilgrimage.
- 3 To all good fruits, my gracious Lord !
What gentle force lies in that word,
Thy blood ! thy blood ! once shed for me,
Is my sweet law of liberty.
- 4 No threatnings need be us'd to those,
Who in that blood find sweet repose ;
The law is written in their heart ;
Whene'er they slip, they find great smart.
- 5 Yes ! they feel smart ; yet without dread,
The members look up to their Head ;
They know the virtue of his blood,
And thankful wash in that pure flood.

HYMN

H Y M N CCXV.

) It was grace, amazing free,
That thou should'st shew thyself to me,
As wounded for my sin!
As thy dear wounds my guilt reveal'd,
As streaming blood as balsam heal'd,
Absolv'd, and wash'd me clean.

I remember my sad state,
A bitter enmity and hate
Which in my heart I felt :
When then, O Jesu dear ! thy grace
Could shew me, when so dead and base,
How thou the worst canst melt.

All I remember, all my pain,
Toil and labour was but vain;
Till thou didst pardon give :
Sweet was thy pardon to my soul,
My sin-sick heart was soon made whole ;
By grace, free grace, I live.

May this grace yet melt me more,
And keep me always humble, poor,
Right thankful for thy blood :
May I so feel my wretchedness,
That I, entitled to thy grace,
May cleave to thee, my God.

5 Thy

- 5 Thy blood and wounds be my delight:
Display them ever to my sight,
And strengthen my weak eyes,
That I may constantly behold,
That form wherein my Lord was sold,
And hear his groans and cries.
- 6 This sight and sound my heart will touch,
That he for me should bear so much,
Who's the true Lord of all!
The everlasting Father he,
The God from all eternity,
Before whose wounds I fall.
- 7 He, as the Godhead must affright,
And dazzle a poor sinner's sight,
Did veil it in our flesh:
There we may see him to our joy,
There we may heart and mind employ,
And 'twill our souls refresh.
- 8 The meditation on his wounds,
And on that grace which there abounds,
And centers in his blood;
This does poor sinners happy keep;
The Shepherd here doth feed his sheep,
They rest in pasture good.
- 9 They know his voice: he knows each name
Had he not call'd, they ne'er had came,
Or on their owner thought;
He call'd them only to forgive,
And that they might from him receive
The peace and life he bought.

re grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,
 Who is my Advocate and Priest,
 Most fully suits my needs :
 Now, for me his blood was shed ;
 Now he is my faithful head,
 And for me intercedes.

H Y M N CCXVL

O more with trembling heart I try
 A multitude of things ;
 Wishing to find out that point,
 From whence salvation springs.
 Anchor's cast ! cast on a rock,
 Where I shall ever rest
 In all the labour of my thoughts,
 And workings of my breast.

What is my anchor ? if you ask,
 A hungry, helpless mind,
 Languishing, with mis'ry for its weight,
 Till firmest grace I find.
 What is my rock ? 'Tis JESUS CHRIST
 Whom faithless eyes pass'd o'er ;
 Where all sinners anchor may,
 And ne'er be shaken more.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCXVII.

- 1 **H**OLY Lamb who thee receive,
Who in thee begins to live;
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, so let us be.
- 2 Fix, O fix my wav'ring mind,
To thy cross my spirit bind!
Gladly now I would be clean;
Cleanse me now from ev'ry sin.
- 3 Dust and ashes tho' we be,
Full of guilt and misery;
Thine we are, thou Son of God,
Take the purchase of thy blood.
- 4 Who in heart on thee believes,
He the atonement now receives,
He with joy beholds thy face,
Triumphs in thy pard'ning grace.
- 5 See ye sinners! see the flame,
Rising from the slaughter'd Lamb,
Mark the new, the living way,
Leading to eternal day.
- 6 Jesus, when this light we see
All our soul's athirst for thee;
When thy quick'ning power we prove,
All our heart dissolves in love.

idless wisdom, pow'r divine,
 : unspeakable are thine ;
 e by all to thee be giv'n,
 of earth, and hosts of heav'n.

H Y M N CCXVIII.

there a thing beneath the sky,
 an comfort bring or satisfy,
 But my dear Saviour's wounds ?
 re is a sweet and constant peace,
 asure hid of richest grace,
 All else are empty founts.

sink, my soul, fall down with shame ;
 ore his face, who only came
 To suffer, bleed and die :
 sink upon thy sin and guilt,
 which his precious blood was spilt,
 Thou didst him crucify.

thou vile piece of sinful dust,
 dearest Lord sweat for thy lust,
 Till drops of blood fall down ;
 who it is lies prostrate there,
 r his thrice utter'd mournful pray'r,
 Mark ev'ry sigh and groan.

lost in wonder and amaze,
 e I'll abide and melt and gaze,

'Tis

'Tis God's beloved Son !
How heavy is that weight he bears,
His soul's oppress'd with grief, and fears,
The bitter cup comes on.

5 Lord, dost thou suffer this for me ?
Dost thou feel all this misery,
To give me life and peace ?
Then will I bear this on my heart,
" My *all* is purchas'd with *thy smart*,"
Thy blood signs my release.

6 But see thy Lord drag'd like a thief,
For thee he bore this shame and grief,
Taunts, buffetings and stripes :
See him nail'd to the cross's wood,
Despis'd by man, and bath'd in blood,
Thy debt away this wipes.

7 Yet look again, and thou shalt see,
O'er death he gets the victory,
And stands at God's right-hand,
A Priest for ever to remain,
The Lamb from everlasting slain :
His kingdom fast shall stand.

8 Behold, in heav'n all bow the knee,
To him who hung upon the tree,
And adoration pay :
Then O my soul do thou aspire
In heart and mind to join the choir,
And thy dear Lord obey.

H Y M N CCXIX.—C. M.

LOOD of the venerable Lamb!

My heart nought else can say;
'tis by that, and only that,
My sins are wash'd away.

with that blood, that I am bought
From curse, and death, and hell:
with that blood I'm sanctify'd,
To meet in heav'n to dwell.

at but that blood shall fill my heart,
Since 'tis by blood I live?
'tis the gift the Father sent,
When he his Son did give?

By his blood the Son me bought,
For me salvation gain'd;
Not me only, but all souls,
Of ev'ry age and land.

Now come, ye sinners! come and plunge
In Jesu's precious blood,
Will cleanse from sinful leprosy,
And make all fresh and good.

It exceeds *Bethesda* far,
And *Jordan* river's stream,
And *Siloam's* pool, and all things else:
Come wash and you'll be clean.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCXXII. — L. M.—

OF him, who did salvation bring,
 I could for ever think and sing :
 Arise ye guilty he'll forgive,
 Arise ye poor for he'll relieve.

- 2 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare,
 How sweet thy entertainments are !
 Never did angels taste above
 Redeeming grace and dying love.
- 3 For us his flesh with nails was torn,
 He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn ;
 And justice pour'd upon his head
 Its heavy vengeance, in our stead.
- 4 For us his vital blood was spilt,
 To buy the pardon of our guilt ;
 When for black crimes of biggest size,
 He gave his soul a sacrifice.
- 5 Ye hearts of stone, come melt to see,
 That this was done for you and me !
 His griefs procur'd that we're forgiv'n,
 And on his blood we swim to heav'n.
- 6 To shame our sins, Christ blush'd in blo
 He clos'd his eyes, to shew us God,
 Let all the world fall down and know,
 That none but God such love could sh

A sin and sorrow wound' your soul?
 Balm of Christ will make you whole;
 Grace but ask and 'twill be given,
 I raise and turn your hell to heav'n.

O'nd'rous Jesus! greatest King!
 World doth with thy triumphs ring;
 I conquer'd all beneath, above,
 Is with force and men with love.

Thee I'll be for ever join'd,
 Of my heart, joy of my mind;
 Thee I'll think, of thee I'll boast,
 O fav'd the world wont see me lost.

Y M N CCXXIII.—L. M.

O LORD Jesus, fountain of my life,
 Sole comfort in this stage of strife;
 Rav'ling by this worldly Inn,
 With the load of self and sin.

Journey's hard, the path is straight,
 Which leads to blessed Sion's gate;
 Land I came from and had lost,
 Am regaining at thy cost!

Heart oft trembles by the way,
 Flesh is faint or runs astray:
 Longing spirit cries in me,
 Haste, and bring me home to thee.

R 2

4 Support

- 4 Support me by thy bitter death,
When I'm to yield my dying breath;
Thy bloody sweat my cordial be,
Thy bonds procure my liberty.
- 5 The strokes upon thy back and face,
My scars and marks of sin erase;
Thy shame, reproach and thorny crown,
These be my glory and renown.
- 6 Thy thirst and nauseous draught of gall
Refresh my soul in ev'ry thrall;
Thine agony, thy dying breath
Redeem me from eternal death.
- 7 Thy five dear wounds torn wide for me,
My rock-holes and my refuge be,
Where like a dove I may withdraw,
Safe from the hellish vulture's claw.
- 8 Thy cross shall be my staff in life;
Thy grave my place of rest from strife,
Thy napkin and thy winding sheet,
Shall bind my head, breast, hands and feet.
- 9 Unto my heart, when speech I want,
The utterance of thy Spirit grant:
And grant my soul to heav'n may rise,
When death and darkness seals my eyes.
- 10 Thy farewell words I'll make my own:
Thy death did for my sins atone:
Ope' wide the gates of heav'nly grace,
When I conclude my Christian race.

Y M N CCXXIV.

, thus with grief oppress, my heart,
oft thou with Infidels the smart
of worldly care?
in God, who cares for thee,
ons thy necessity.

at leave thee comfortless,
the depth of thy distress;
v'ns and earth are his!
reator of us all
y wants and hears thee call.

the dealer of my lot!
ree, forsake me not,
ature and thy child:
heap of filthy dust,
hy smiles all comfort's lost.

's boast is in his hoard,
is in the living Lord;
re I bear contempt,
I never will recant:
s in God; shall never want.

dly pomp I glad forbear:
at me but the meanest share
thou hast procur'd,
ost bitter death and tomb,
ates the joys to come.

The recent world adores,
 The golden stores,
 The shining new,
 The foreign,
 The new.

wounds upon my heart impress,
ought shall that dear stamp efface.

at my heart, which open stands,
lay catch each drop, that torturing pain
'd by my sins, wrung from thy hands,
my feet, thy head, thy ev'ry vein :
still my breast may heave with sighs,
tears of love o'erflow my eyes.

at I as a little child
ay follow thee, nor ever rest,
sweetly thou hast pour'd thy mild
nd lowly mind into my breast :
may we ever parted be
thou O Lord dost dwell in me.

aw me, Saviour, after thee,
shall I run and never tire :
gracious words still comfort me ;
thou my hope, my sole desire,
me from ev'ry weight : nor fear,
sin can come if thou art here.

all eternity with love
nchangeable thou hast me view'd ;
knew this beating heart to move,
my tender mercies me pursu'd.
with me may they abide,
close me in on every side.

ff'ring be thy love my peace,
weakness be thy love my power ;

And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour ;
In death as life be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast dy'd.

H Y M N CCXXVI.

The Hymn of St. Ambrose.

O God, we praise thee, and we own
Thee the Almighty Lord alone.
All the whole earth doth worship thee.
Thou Father of eternity.
To thee all angels loudly cry,
The heav'ns and all the powers on high ;
Cherubs and Seraphins proclaim
And cry thrice-holy to thy name ;
Holy is our Lord God,
Holy is our Lord God,
Holy is our Lord God,
The Lord of Sabaoth !

With splendor of thy glory spread,
Is earth and heav'n replenished.
The apostles glorious company,
The prophets fellowship, praise thee.
The noble and victorious host
Of martyrs do thy praises boast.
The holy church throughout the earth
Acknowledge and extol thy worth,
The Father's majesty unknown ;
God Son his revelation ;

Also

Also the Holy Ghost, from whom;
As the sole spring, our comforts come.

O Christ, thou glorious King, we own
Thee to be God's eternal Son.
Thou, undertaking in our room,
Didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.
The pains of death o'ercome by thee,
Made heav'n to all believers free.
At God's right-hand thou hast thy seat,
And in thy Father's glory great;
And we believe the day's decreed,
When thou shalt judge both quick and dead.

Promote, we pray, thy servant's good,
Redeem'd with thy most precious blood;
Among thy saints make them ascend
To glory that shall never end.
Thy people with salvation crown,
Bless those, O God, that are thine own:
Govern thy church, and Lord, advance
For ever thine inheritance.

From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honour thee.
Thy name we worship and adore
World without end for evermore.
Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,
To keep us safe from sin this day.
O Lord, have mercy on us all;
Have mercy on us when we call.
Thy mercy, Lord, to us dispense
According to our confidence.

Lord.

Lord, we have put our trust in thee;
Confounded let us never be.

H Y M N. CCXXVII.—C. M.

Taken from the Liturgy of the Church of England.

- 1 COME Holy Ghost, eternal God,
Proceeding from above,
Both from the Father and the Son,
The God of peace and love.
- 2 Visit our minds, and into us
Thy heav'nly grace inspire,
That for all truth and godliness
We may have true desire.
- 3 Thou art the very Comforter
In all distress and griefs;
The heav'nly gift of God most high,
Which no tongue can express:
- 4 The fountain and the living spring
Of joy celestial,
The fire so bright, the love so sweet,
And unction spiritual.
- 5 Thou in thy gifts art manifold,
Whereby Christ's church doth stand;
In faithful hearts writing thy law,
The finger of God's hand.

According to thy promise made,
Thou givest speech with grace,
That thro' thy pow'r the praise of God
May found in every place.

Holy Ghost into our souls
Send down thy heav'nly light :
Kindle our hearts with fervent love,
To serve God day and night.

Our weakness strengthen and confirm,
Which feeble is and frail ;
That neither devil, world, nor flesh,
Against us may prevail.

Our enemies put far from us,
And grant us to obtain
Peace in our hearts with God and man,
And we will bless thy name.

Give us such plenty of thy grace,
Good Lord ! grant us we pray,
That thou may'st be our Comforter ;
At the last dreadful day.

I Y M N. CCXXVIII.—L. M.

Another.

COME Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire :
Thou, the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sev'n-fold gifts impart.

2 Thy

- 2 Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love :
Enlighten with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.
 - 3 Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of thy grace :
Keep far our foes give peace at home :
Where thou art guide no ill can come.
 - 4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee of both to be but one :
Praise to thy eternal merit,
Father, Son and Holy Spirit.
-

H Y M N CCXXIX.

Another.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost ! come Lord our God
Spread faith and love divine abroad ;
And fill thy longing people's minds
With precious gifts of sundry kinds,
O Lord thro' the blest cross's pow'r
Thou to the faith hast gather'd o'er,
A flock from ev'ry tongue and place :
That, Lord, be sung unto thy praise.
- 2 Thou light of glory, gracious Lord !
Revive us by thy holy word,
And teach thy flock in truth to call
On God the Father of us all.

Delus

errors far remove,
e us always by thy love,
eeping close to Jesu's path,
l other guides of faith.

at dispenser of that love,
nt redemption from above,
s faith and constancy,
er sin and yield to thee :
y thine Almighty grace,
s fo to run our race,
from bands of sin kept free,
a blest eternity.

M N CCXXX.—C. M.

LD the loving Son of God
etch'd out upon a tree,
m shedding forth his blood
of you and me.

mystery is this !
il'd *Immanuel* view :
h he left his realms of blifs
ed for me and you !

is body rack'd with pains,
rung with keenest smart,
ws the blood out of his veins,
orn with grief his heart ?

- 4 All-righteousness did he fulfil,
No sin did ever know,
He never thought nor acted ill;
Why was he wounded so?
- 5 Alas! I know the reason why:
Our num'rous sins he bore,
This caus'd his bitter agony,
This wounded him so sore.
- 6 But hence our confidence begins;
For we may boldly say,
That thus by bearing all our sins,
He took them all away.
- 7 Our God is fully reconcil'd,
Our God is satisfi'd:
Each sinner now may be his child,
Since Jesus bled and dy'd.
- 8 How highly God his death did prize,
No sinner's tongue can tell;
It was a pleasing sacrifice,
How sweetly did it smell?
- 9 Come then each needy sinner come:
If you'll accept he'll give;
But let him and he'll lead you home;
Whoever, thirsts, may live.

M N CCXXXI.—L. M.

O, that gentle touch of thine
Which doth our souls to thee incline,
Makes us taste how good thou art,
Sens and instructs the heart.

How great worth is this ?
That all thread that leads to bliss ;
Which may we still attend,
And closely follow to the end.

And the man who turns away,
And not with his Saviour stays ;
Which he who strait grows proud,
And sweetness once bestow'd.

All be built as living stones
To the rock, and only they,
Which give to him as little ones,
Must wait and soon obey.

M N CCXXXII.—C. M.

O friend of sinners ! hear my cry,
And grant me my request.
Thy wounds I now may find
A everlasting rest.

2 There

There is no happiness or peace,
That can be found elsewhere;
In them alone my life I'll seek,
In them thy love declare!

May I no more resist thy love,
No more thy Spirit grieve,
But as a little child become,
And simply thee believe.

4 Faith is thy gift, my dearest Lord,
Thou hast purchased it for me;
Therefore a sinner's right I claim,
Which is to worship thee.

5 To worship thee who hast redeem'd
Sinners from endless pain,
That they might know no other theme,
But that a Lamb was slain.

6 Impress then deeply on my breast
This truth, *that thou hast died*,
That in thy wounds with confidence
I ever may abide.

H Y M N CCXXXIII.—

1 JESUS each blind and tremb'ling
Let thy soft voice persuade,
In all distress to come to thee
We need not be afraid.

our grief? whatever sin
difference it makes:)
forgiven thro' that blood
a spilledst for our sakes.

Relief the sin we feel?
O'er all vice accurst)
When thou diedst for all sins,
a didst include the worst.

One which bitter is indeed,
O'er thy love when known?
As a gentle Master art,
wilt the weak disown.

O'erwhelm'd with thought and care,
Sorrow seiz'd our breast?
Is a shame it should be so,
thou wilt give us rest.

Uncertain what's the case,
Feel we are not right?
And but lay our heart 'fore thee,
Childlike in thy fight.

M N CCXXXIV.—C. M.

Jesus, look on me thy child,
Who am both weak and faint:
I am thine, then take thy own,
make a wretch a saint.

S

2 Cleanse

- 2 Cleanse me and wash me in thy blood,
Then only thine I'll be ;
Create me thine, and I will have
No other Lord but thee.
- 3 Take my poor heart just as it is,
Set up therein thy throne ;
So shall I love thee above all
And live to thee alone.
- 4 Remember, Lord, when thou didst hang
And die upon the tree,
For whom were all thy wounds and pains,
But for the world and me ?
- 5 Compleat thy work, and crown thy grace,
That I may faithful prove,
And listen to that small still voice,
Which only whispers love.
- 6 Which teaches me what is thy will,
Which tells me what to do ;
Which covers me with shame, when I
Do not thy will pursue.
- 7 This unction may I ever feel,
This teaching from my Lord,
And learn obedience to thy voice,
Thy soft reviving word.

H Y M N CCXXXV.—L. M.

- 1 **O** Bride ! behold thy Bridegroom hangs
Upon a cross in keenest pangs ;
Can there be mention'd any smart
Which is not felt within his heart ?
- 2 He hangs quite naked, comfortless,
Afflicted, griev'd, in sore distress ;
Deep wounds are seen from head to foot,
And none are found to bind them up.
- 3 His loving eyes one knows no more,
Disguis'd so by his bloody gore,
Quite dim and broken by the pain :
Sharp thorns his forehead does sustain.
- 4 His members far asunder drawn,
His mouth does gasp, jaw-fallen yawn ;
His gracious lips once lovely red,
Are pale, besmear'd with gall, and dead.
- 5 Observe, O Bride ! behold and see,
This all is done to the green tree !
What then must thou expect ? I pray
Who'rt a dry tree, polluted clay.
- 6 Yet fear not, since his blood was spilt
To wash away thy sin and guilt ;
He bows to kiss thee as his bride,
And likes to have thee near his side.

- 7 Go on in peace, resemble him
In spirit, soul, and ev'ry limb ;
And be, as it befits thy faith,
Conformed to his stripes and death.
-

H Y M N CCXXXVI.

- 1 **L**ORD thine imagine thou hast lent me,
In thy never fading love ;
When I fell, yet thou hast sent me
Full redemption from above :
Sacred Love I long to be
Thine to all eternity.

- 2 Love ! to bless thou hast ordained
Me, e'er I began to be ;
God of love thou'st not disdained
To become a man like me :
Love Almighty and divine
I would be for ever thine.

- 3 Love ! thou hast for me endured
All the pains of death and hell :
Love ! whose sufferings have procured
More for me than tongue can tell :
Sacred Love I long to be
Thine to all eternity.

ve ! my life, and my salvation,
Light and truth, eternal word !
O thou alone dost consolation
To my sinking soul afford :
Ove Almighty and divine
Could be for ever thine.

thy blessed yoke thou'rt tying
Me with cords of grace and love ;
While my heart is ever crying,
May I true and faithful prove !
Ored Love I long to be
ine to all eternity.

ve ! who wilt for ever love me,
Intercessor for my soul !
Who sustain'st me, light and heavy,
On thy priestly breast and roll :
Ove Almighty and divine
Could be for ever thine.

ve ! who wilt hereafter raise me
From the grave and bed of dust ;
ve ! whose final zeal arrays me
With a garland 'mong the just :
Ored Love I long to be
ine to all eternity.

H Y M N CCXXXVII.

- 1 **D**EAREST Jesus, come to me,
And abide eternally;
Worthy friend of sinners come,
Fill and make my heart thy own.
 - 2 Often times for thee I sigh,
Nothing else can give me joy :
This is still my cry to thee,
Dearest Jesus come to me.
 - 3 Could I clearly see above,
What thy saints possess in love ;
All would be but misery,
Except Jesus was with me.
 - 4 Son of God, my dearest Lord,
Thou'rt my crown, and my reward :
Lamb, who slaughter'd wast for me,
Shalt alone my Bridegroom be.
-

H Y M N CCXXXVIII.—L. M.

- 1 **M**Y soul before thee prostrate lies,
To thee her source my spirit flies;
O let thy chearing count'nance shine
On this poor mournful heart of mine.

mis'ry's depth I cry,
Saviour let me die :
my excessive pain
I'd up nor rise again.

Save my heart and will
seek lowliness to fill ;
Break thy bonds, and let me see
Thou free'st, indeed is free.

Save thee, and in thy ways
From thy presence strays ;
Lest deeper sink in thee,
And firm from wand'ring free.

Nothing we have avails,
Strength and wisdom fails ;
Sinful heart be clean ?
Thou, supreme of men !

Know thy tender love,
Didst unfaithful prove ;
I find in thee,
I sin to set me free.

Long and wait for thee,
Bright the light I see ;
Thy good time appear,
My soul from ev'ry snare.

Thy schemes and self-designs,
I will resign ;
Deeply on my breast,
Thee already blest.

- 9 When my desires I fix on thee,
And plunge me in thy mercy's sea;
Thy smiling face my heart perceives,
Sweetly refresh'd in safety lives.
- 10 So ev'n in storms I thee shall find,
My sure support my guardian kind;
And I from age to age shall prove
And seal this truth, that God is love.
-

H Y M N CCXXXIX.—L.M.

- 1 SHALL I for fear of feeble man,
Thy Spirit's work in me restrain?
Or undismay'd in deed or word
Be a true witness to my Lord?
- 2 Aw'd by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thy anger bear?
- 3 Shall I, to sooth th' unholy throng,
Softener thy truths, and smoothe my tongue?
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross endur'd, my God, by thee!
- 4 What then is he, whose scorn I dread,
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death, a slave
To sin, a bubble on the wave!
- 51

in rage ! since thou wilt spread
thy wings around my head :
pain thy tender love
sweet refreshment prove.

When thy searching eye
inmost thoughts disery :
on earth my wishes raise,
d's favour or its praise.

Christ does me constrain
wand'ring souls of men ;
entreaties, tears, to save,
em from the gaping grave.

men revile my name ;
hail, I fear no shame :
trouble, and welcome pain !
sorrows, Lord, restrain.

With blood I here present,
with them may be spent :
v'reign council, Lord !
done, thy name ador'd !

My strength, O God of power !
thunder blows, and thunders roar,
my witness will I be :
I can do all thro' thee.

H Y M N CCXL.—L. M.

- 1 **I** Sing the God, whose tender love
Caus'd him to leave his throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms below,
And save them from eternal woe.
- 2 On fallen men he cast his eye,
In depths of mis'ry saw them lie;
Pity'd their state; resolv'd to come,
And suffer freely in their room.
- 3 A mortal body he assum'd,
Bled, groan'd, and dy'd, and was entomb'd;
At length the work thus finished,
In triumph left his dusty bed.
- 4 To heav'ns bright realms he took his flight,
Beyond the reach of our weak fight;
There pleads with God for mortal men,
From thence in pomp will come again.
- 5 To him who has the purchase made,
Immortal honours must be paid:
The glory of the Saviour's name,
My tongue in grateful songs proclaim.

H Y M N CCXLI. — L. M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God :
All the vain things that charm'd me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands and feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so sweet a crown ?

His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spread o'er his body on the tree ;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

Vere the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCXLII.—L. M.

- 1 **O**UR spirits join t' adore the Lamb ;
O that our feeble lips could move
In strains immortal as his name,
And melting at his dying love !
- 2 Was ever equal pity found ?
The Prince of life resigns his breath,
And pours his life out on the ground,
To ransom rebels doom'd to death.
- 3 Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws ;
He from the threatnings set us free,
Bore the full vengeance on his cross,
And nail'd the curses to the tree.
- 4 The law proclaims no terror now,
And Sinai's thunder roars no more ;
From all his wounds new blessings flow,
A sea of joy without a shore.
- 5 Here we may wash our deepest stains,
And heal our wounds with heav'nly blood :
Blest fountains springing from the veins
Of Jesus our incarnate God.
- 6 In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine :
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be thine.

H Y M

H Y M N CCXLIII.—C. M.

BEHOLD the Saviour of the world
Embru'd with sweat and gore,
Expiring on that shameful cross,
Where he our sorrows bore !

Compassion for lost human race
Brought down God's only Son,
To veil in flesh his radiant face,
And for their sins atone.

Who can to love his name forbear,
That of his sufferings hears,
And finds the ransom of his soul,
Was blood as well as tears ?

Thy sacred blood, thou Son of God !
Which ran from many a wound ;
Then earth's and hell's malicious pow'rs
All compass'd thee around :

Thy death's pale ensigns o'er thy cheeks
And trembling lips were spread ;
Thy light forsook thy dying eyes,
And life thy drooping head.

Life for thy torments we receive,
Life in thy death have found,
From the reproaches of thy cross,
Shall be with glory crown'd.

7 May

- 7 May we a grateful sense retain
Of thy redeeming love !
And live below like those that hope
To live with thee above !
-

H Y M N CCXLIV.—S. M.

- 1 IMMORTAL praise be giv'n,
And glory in the Highest,
To th' God of peace who sent from heav'n
His own beloved Christ.
- 2 Him a sin-offering made
For *Adam's* guilty sons ;
Our pressing crimes upon him laid,
For which his blood atones.
- 3 Such torments he endur'd,
As none e'er felt before,
That joy and bliss might be secur'd
To us for evermore.
- 4 Hurry'd from bar to bar,
With blows and scoffs abus'd ;
Revil'd by *Herod's* men of war,
With *Pilate's* scourges bruis'd.
- 5 His sweet and rev'rend face
With spittle all profan'd ;
That visage, full of heav'nly grace,
With his own blood distain'd.

6 Stretch'

Stretch'd on the cruel tree,
He bled, and groan'd, and cry'd:
And in a mortal agony
Languish'd a while and died.

But dying left a wound
On the old serpent's head,
From which no cure can ne'er be found;
And soon rose from the dead:

Then did to heav'n ascend,
That we might thither go,
Where love and praises have no end,
Where joys no changes know.

H Y M N CCXLV.—C. M.

) Jesu, Jesu, my good Lord!
How wonderful's thy love,
Thy patience, pity, tenderness,
Which I each moment prove.

Oh! how faithless is my mind,
How apt to turn aside,
And wander in its own deceits,
Of reasonings and pride!

How does the old corruption strive,
And fight to reign again;
Are there's not such a heart as mine
In all thy crosses train.

4 Yet,

- 4 Yet, dearest Saviour, love me still,
The poorest and the worst ;
For well I know, where sin abounds,
Thy grace aboundeth most.
- 5 Yet let me not thy grace abuse,
And sin because thou'rt good ;
But let thy love fill me with shame,
That I have it withstood.
- 6 On me, my King, exert thy pow'r,
Make old things pass away,
Create all men, and draw me still,
Still nearer, ev'ry day.
- 7 Saviour of sinners, now do this !
Let me not turn away
From thy dear cross and bleeding wounds ;
But bind me there to stay.
- 8 Lord speak to me with thy sweet voice,
And give me ears to hear :
For thou my Saviour Jesus art,
Who purchased me so dear.
- 9 I praise and thank thee dearest Lamb,
For all which thou hast done,
Since thou dost take me as I am
For thy redeemed one.

 Y M N CCXLVI.—C. M.

Lamb, O wounded bleeding Lamb
 My heart's athirst for thee,
 pants and gasps for thy sweet grace,
 a moment water me.

with thy tender piercing eyes,
 search my ev'ry thought,
 the turnings of my heart;
 on the worm thou'lt bought.

after me bought, that I should live,
 bring forth fruit to thee;
 at thy Spirit on me, Lord,
 I may faithful be.

my wants and feebleness,
 Saviour here I am;
 down at thy bleeding feet,
 a slaughter'd holy Lamb!

wounds and blood revive my heart,
 give new life and strength;
 thought can fathom thy great love,
 show its breadth and length?

Thou doth my soul support,
 in my vile heart I see;
 I myself a sinner poor,
 how so cold t'wards thee.

T

7 When

- 7 When I'm assaulted on all sides,
By a whole host of foes ;
Thou dost not leave me comfortless
To bear these heavy blows.
- 8 Thou dost permit no stroke in vain;
'Tis with a loving heart,
Thou dost rebuke and chasten me,
But not to give me smart.
- 9 Then dearest Lamb, move not thy hand,
Till 'tis thy gracious will ;
Finish thy kind design in me,
And sin destroy and kill.
- 10 I am thy own, for thou hast bought
Me with thy dearest blood ;
Since I'm so precious in thy fight,
Do with me as seems good.
- 11 Thou hast so just a right to me,
By all which thou hast done ;
I have no claim to any part,
Body and soul thou'st won.
-

H Y M N CCXLVII.

- 1 **O** Jesus, the poor sinners friend !
Most wretched should I be,
Did not I see thy streaming blood
Flow freely unto me.

ould be sad and deep distress'd,
 and could not be reliev'd,
 en weakness, faintings, seize my flesh,
 ach part oppress'd and griev'd.

how transcendent is that grace,
 Which thou dost then bestow,
 en nothing in myself I feel,
 ut misery and woe!
 then indeed, my gracious Lord,
 s riches shine so bright,
 ears and comforts my poor soul
 With its most glorious light.

ve me, Saviour, give me still
 ly poverty to know :
 ease my faith, each day in grace
 nd knowledge may I grow :
 n still more the mystery
 f thy dear wounds and cross,
 l for this precious pearl let me
 ount all things else but dross.

H Y M N CCXLVIII.

DREAM thro' the bottom of my soul,
 Blood of the Son of God !
 d take away whate'er in me
 lath thee so long withstood :

- 1 Drink up my nature's active fire,
Drown all my useless strife;
And let my heart for nothing thirst
But thee, the well of life.
- 2 Here let me drink, for ever drink,
Nor ever once depart :
For what I taste makes me to cry,
" Fix at this spring my heart !"
Dear Saviour, thou hast seen, how oft
I've turn'd away from thee ;
O let thy work renew'd to-day,
Remain eternally !
-

H Y M N CCXLIX.—C. M.

- 1 **T**HE mist before my eyes remov'd,
With wonder struck I see,
Dear Lord, the black, the num'rous crimes,
By which I've grieved thee.
- 2 These were the unrelenting foes,
Which made thee groan and cry ;
Which made thee shed thy precious blood,
And bow thine head and die.
- 3 Thy love has thaw'd my frozen heart,
And caus'd my tears to flow ;
I now abhor that monster sin,
And find he is my foe.

'd of his gaudy treach'rous drefs,
ich long deluded me,
w appears in his true fhape,
mpleat deformity.

It looks back, and views the weight
ou, spotlefs Lamb, didft bear,
to the painful, shameful tree;
ed in open air.

Lifts her guilt was done away
her incarnate God,
felt t' expiate man's offence,
fin revenging rod.

Y M N CCL.—L. M.

E Lord of life exalted ftands,
Aloud he cries and fpreads his hands;
ls ten thoufand finners round,
nds a voice from ev'ry wound.

nd, ye thirfty fouls, draw near,
fatiate all your wifhes here!
ld, the living fountain flows
reams as various as your woes!

mple pardon here I give,
bid the fentenc'd rebel live;
w him my Father's fmiling face,
lodge him in his dear embrace.

- 4 Bles'd Saviour, I can doubt no more ;
I hear, and wonder, and adore :
Panting I seek that fountain head,
Whence waters so divine proceed.
-

H Y M N CCLI.——C. M.

- 1 **M**Y soul (with all lost *Adam's* race)
Lay welt'ring in its blood ;
Cover'd with shame, and deep disgrace,
And banish'd far from God.
- 2 The loving Jesus passing by,
His bowels yearn'd to see,
Me out-cast wretch so helpless lie,
In deepest misery.
- 3 Inclin'd to me in tenderness,
My soul he would relieve,
My heart by any means possess,
He said, Arise, and live.
- 4 He wash'd away my every stain
And cleans'd me in his blood ;
Deck'd me with righteousness divine,
And reconcil'd to God.
- 5 My heart no condemnation fears,
Nor hell, nor Satan dreads ;
Christ at his mercy seat appears,
His blood my pardon pleads.

s offices, his names of grace,
Signs of eternal love)
bears for me with open face,
While I his mercy prove.

ainst the fiercest pow'rs of hell,
He is my sun and shield ;
Within his wounds I safely dwell,
He fights, I win the field.

aking himself a sacrifice,
My bonds and chains he broke ;
w to my willing neck he ties,
His soft and easy yoke.

ife, O happy soul, arise,
Rejoice in endless bliss ;
en'd the gates of paradise
Go in and take thy place.

H Y M N CCLII.—L. M.

CCORDING to my state on earth,
▲ Shall my decisive sentence be ;
ey who have felt the second birth,
The second death shall never see.

t if from hence I take my flight,
A captive to the tyrant sin ;
ewell to ev'ry cheering light,
A scene of darkness must begin.

H Y M N CCLIII.—C. M.

- 1 **S**WEET was the hour I freedom felt,
To call my Jesus mine,
To see his smiling face and melt
In pleasures all divine.
- 2 Let fools a heav'n of shades pursue,
But I for substance am :
The heav'n I seek is likeness to,
And vision of the Lamb.
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood ;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come :
May thy blest wings, celestial dove,
Safely convey me home.
-

H Y M N CCLIV.—C. M.

- 1 **T**HIS was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His mercy ne'er withdrew.
- 2

- 2 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to a throne :
There's not a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.
- 3 Now tho' he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great :
Well he remembers *Calvary*,
Nor will his saints forget.
- 4 Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesu's dying love :
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.
- 5 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record ;
And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.
-

H Y M N CCLV.

- 1 SPIRIT of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God,
And make us to the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood :
'Tis thine the blood t' apply,
And give us eyes to see ;
Who did for ev'ry sinner die,
Hath surely died for me.

- 2 No man can truly say,
 That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless thou take the veil away,
 And breath the living word :
 Then only then we feel
 Our interest in his blood,
And cry with joy unspeakable,
 Thou art my Lord and God.

- 3 I know my Saviour lives,
 He lives who died for me,
My inmost soul his voice receives
 Who hangs on yonder tree :
 Set forth before my eyes
 Ev'n now I see him bleed,
And hear his mortal groans and cries,
 While suffering in my stead.

- 4 O that the world might know
 My dear atoning Lamb !
Spirit of faith, descend, and shew
 The virtue of his name ;
 The grace which all may find,
 The saving power impart,
And testify to all mankind,
 And speak in every heart.

- 5 Inspire the living faith,
 (Which whoso'er receives
The witness in himself he hath,
 And consciously believes)

ne faith that conquers all,
nd doth the mountains move,
saves whoe'er on Jesus call,
nd perfects them in love.

H Y M N CCLVI.

SUS, shall I never be
Firmly grounded upon thee !
er by thy work abide,
er in thy wounds reside.

how wav'ring is my mind,
'd about with ev'ry wind ;
how quickly doth my heart
n the living God depart.

t, O seek me, Lord, again !
not all thy gifts be vain ;
fort to my soul restore,
ne and never leave me more.

nt that every moment I
believe and feel thee nigh,
fastly behold thy face,
blish'd with abiding grace.

t, and root and fix in me
the mind that was in thee,
led peace I then shall find,
is is a quiet mind.

- 6 When it doth in me appear,
I shall nothing covet here;
I shall cast the world behind,
Jesu's is an heav'nly mind.
- 7 Then the accursed lust of praise,
Shall in me no more have place;
Pride no more my soul shall bind,
Jesu's is an humble mind.
- 8 Anger I no more shall feel,
Always quiet, always still;
Meekly on my God reclin'd,
Jesu's is a gentle mind.



H Y M N CCLVII.

- 1 **O** Love divine, what hast thou done!
The immortal God hath died for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son,
Bore all my sins upon the tree;
The immortal God for me hath died!
My Lord, my Love, is crucify'd!
- 2 Behold him! all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace;
Come see, ye worms, your Maker die
And say, was ever grief like his:
Come feel with me his blood applied,
My Lord, my Love, is crucify'd.

crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels near to God,
I believe, believe the record true,
We all are bought with Jesu's blood:
Blood for all flows from his side,
Lord, my Love, is crucified.

Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream,
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him;
Nothing think, or speak beside:
Lord, my Love, is crucified!

I Y M N CCLVIII.—L. M.

DEAR Saviour hear a sinner's pray'r,
To my necessity give ear;
Wash me in thy most precious blood,
Wash my sick heart by that warm flood.

Bind my affections to thy cross;
By I account but dung and dross,
That is self, and that is mine,
And only to thy will incline.

Let sparks inkindled in my breast
Grow to a flame; nor may I rest
Till all and ev'ry part of me,
Fill'd with praise and love to thee.

May I for ever safe abide
 Within the wound of thy dear side,
 There meditate that wond'rous love,
 Which brought thee from thy throne above

5 My Jesus left his heav'n, and came
 To ransom sinners from their shame,
 That they might feel their sins forgiv'n,
 And find in him their peace and heav'n.

6 His peace he to his children left,
 When of his life he was bereft ;
 When he was fasten'd to the tree,
 Those wounds did buy that peace for me.

7 Lord ! I am thine, then take me now,
 Low at thy feet my soul I bow,
 Asham'd that I no sooner ran,
 To the Saviour of lost man.

H Y M N · CCLIX.—C. I

1 **T**EACH me yet more of thy blest w
 Thou slaughter'd Lamb of God !
 And fix and root me in the grace
 So dearly bought with blood.

2 **O** tell me often of each wound,
 Of ev'ry smart and pain ;
 And let my heart with joy confess,
 From hence comes all my gain.

or this, O may I sweetly count
Whate'er I have but loss;
and ev'ry name and ev'ry thing,
Compar'd with this, but dross.

Answer me, O thou gracious Lamb
Why didst thou die for me?
Full of sin and void of worth!
The cause was all in thee!

A loving heart could never bear
To see me bleeding lie,
To see me fall a prey to death;
Myself wouldst rather die.

Carve this deeply on my mind
With an eternal pen,
That I may in my small degree,
Return thy love again.

Who can pay that mighty debt,
For equal love like thine?
O wert, when sorely wounded thus,
A person all divine.

Rather give me daily more,
More ev'ry hour to see,
That thou a bounteous giver art,
I must a debtor be.

H Y M N CCLX.

- 1 **A** H Love come sweetly bind me
To thy so pierced side,
And evermore remind me,
That thou for me hast dy'd.
I beg to hear thy Spirit
Of this for ever preach ;
That thy love, blood and merit,
May me obedience teach.
- 2 Thou know'st that my salvation
Is certain thro' thy love ;
Yet ah ! on each occasion
May I more faithful prove !
What's past thou hast forgiven,
I will forget it too,
And forward run to heav'n,
Where I can better view.
- 3 Thy lovely wounds so bleeding,
Thou know'st they're my delight,
All sweetness far exceeding,
While they are in my sight :
O that I might but ever,
In this world's vale of tears,
Look towards thee and never
Involve myself in fears.

- 4 I feel thou'lt not forsake me,
 Tho' I am much to blame;
 O from this moment take me
 To thee just as I am,
 Again I here present me,
 To thee ! thou'lt not refuse ;
 Nor shall it e'er repent me,
 That such a Lord did chuse.
-

H Y M N CCLXI.

- 1 **H**OLY Lamb and Prince of peace,
 Hear my soul implore thy grace ;
 Let it thro' thy pow'r divine,
 In thy Lamb-like meekness shine.
- 2 Grant, that faithfully I may
 As a Lamb thy voice obey ;
 Soul and Body bought with price,
 Be thy living sacrifice.
- 3 Valiant, stedfast may my love
 In the hardest trials prove ;
 And in all adversity,
 Both a lamb and lion be.
- 4 Keep thou me a feeble child,
 Sober, watchful, undefil'd ;
 That where'er thy steps I see,
 Simply I may follow thee.

3 Thou the great victorious Lamb,
Who all th' hosts of hell o'ercame;
Grant, that in thy blood I may
Conqueror be till thy great day.

6 When thou shalt on *Sion* stand,
I shall be at thy right hand;
In thy God-like glory bright,
Thou my temple, thou my light.

H Y M N CCLXII.

1 **A**H my dear Heart, beloved Lamb!
What love have I possessed,
Since thou by thy dear cross's stem
Me happily hast placed?

2 Thy blood, thy blood the deed has wrought,
That won me to thee Saviour;
Else had I never on thee thought,
Nor come to thee for ever.

3 Scarce did I clear my mis'ry fee,
But blood was also named
By thy dear sinner company,
Which all my soul enflamed.

4 My conquer'd heart was melted straight,
In floods of tears I fainted;
Heav'ns forsa'ke had I at thy feet,
And nothing more I wanted.

ood, the Lamb's own blood,
mount *Calv'ry* flowed;
sole, the highest good,
on me bestowed.

he wounded space,
for me had graved;
e call'd among the race
election saved.

at thy lanced side,
ing blood and water;
happiness I spy'd,
and holy rapture.

child so poor,
ould find salvation?
d dead knew nought before,
hout cessation.

ill'd with guilt and shame,
in its essence:
ows before the Lamb,
ur in his presence.

hich he did shed so kind,
h it effected,
ole world now life may find,
s the elected.

eloved tender Lamb!
usand tears be praised!
thee had no claim,
g't to have me blessed.

- 12 O let my soul sink deeper in .
The blood's unfathom'd ocean ;
My pasture ground is always green,
I feed upon thy passion.
- 13 O keep for ever in my sight,
Thy so much wounded body !
My peaceful seat be in the light
Of thy nail-holes so bloody.
-

H Y M N CCLXIII.

- 1 **T**O the Lamb stain'd with blood,
Who for my sin and need,
Upon the ignominious tree
To death himself did bleed ;
To thee blest'd Prince of life,
Who felt such racking smart,
While the whole world's collected sin
Transfix'd and tore his heart.
- 2 To him I wholly give,
Myself this day anew,
As his own booty dearly gain'd,
His spoil and purchase due ;
That with me he may do
What's pleasing in his sight,
And from me take whate'er he will,
Whate'er he thinks not right.

How very weak I am,
 My Saviour well can see,
 And how exceeding short I fall,
 Of what I ought to be:
 Compassionate High-Priest,
 To thee I must appeal;
 My numberless infirmities
 O kindly haste to heal.

In his most precious blood
 He washes out my stains,
 Which trickles healing on my soul:
 Out of his open veins;
 It is his daily care,
 His heedless sheep to feed;
 To purify their spotted souls,
 And tend and gently lead.

Me thy all-seeing eye
 Has kept with watchful care,
 The truest pains and tending kind,
 O ! never didst thou spare:
 This makes me firmly trust,
 Thou'lt lead me farther still;
 And guard me safe throughout the way
 That leads to *Sion's* hill.

Thou hast me, sinner poor,
 Snatch'd to thy heart in haste,
 With tend'rest mercy fetch me home,
 And grav'n me on thy breast;
 Therefore my dearest Lord!
 I give my heart to thee;
 Altho' uneasy or in pain,
 Still wholly thine I'll be.

H Y M N CCLXIV.

- 1 **H**OW happy, that my heart can view
The Lamb in all that bloody hue,
Upon the cross out-stretched !
If from my eyes this should depart,
My heart would feel a piercing smart,
Yea I should be most wretched.
But he knows me
To be feeble, and not able
For a moment
To live without his atonement.
- 2 How poor am I, and full of blame !
That if I had not such a Lamb,
Who nothing can deny me ;
If those dear wounds I did not know,
Which now with blood's juice overflow,
What else could satisfy me ?
But blood, that's good
Still to wash me, and refresh me ;
In that ocean,
I do ever find my portion.
- 3 Then will I thus behold my God,
For me in all his wounds and blood
So grievously oppressed :
This sight can break in tears,
Yet give me boldness to draw near,
Tho' I be ne'er so wretched :

ere take share
a feeling which proves healing,
When I enter
he wounds, that happy center.

v does my heart with longing deep,
h to be found among those sheep,
Who love the Lamb their Saviour ;
h them to share of all the grace,
ll the blessedness and peace,
Which is in him their Lover :
ive and move
bjection and direction
Of his Spirit,
my portion to inherit.

I Y M N CCLXV.—L. M.

God unsearchable ! thy rays
Shine in my heart with such strong blaze ;
ch shew the riches of thy grace,
stly display'd in Jesu's face.

t God, how dreadful was thy name,
l the God-man Saviour came !
can a sinner e'er know thee,
re the Son hath made him free ?

nder mercy, glorious grace,
ive a curs'd and damned race !

The Father gave his only Son,
To bleed and die for slaves undone.

4 What sinful worm could know this right,
Till 'tis reveal'd by thy own light ?
Our hearts are hard and dark and blind,
Till Jesu's grace on them has shin'd.

5 We then astonish'd see thy love,
And thy great mercy know and prove;
O joy unspeakable ! all bright
The Day-star shines, past is the night.

6 With sweetest grace the gospel sounds,
And flames forth love in Jesu's wounds;
What stronger pledge of love could be ?
Behold the bloody shameful tree.

7 Can any ill distress my heart,
Since God with his own Son did part ?
Whate'er I want, can't be deny'd,
Because for me the Lamb has dy'd.

8 Who can condemn, now Christ has died;
I, by his blood, am justify'd ;
He ever lives to intercede,
And send me help in ev'ry need.

9 What can me separate from this,
The love of Christ, his peace and bliss ?
Shall tribulation, or distress,
Shall any trials more or less ?

I in all things e'er shall prove
Conqueror thro' him who did me love ;
My Lord has got the victory,
Efficient is his grace for me.

H Y M N CCLXVI.—C. M.

HOW sweets the dream of her that sleeps ;
Even thee thou happy Bride,
When choosing for thy rest the place,
Where thy Beloved dy'd.

He bands that bound thy lover fast,
Unbind thee from thy pain ;
His piercing cry, that sooths thy soul,
And sings to sleep again.

He nails which caus'd thee so much smart,
Thy heav'nly seat make fast ;
He bears thee on his heart, thou him,
Sleep on and take thy rest.

Awake, stir not up the friend of Christ,
Wake not the lovely Bride ;
Some vision causes her to smile,
She sees his open side.

HYMN

H Y M N CCLXVII.

1. **B**LEST church of poor sinners sing praise to the Lord,
To Jesus the *Nazarene*, the flesh made word ;
Who forms thee so glorious out of his pierc'd side,
And makes thee in blood wash'd his beautiful Bride.
2. Thy God, thy Creator, thy nature put on,
Because disobedience had quite thee undone ;
He left his throne Royal, a child he became,
And bore in his body thy baseness and shame.
3. Thou sinner church value thy husband's great worth,
And in all thy members his praises set forth :
All beauties not sprinkled as dirt still esteem,
And know of no Godhead but only in him. *
4. What brought us together? what joined our hearts?
The pardon which Jesus our High-Priest imparts,
The blood is cementing and blood 'tis alone,
The Spirit baptizeth the sinners in one.
5. But we, who believe, are his flesh and his bone,
The Son of the Father, and we are but one ;
The Godhead's relations, Christ's brethren are we ;
Where he is the first-born, there we are to be.

H Y M N.

* Col. i. 19..

H Y M N CCLXVIII.

7 E all, who are wounded by sin's pois'nous sting,
Look up unto Jesus, and round his feet cling;
His blood trickle on you from his pierced heart,
His is all sufficient to soften your smart.

ternal God Jesus, who flesh did put on,
By anguish, thy dying my passions have won :
Thou hast bore my sorrows, I'm heal'd by thy stripes,
I'm clean, for thy blood streams away my filth wipes.

ly High-Priest, my Lamb, my Creator and God,
My King, and my Brother, my Bridegroom thro' blood,
My Friend, my Redeemer, my Heart, and my All!
At thy feet with holy shame prostrate I fall.

Thou like some curs'd rebel, wast nail'd to the tree,
Being bruised, and wounded for sinners like me,
All's ramparts and walls now lie flat on the ground,
The old dragon does tremble and fly at blood's sound.

Cry forth in his praises, ye sinner hearts all,
And with all his ransom'd ones at his feet fall ;
Right value your freedom and fly from sin's shame,
And give yourselves quite to your Brother the Lamb.

H Y M N

H Y M N. CCLXIX.

- 1 **Y**E hands of Love once pierc'd with nails,
Outstretch'd upon the wood;
Ye hands, out of whose holy wounds
Did flow the atoning blood;
How sweetly rests a weary child,
When close embrac'd by you !
Let reason say whate'er it will,
'Tis yet for ever true.
- 2 For when the law's tormenting yoke
Does a poor heart molest,
And fills with reas'ning, doubts and fears,
A troubled head and breast,
And half despairing one cries out
Who is't that sets us free ?
The Lamb's the answer, who fulfil'd
The law upon the tree.
- 3 How happy I, when once I died.
To the condemning law ;
As soon as I the Son of God
For me condemned saw !
If now I see a sinner come,
Quite sunk in misery,
I'll lead him, to behold the Lamb
Atoning on the tree.
- 4 The more a frighten'd soul can view
The slaughter'd King of light,

**The more is scatter'd and dispell'd
 The dismal cloudy night :
 The glaring beams, which powerfully
 Break forth from out the land,
 These kindle each cold lifeless heart,
 And sets it all on flame.**

**Is there a thing that moves and breaks,
 A heart as hard as stone,
 And warms a heart as cold as ice ?
 'Tis Jesu's blood alone :
 One drop of this can truly cheer
 And heal each wounded soul,
 What multitudes of broken hearts
 This living stream makes whole !**

**Hark, O my soul ! what sing the choirs
 Around the glorious throne ?
 Hark ! the slain Lamb for evermore
 Sounds in the sweetest tone !
 The elders there cast down their crowns,
 And all both night and day ;
 Sing praises to the Lamb's dear blood,
 Which wip'd their guilt away.**

**And this, while here, we will proclaim
 Cheerful in our degree,
 That thro' the blood of God's dear Lamb
 Each soul may happy be :
 But thou, O Lord ! make, ev'ry day,
 Thy wounds to us more sweet,
 Till we behold thy wounded side,
 And worship at thy feet.**

H Y M N CCLXX.—C. M.

- 1 **B**ELOVED Saviour, Prince of life,
To us thy Spirit give ;
We pant to hear that sacred voice
Which bids poor sinners live.
 - 2 Open to us those living springs,
Which from thy wounds do flow ;
Dart down thy bright refreshing beams,
To us thy goodness show.
 - 3 'Tis thy desire to save the lost,
To ease them of their pain !
Therefore we cry to thee, blest Lamb,
Who for our sins wast slain.
 - 4 O'er stream our souls with thy rich grace,
To us thy will reveal ;
O be thou our *Immanuel*,
Thy work in us fulfil.
-

H Y M N CCLXXI.—L. M.

- 1 **T**HOU slaughter'd Lamb art my defence,
Within thy wounds secure I hide ;
While there I keep my residence,
Most strongly I am fortify'd.

- No fiery dart from subtlest foe
Can hurt me in this sacred place,
Not errors can I undergo,
Being so well supply'd by grace.
- Thy precious blood all blessings gives,
To warm the heart, the spirit cheer,
Thy blood at once all wants relieves:
The fainting sinner feels it dear.
- What a reviving, quick'ning sound,
Is the atoning ransom-price
To me, and all who are unbond,
By that most costly sacrifice.
- That I its pow'r may fully prove,
Is what sweet Lamb I ask of thee;
Thou, who to death my soul didst love,
Wilt not deny this grace to me.
- To me, who live but by thy pow'r,
(Supported by thee do I stand :)
Thy wounds are a strong rock and tow'r
Which hides me in a weary land. *

H Y M N CCLXXII.—L. M.

- 1 **T**HOU dearest husband of my heart !
Thy death and blood and all thy smart,
Thy wounds in hands and feet and side,
Are now my joy, and will abide.

* *Isaiah xxxii. 2.*

- 2 I am thy worm, thy sinner Lamb!
My heart is thine thy child I am;
And if I should this moment die,
Into thy arms I'd surely fly.
 - 3 Here in this world I'm wholly thine,
Thou know'st that my heart's no more mine;
And therefore if it is thy will,
That I should stay and serve thee still:
 - 4 I thereto am resign'd and free,
And only wish a joy to be
To thee and to thy flock so dear,
Which to my heart is very near.
 - 5 This one thing then I beg of thee,
Let me thy faithful handmaid be,
And let me in thy bleeding side
Go in and out, and feed and hide.
-

H Y M N CCLXXIII. — L. M.

- 1 COULD Satan but his wish obtain,
No, not a Christian should remain;
All would to wreck and ruin run,
What Jesus by his passion won.
- 2 But let him and his champions rave,
Their dev'lish wish they ne'er shall have;
That cause shall never suffer harm,
That rests on Jesu's out-stretch'd arm.

r while our Master rules above,
will each day more glorious prove;
hile he sits down at God's right hand,
must and will unshaken stand.

leed we own if once they can
throne that high exalted Man;
en evil with us will it be,
prospect sad we then shall see.

: I am absolutely sure,
r Lord will ever sit secure;
ever will our Shepherd prove,
d we for ever feel his love.

: in our Lamb our refuge find,
r neither storm nor angry wind;
danger chearful, void of care,
enemy can touch a hair.

these our God has number'd all,
thout his leave one cannot fall;
the least he is so true,
at wont he in the greater do.

H Y M N CCLXXIV.

ONGREGATION! Christ's relation!

Be for ever glad and well,
s' the suff'ring and the off'ring,
hich hath ransom'd thee from hell.

W

2 He,

- 2 He, who cleaveth, moves and liveth
Every hour in Jesu's wounds;
Whose heart gloweth and who goeth
In the light which there abounds.
- 3 He who blesses and embraces
That dear heart, so full of grief;
Who relying on his dying,
Finds in all his wants relief.
- 4 He dare answer, when demanded :
Who he is ? and whence he came ?
I'm a sinner and a lover
Of the child from *Bethlehem*.
-

H Y M N CCLXXV.—L. M.

- 1 **W**HAT to my Master shall I say ?
He snatch'd me from the world away
And rank'd me 'midst his chosen train,
Which for his bride he doth ordain.
- 2 O heartily beloved Love !
Thy yearning bowels would thee move,
To call me from death's gloomy night
Into thy own amazing light.
- 3 Yes, I was wholly dead in sin,
Wholly corrupt and spoil'd within !

caral mind still bore the sway,
hurry'd me a slave away.

w'd thy tender loving heart,
ve thee real pain and smart,
purchase of thy blood to free
epley funk in misery.

would'st thou Satan's pow'r destroy
me thy proper spoil enjoy ;
efore thou ever didst invite,
close pursue me day and night.

sweetly didst thou draw and woo,
hou hadst overcome thy foe ;
in's strong power thou hadst supprest,
till my weary soul had rest.

y dear wounds I now have found
; righteousness, and solid ground :
'midst thy consecrated band,
'free electing grace, I stand.

fain would I thy feet embrace,
nelt in love and thankfulness :
fin's hard burden I am freed,
se these holy feet did bleed !

before thee, O my King,
hymns of praise in stillness sing :
yes with tears are overflow'd
ll the mercy thou hast show'd.

- 10 And now since mercy I have found,
And to thy gentle yoke am bound,
(Which yoke O may I ne'er forsake,
Altho' for this my blood I stake !)
- 11 While I behold this earth and skies,
I am thy living sacrifice ;
My soul and body, all shall be
Devoted heartily to thee.
- 12 Let me throughout my pilgrimage
Pay the sworn fealty I engage ;
Thy blood and cross, and bitter pain,
My life, strength, banner still remain !
- 13 There thou hast life and soul, my King,
Bound for thy service these I bring ;
My fleshly tenderness break down,
Thy fire consume whate'er's my own.
- 14 And thus I even here shall be
Well fitted for eternity,
Abide thy purchase all my days,
And live, dear Saviour, to thy praise.
-

H Y M N - CCLXXVI.—L. M.

- 1 MY wounded Prince, thy chosen race,
With everlasting love embrace ;
Let streams of life thy church o'erspread,
For which thy precious blood was shed.

our Lamb from everlasting slain,
 you always doth the same remain,
 the same kind loving sinner's friend,
 whose years and mercies never end.

Before thy throne ashamed we sink,
 when on thy wondrous grace we think,
 which more than ever now appears,
 when under lost we melt in tears.

The gospel in these blessed days,
 throughout the earth its beams displays;
 nations that ne'er had heard of thee,
 thy great salvation shout to see.

Lead to thy wounds ev'n *Gentiles* fly,
 let thy great thirsting satisfy;
 they seiz'd with flames of love divine,
 gladly with us poor sinners join.

Let mystery from all ages seal'd,
 our Lamb has by his death reveal'd,
 let heav'nly thrones and powers should know
 thy wisdom by the church below.

Let blood and death upon the tree
 thy only meditation be;
 thy wounds and stripes be day and night
 thy darling pleasure and delight.

Let this bad world thy ransom'd guide,
 be led up within thy bleeding side;
 let Satan's wrath and craft therein,
 thy harmless doves for ever screen.

- 9 They are thy just reward, thy spoil,
The purchase of thy bloody toil ;
This was the Father's firm decree,
That they thy chosen race should be.
- 10 Much hated they, despis'd, and mean,
Yet while they on the Bridegroom lean,
Let nations rage, let devils roar,
The slaughter'd Lamb they still adore.
-

H Y M N CCLXXVII.

- 1 **T**EACH us, O Lord ! thy cross's mystery ;
Yes, our sincere request shall granted be.
What cost thee life, blood, death, strong cries and tears,
The same remains, nor waxes old by years.
- 2 Thy powerful blood o'er walls and bulwarks flies,
Out lasts (thyself hast said) both earth and skies :
Who to Christ's blood shall bounds and limits give ?
His flock, yea all the world may drink and live.
- 3 Who can produce a time, a day, an hour,
This blood may not exert Almighty pow'r ?
'Tis no light matter when the souls that lie
Beneath the altar, vengeance ! vengeance ! cry.
- 4 Tho' above a thousand years they thus have cry'd :
(Patience divine ! how long wilt thou be tried)
If by the fiend this cry can't be withstood,
Much less the rushing stream of Jesu's blood.

5 But

hark! what cry doth from the Saviour burst,
at strong heart-piercing cry, I thirst! I thirst!
what! of hostile blood to drink his fill?
for the hearts of those who use him ill.

would not one should lost and faithless prove,
seeks to pierce us with his darts of love:
while mankind disdains his voice to hear,
on the pure Spirit so averse their ear)

sends his messengers, he does not cease,
suffers scarce a mouth to hold its peace.
as you are, you may to Jesus creep,
come, he'll gladly take you for his sheep.

you all over sin, all over shame,
there's waiting for you, still a heart on flame:
Judge, to whom alone revenge is giv'n,
lains for such poor sinners, peace and heav'n.

no finds that sin has quite o'erspread his soul,
at his own efforts ne'er can make him whole,
dead, at Jesu's feet resolves to lie,
us has sworn that soul shall never die.

H Y M N CCLXXVIII.

)! if the Lamb ne'er slaughter'd was,
If he was not our Saviour,
not for his love, wounds and cross,
Where had we been for ever!

But since the finners favour'd are
To have a friend so very dear,
We cannot but be happy.

2 With all our errors and mistakes
He bears and loves us dearly,
Nor evermore the soul forsakes,
Who acteth but sincerely,
When the whole heart is giv'n to him
One lives as if one was in heav'n,
Enamour'd with his mercy.

3 When ought is wrong, or when one fears,
One has the spirit grieved,
The child-like heart with cares and tears,
Repents and is relieved;
It views him with a face ashamed,
And owns dear Lamb I'm to be blam'd:
He answers be forgiv'n!

4 If sparks of nature yet would glow,
Or something not subdued,
One shews it to the Lamb, and so
With blood it's overflowed.
The cold death sweats of Jesus Christ,
Which can the flames of hell resist,
Damps all, and keeps us holy.

5 A right poor sinner one remains
Amidst the congregation,
Whose life and ease is Jesu's pains,
And blood, and wounds, and passion;

s cross and sweat, and tears and smart,
n never by a tender heart,
One moment be forgotten.

H Y M N CCLXXIX.—C. M.

IMPLE mind, thou grace's wonder !
Deepest wisdom, greatest might,
Ireft jewel, love's defender,
Most successful Christian fight !

hen simplicity we cherish,
We've a whole and perfect light ;
at that view away will vanish,
Soon as double grows the fight.

ith this gift a man is blessed,
He looks only at the Lamb ;
at without it, still diseased,
For one stands in some dark flame.

ue simplicity whence comes it ?
From the wounds and blood divine :
nily any one assumes it,
Who ne'er learnt it at that shrine.

ore whose eyes the Lamb's dear figure
Still as crucify'd doth stand,
ho in blood lives altogether ;
He right holiness has gain'd.

- 6 Who but willeth what him pleases,
Who but what he bids, can do,
Who but what he giveth, uses,
Whose life all from him does flow :
- 7 Who alone by Jesus holdeth,
And in him does all possess :
He it is who on him buildeth,
He walks on in holiness.
- 8 Blood bought church ! shall I declare it,
What for thee my thoughts desire?
Ever fly on grace's chariot,
Which is borne by wheels of fire.
- 9 Of the reins let him be holder,
He can well the way contrive ;
He knows when he swift and bolder,
And when softly he shall drive.
- 10 Over stone and hillock goes it ?
Sit but still, th' event ne'er doubt ;
Help him not, alone he does it,
Thou in faith mayst look about.
- 11 Let him work, in the conclusion
Thou wilt be astonished ;
Jesus thy affairs will think on,
As thy ever-loving head.

H Y M N CCLXXX.—L.M.

THE Saviour's blood and righteousness
 My fin'ry is, my wedding dress;
 Therewith when ent'ring heav'n's land
 Full well shall I before God stand.

Or tho' I once at judgment seat
 Appear, I shall no censure meet;
 Since I am absolv'd already here;
 And my whole debt is paid off clear.

A hand writing on the cross is seen,
 Spectacle for Satan's spleen;
 The nails which have my Saviour slain,
 Have torn the old cov'nant in twain.

Tho' sign'd and written with my blood,
 Most binding and most firm it stood;
 Yet now the bond is cancell'd quite,
 And no demands on me can light.

The fiend's deserved pay here see,
 (Why nail'd he God's Son to the tree?)
 That he o'er souls does lose his sway,
 And Jesus bears them sav'd away.

This knows full well the serpent old,
 That he has fairly lost his hold
 Of us and all mankind hereby,
 And with the greatest equity.

- 7 And now the Lamb from blemish free,
Who on the rugged shameful tree,
For me his life laid freely down,
For my true Lord and God I own.
- 8 I do believe, his precious blood,
That most inestimable good,
Fills all the treasures divine,
And is in heav'n still current coin.
- 9 I do believe, if sinners race
Ten thousand times more num'rous was;
Yet still the devil to no one,
Has now the least pretension.
- 10 I believe, eternity's demand,
(Which does inexorable stand,
And lets nought damnable pass free)
Is paid for every soul and me.
- 11 If ask'd about my wedding dress,
Without which there is no access,
I'll say, " I Jesus then put on,
" When naked from the fiend I ran."
- 12 Then will the holy company,
A great rejoicing have o'er me ;
And still more joy to me to bring,
They that blest anthem with me sing.*
- 13 " All praise and honour doth pertain
" Unto the Lamb ; for he was slain,
" And hath redeem'd us by his blood,
" And made us kings and priests to God."

14 Nov

Now while in life I am confin'd,
Is it my whole heart and mind,
O Christians, Heathens, all and each,
This point and only this to preach.

That our for ever blessed God
By his Son Jesu's death and blood,
Has shewn his love to such degree,
As ne'er in truth can fathom'd be."

O children all in grace's fold,
You heartily entreat I would,
Thro' all your lives the plan ne'er miss,
But faithfully keep close to this.

And ye, above all, who teachers are,
Tought you can do, (in memory bear)
Souls are still empty, void of good,
Will you bring in the atoning blood.

O Jesus Christ! all praise to thee,
That thou a man vouchsaf'dst to be;
And for each soul which thou hast made,
Hast an eternal ransom paid.

O give us now, to speak thy word;
To all the captives hope afford,
That they, if to thy wounds they flee,
May find eternal life in thee.

O King of glory, Christ the Lord!
Thou'rt God's own Son, th' eternal word;
Let all the world thy mercy see,
And bless what solely cleaves to thee.

- 21 Into thy wounds while I am here,
I'll look into my grace's share ;
And when above, shine in the dress
Of thy rich blood and righteoufness.
-

H Y M N CCLXXXI.

1. **L**ONG I strove my God to love,
Long I strove his laws to keep,
Pain would fix my thoughts above,
Faintly hop'd I was his sheep ;
But my striving all prov'd vain,
Still I found my heart in pain !
Yet ne'er all my vileness saw,
Till declar'd accurs'd by law.
- 2 Then with sense of guilt oppress'd,
All my soul was sunk in fear,
Pain and anguish fill'd my breast ;
Then did Jesus Christ appear ;
Not with vengeance in his eyes,
No, but as a sacrifice
Acceptable unto God ;
Glorious off'ring ! precious blood !
- 3 He was offer'd on the tree,
Jesus, the unspotted Lamb ;
Worthy truth, great mystery !
By his blood salvation came.

his stripes my wounds are heal'd,
 his death God's love reveal'd;
 once strangers far from God,
 brought nigh by Jesu's blood.

Source of hope, Lamb's precious blood,
 in would I thy praises sing!
 saved by thee 'fore God,
 thro' thee made a Priest and King.
 For things I know of none
 could for our sins atone,
 Jesu's precious blood;
 before that's my chiefest good.

No more I strive in vain:
 his love hath won my heart;
 I my thoughts, and free from pain,
 his death I have a part,
 I'd for ever be the Lamb,
 who for me has bore the blame!
 I'd for ever be that blood,
 which has brought me near to God.

Y M N CCLXXXII.—L. M.

JESUS to thee my heart I bow,
 Strange flames far from my soul remove;
 best among ten thousand thou,
 be thou my Lord, my life, my love.

- 2 All heav'n thou fill'st with pure desire;
O shine upon my frozen breast;
With sacred warmth my heart inspire,
That I may thy hid sweetness taste.
 - 3 I see thy garments roll'd in blood,
Thy streaming head, thy hands, thy side:
All hail thou suff'ring conqu'ring God!
Now man shall live for God hath dy'd.
 - 4 O kill in me this rebel sin,
And triumph o'er my willing breast;
Restore thy image, Lord, therein,
And lead me to my Father's rest.
 - 5 Ye earthly loves, be far away!
Saviour be thou my Love alone;
No more may mine usurp the sway,
But in me thy great will be done!
 - 6 Yea, thou true witness spotless Lamb,
All things for thee I count but loss;
My sole desire, my constant aim,
My only glory be thy cross!
-

H Y M N CCLXXXIII.

- 1 **E**ACH poor sinner has a Saviour,
Who does love him tenderly:
Who will bless him and caress him,
Whene'er he to him doth fly.

as nothing for an off'ring,
the heart just as it is ;
at ventures in him centers,
d's true peace and happiness.

ount *Calv'ry* he did carry
our sins prodigious load,
e he bore them, thro' death tore them
an out of the book of God.

hen smitten, and submitting
each bitter smart and pain,
uite spotless; therefore doubtless
er'd for ungodly man.

tho' living, and receiving
re above his praises due ;
members he those sinners
om he bought from sin and woe.

g's sweeter, than this matter,
t the Lamb has dy'd for me ;
can truly tell it's value
e, nor in eternity.

Saviour, let me ever
l on what thou'st done for me ;
othing but thy off'ring
f any weight with me.

eclining, always twining
a worm about thy feet,
feel it every minute ;
thy blood alone is sweet.

X

HYMN

H Y M N CCLXXXIV.

- 1 **S**INNERS! come, the Saviour see,
Hands, feet, side, and temples view;
See him bleeding on the tree,
See his heart on fire for you!
View a while then haste away,
Find a thousand more and say;
Come, ye sinners! come with me,
View him bleeding on the tree.
- 2 Who would still such mercy grieve?
Dear souls! hear instruction mild,
Doubt no more, but each believe,
Each become a simple child:
Artful doubts and reas'nings be
Nail'd with Jesus to the tree;
Souls who truly simple are,
Surely shall the blessings share.
- 3 Thro' his poverty, ye poor!
All may quickly richer be;
That throws wide heav'n's mercy-door,
Grace's treasures makes free;
Here securely take who will,
Each poor sinner take his fill,
Rich in grace hereby commence,
Blush no more for indigence.

hey who search their hearts with care,
 And the blame their own confels,
 the Lamb may have their share,
 To his wounds have free access :
 hey that have been most in debt,
 longst the chiefest sinners set,
 e'er forget their kind release,
 st can relish pard'ning grace.

over'd with a holy shame,
 Pardon'd criminals remain ;
 et their freedom they maintain,
 Their adoption they proclaim,
 rusting in our righteousness,
 arce does that begin to cease,
 ases the tormenting strife,
 ll within is peace and life.

H Y M N CCLXXXV.

[ESUS, source of my salvation,
 Conqu'ror of my death and hell !
 hou, who didst, as my oblation,
 Feel the pain that I should feel :
 y the greatness of thy torment
 hou hast purchas'd my preferment.
 Thousand, thousand, thanks to thee,
 Dearest Lord for ever be.

how basely wast thou used,
 Buffeted and spit upon ?

X 2

Scourg'd

Scourg'd and torn, and sorely bruised,
Thou the glorious Father's Son?
To set vile and sinful wretches,
Free from hell and Satan's clutches!
Thousand, thousand, thanks to thee,
Dearest Lord, for ever be.

3 Thou with more than Lamb-like meekness,
Suffer'dst death upon the cross :
O that my rebellious sickness
Had not been the fatal cause !
Thou wert curst for my transgressing,
To restore to me thy blessing.
Thousand, thousand, thanks to thee,
Dearest Lord for ever be.

4 Lord, thy deep humiliation
Paid for my presumptuous pride ;
Thy breath's sacred expiration
Puts my fear of death aside :
All thy grief and shameful bondage,
Does redound to my advantage.
Thousand, thousand, thanks to thee,
Dearest Lord for ever be.

5 Lord I'll praise thee now and ever
For thy more than human pain,
For thy agonizing shiver,
For thy wounds and bloody stain,
For thy stooping under sentence
Of eternal wrath and vengeance :
For thy love, my King divine,
I will be for ever thine.

H Y M N CCLXXXVI.

THOUSAND times by me be greeted,
Jesus who hast loved me,
thyself to smart submitted
: my treasons against thee.
O me how sweet it is,
O I kneel in humble wise,
thee and at thy cross tarry,
O thou dy'dst my soul to marry.

me, O my soul's Physician,
whenever I'm sick or sad :
O woes of my condition
thy balm be allay'd ;
O hurts which *Adam* wrought,
rich on myself I've brought,
thy blood me only cover,
thy stress will soon be over.

H Y M N CCLXXXVII.—L. M.

THAT pains poor souls go thro' to trace
The way to peace and happiness,
'tis on their minds imprest,
Christ's the sinner's only rest !

- 2 His wounds stand open to receive
Such helpless sinners who believe;
Thither I fly with eager haste,
And kiss his cross, and hold it fast.
- 3 His wounds to me are very sweet;
When I sink down before his feet,
As poor and helpless then my soul
Melts, and his blood runs thro' the whole.
- 4 I can't ev'n make my own self poor!
I get much pain, but nothing more:
Strive I in comforts to be great?
Instead of joy, I mis'ry meet.
- 5 But when he shews me how I rove,
And court my neighbours praise and love,
How self-will raises discontent,
Against my Saviour's government.
- 6 When Satan tempts, how soon I start;
Pass by convictions in my heart;
Let my best love and zeal abate;
Fall, and my very falls forget.
- 7 When I see this, I can't express
What melting shame and yet what peace,
Breaks from my soul on every side,
Because for this my Saviour dy'd.
- 8 Those souls which stray not from their head
Nor from the grace the Lamb imparts,
They feel how far extends his death,
And live the happy life of faith.

u know'st, for this I thirst, my Lamb!
ive this life is all my aim:
tho' too oft self creeps between,
self and all things else are pain.

pleat thy work, my gracious King,
heart into that order bring,
ich thou wouldst have, that all in me
to thy sceptre bow the knee.

M N CCLXXXVIII. — L. M.

Come, thou wounded Lamb of God,
Come wash us in thy cleansing blood;
us to know thy love, then pain
et, and life or death is gain.

our poor hearts, and let them be
ver clos'd to all but thee:
thou our breasts, and let us wear
pledge of love for ever there.

blest are they, who still abide
shelter'd in thy bleeding side!
life and strength from thence derive,
by thee move and in thee live.

are our works but sin and death
hou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?
giv'st the pow'r thy grace to move
ndrous grace! O boundless love!

- 5 How can it be, thou heav'nly King,
That thou shouldst man to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown !
- 6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of ought beside,
My Lord, my Love is crucify'd.
- 7 Ah Lord ! enlarge our scanty thought;
To know the wonders thou hast wrought !
Unloose our stamm'ring tongue to tell
Thy love, immense, unsearchable.
- 8 First-born of many brethren thou,
To thee, lo ! all our souls we bow ;
To thee our hearts and hands we give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live.
-

H Y M N CCLXXXIX.—L. M.

- 1 **T**HE soul of Christ me sanctify :
His Spirit seal me graciously ;
His body torn with many a wound,
That make my soul and body sound.
- 2 The water spouting from thy side,
The foldier's spear hath open'd wide ;
That be my bath, and all thy blood
Cleanse me, and bring me near to God.

Thy blood-sweat trickling down thy face,
 Are my heart of purchas'd grace;
 Thy cross, thy suff'rings and thy pain
 Everlasting strength remain.

O Jesus grant me this request,
 Conceal me quite within thy breast;
 And grant me in thy wounds to dwell,
 Secure from all the powers of hell.

H Y M N CCXC.

THOU holy, spotless Lamb of God!
 Didst leave thy glorious blest abode
 In love to sinners vile,
 Bleed for all lost *Adam's* race,
 Who were so curs'd, and dead, and base,
 Bound fast by Satan's guile!

Thou for their sake, who hated thee,
 Didst shed thy blood upon the tree,
 Thy life for ours didst give:
 Thou bar'st our curse, our debt's now paid,
 Thy soul for sin an offering made;
 Thou dy'dst that we might live.

Thus thou hast bought us with thy blood;
 That price accepted was as good,
 By God for ever blest'd;

No.

No wrath remains on any one,
That will but come unto the Son,
And take his righteousness.

4 Never may I depart from thee;
Thou purchas'd hast my liberty,
That I may keep thy grace;
Thy wounds my glory is and strength,
My refuge sure 'gainst sin and death,
My safe abiding place.

5 Still feed me with thy living flesh,
That bread will my poor soul refresh,
Whilst I remain below;
Give me thy cleansing blood to drink,
Which freely for my sins was spilt,
And nought else may I know.

H Y M N CCXCI.—L. M.

1 **T**HANKS! that God's holy Christ hath
Upon the cross in *Adam's* stead;
And freed us from the unhappy fall:
Thank him for this ye sinners all.

2 Thanks, that mankind hath such a Lamb,
Who freed us from our curse and shame!
Abundant thanks that thro' his blood,
All that we lost, is now made good.

Heaven's gates shall break, however strong,
When of the Lamb one sings a song ;
Tho' Satan like a lion stood,
He's out of heart 'fore Jesu's blood.

Permit me therefore, tender Lamb !
To praise and sing with inmost shame,
Of thy so bitter suff'rings here,
Which thou from head to foot didst bear.

5 And that it is most surely so,
That thou so many years ago,
When on the cross they thee revil'd,
Me with thyself hast reconcil'd.

6 And now I beg once
Make ev'ry wound
That I thereon my faith
Till I shall see thee face to face.

H Y M N CCXCII.

1 O Whence was I brought ?
From darkness was I sought,
And led to that kingdom, which Christ's blood [t

2 Here shines a clear light,
And ravishing sight
Of Jesus the Saviour, who's God's image b

3 Here is the Lamb's blood,
 Adorable good;
 Which cleans'd me from sin, tho' I long reas'ning

4 Here's honour and health,
 And durable wealth,
 Which no thief can plunder by force or by ste

5 O! here I'm at rest;
 No ill can molest,
 Or should it assault me, I seek my Lord's breast

6 His hand his care,
 I find here: *Mainly rest*
 In his kind *shall ever share: affe*

7 To *the Lord's feet*
 O *rest*;
 For where *end e'er shall I meet*

8 To *his*'s done,
 My *when he won,*
 Indeed I'm not able, I'll let that alone.

9 I once was his foe,
 But now since I know
 That he hath dy'd for me, I cannot be so.

H Y M N CCXCHL.—G. M.

MY dearest Lord I now sink down,
And bow before thy feet ;
Here is my heart quite vile and base,
And yet for thee most meet.

For whither can I go, my Lord,
But only to thy blood ?
What can make clean this sinful heart ?
Nothing but that pure flood.

Thank thee for that grace and light,
Which shews me what I am :
Thank thee too for all I know
Of thee, thou blessed Lamb.

True, 'tis but little that I know
Of thee, and what thou art ;
But be thou pleas'd to teach me more,
And fill with love my heart.

Come join with me companions dear,
No longer rob the Lamb :
But let us give to him our hearts,
Because for them he came.

him we may love and love again,
Nor can we e'er exceed,
Since out of burning love to us
He was content to bleed.

HYMN

H Y M N CCXCIV.

- 1 **N**OW I have found the ground, wherein
Sure, my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heav'n and earth shall flee away.
- 2 Jesus, thy everlasting grace
Our scanty thoughts surpasses far;
Thou melt'st with parent's tenderness,
Thy arms of love still open are;
Thy heart o'er sinners can't but break,
Whether thy grace they slight or take.
- 3 O Love, thou bottomless abyfs!
My sins are swallow'd up in thee;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
From condemnation now I'm free;
While Jesu's blood thro' earth and skies,
Mercy, free boundless mercy! cries.
- 4 With faith I plunge me in this sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest!
Hither, when hell affails, I'll flee,
I'll look into my Saviour's breast:
Away, sad doubts and anxious fear,
Mercy is all that's written there.

Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head,
Tho' strength and health and friends be gone,
Tho' joys be wither'd all, and dead,
Tho' ev'ry comfort be withdrawn :
Stedfast on this my soul relies,
Father, thy mercy never dies.

Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
Tho' my heart fail and flesh decay ;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundation melt away :
Mercy's full pow'r I then shall prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting love.

J. A. K. Th. 17-18

H Y M N CCXCV.—L. M.

O Thou the fairest of mankind !
Thy beauty strikes both heart and mind ;
Yet nothing is so fair in thee,
As thy sweet form upon the tree.

Thy cross, whenever it appears,
It melts the hardest heart to tears :
Its virtue no one can express,
Who feels it, he feels happiness.

Thy blood which was so freely spilt
For ev'ry sinner's debt and guilt,
The nail-holes and the pierced side,
And ev'ry stripe revive thy bride.

- 4 Away ye painters with your art !
The Spirit paints within my heart ;
Draws to the life the bloody tree,
And lets me it, in Spirit see.
-

H Y M N CCXCVI.—L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN shall I gain my wedding dress,
Prepar'd to cloath my nakedness ?
That robe so white my Lord and God,
Besprinkled with thy precious blood.
- 2 Dost thou reserve it gracious Love,
To shine and glory in above ?
I want it now, without a vest,
I cannot be a wedding guest.
- 3 My carnal staff, my worldly stay,
Did never solid help convey ;
My seeming fair, and self-spun dress,
Ne'er cover'd half my nakedness.
- 4 But now the solemn work is done :
I put my Lord and Saviour on,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Will see I never shall be lost.
- 5 When Christ our Life shall once appear,
'Twill then be manifest and clear,
Whether or no the sprinkling blood
Hath wash'd our robes and kept them good ?

H Y M N CCXCVII.

ESUS, knit all our hearts to thee,
And join us all in one ;
d in our meetings ev'ry where .
Be thou our aim alone.
thou sole Monarch of our hearts ;
May we as sinners, lie
w at the feet of thee, my Lamb,
Go all eternity.

H Y M N CCXCVIII.—L. M.

THE Father me protects as God,
The Son doth wash me in his blood,
e Holy Ghost me up does train,
I I to heaven shall attain.

H Y M N CCXCIX.

By Luther.

Head so full of bruises,
So full of pain and scorn,
idst other sore abuses,
Mock'd with a crown of thorn!

Y

O Head,

O Head, e'er now surrounded
With brightest majesty,
Now pitiably wounded !
Accept a kiss from me.

2 Thou countenance transcendent,
At other times rever'd
By worlds on thee dependent,
With spittle now besmear'd !
How art thou grown so fallow ?
Who has those gracious eyes,
Whose radiance knew no fellow,
Clouded in cruel wife ?

3 Thy cheeks so florid colour,
Thy lips once rosy grace,
Pale death and heavy dolour
Did utterly deface :
Did thy whole body wasted
To such a state reduce,
That there it lay exhausted
Of bloom and strength and juice.

4 Now, Lord, what thee tormented,
Was properly my load !
I had the debt augmented,
Which thou didst pay in blood.
Here stand I blushing sinner,
On whom wrath ought to light :
But now my health's beginner !
Thy grace salutes my fight.

5 I'll here with thee continue,
(Tho' poor, despise me not)

I'm one of thy retinue,
 As were I on the spot
 When, earning my election,
 Thy heart-strings broke in death,
 I'll wait with soft affection
 And catch thy latest breath.

It gives me solid pleasure,
 My heart does not recoil,
 When I dive in some measure
 Into thy pangs and toil :
 Yea, could I, my life's founder !
 Upon thy death and cross
 My own life lose, up render,
 How sweet would be the loss ?

I thank thee with good reason,
 O Jesu friend in need !
 For thy death's bitter season,
 To which thy love agreed.
 Grant me to lean unshaken
 On thy fidelity,
 Until from hence I'm taken
 The wounds themselves to see.

When I shall get permission
 To leave this mortal tent,
 From pains and griefs dismissal)
 Thyself just then present ;
 And let thy mouth expiring
 On thy dear breast recline,
 And be true life acquiring
 From that pierc'd heart of thine.

- 9 Appear as my Protector,
Who turns to joy all tears ;
My flesh and bone (no spectre)
With all thy cros's scars :
While I thy gentle visage
Survey, how glad and bold,
Shall I receive the message,
And let my limbs grow cold.
-

H · Y · M · N CCC.

- 1 **C**HRIST, thy sacred wounds and passion,
Bloody sweat, cros's, death, and tomb,
Be my daily meditation,
Till I to thy presence come.
When a sinful thought should start,
Ready to seduce my heart ;
Shew me, that 'twas my pollution
Caus'd thy bloody execution.
- 2 Should my bosom with lewd passion
Be inflam'd, and burn to sin,
Let the thoughts of thine oblation
Quench that spreading hell within.
When the serpent makes his way
To my heart, Lord ! grant I may
With thy cros's and crown of briar,
Chase from thence that grand destroyer.
- 3 Would the world with gay temptation
Draw me to its own broad way ;

Let me then think on thy passion,
And the load that on thee lay.
Sure the sweat and precious blood
Of my dear expiring God ;
Will create in me a passion
To oppose and shun temptation.

Lord, in ev'ry sore oppression,
Let thy wounds be my relief:
When I seek thine intercession,
Add new strength to my belief.
In thy bloody hands and feet
All my greatest comforts meet.
This imprinted demonstration
Of thy love, be my salvation.

All my hope and consolation
Christ, is in thy bitter death :
In the hour of expiration,
Lord, receive my dying breath.
By thine agony and sweat,
Grant me, Lord, a safe retreat ;
By thy glorious resurrection
Raise thy servant to perfection.

Christ, thy sacred wounds and passion,
Bloody sweat, cross, death, and tomb,
Be my daily meditation,
Till I to thy presence come ;
Most of all, when I go hence,
Let this be my confidence,
That thy deep humiliation
Was to purchase my salvation.

H Y M N CCCI.—C. M.

- 1 **S**EE world upon the shameful tree,
Thy Life there sinks in death,
Cover'd with stripes and wounds for thee,
Thy Saviour yields his breath.
- 2 Behold his body swims in blood ;
Out of his tender heart,
Deep sighs and groans he sends to God
In his excessive smart.
- 3 Thou Prince of glory, knew'st no sin,
What caus'd thee then thy pain ?
Thou harmless, undefil'd, and clean,
What caus'd thee to be slain ?
- 4 My sins, as num'rous as the sands
Upon the ocean shore,
Have been the cruel murd'rous hands
That wounded thee so fore.
- 5 Thy anguish, thy tormenting pain,
And ev'ry dreadful woe,
Thou didst so willingly sustain,
My soul should undergo.
- 6 Thou on thy shoulders tak'st the whole
To ease my burthen'd heart :
Thou bear'st the curse, to bless my soul,
And heal'st me with thy smart.

Thy wondrous love to evidence,
Thou would'st my surety be :
Thyself would'st pay my debt immense,
Thereby to set me free.

Thou art destruction to the grave,
Death's enemy severe ;
That each who was before his slave,
Might now be sav'd from fear.

My debt to thee dear wounded Love,
Weak words cannot express :
I cannot here, if there above,
Shew proper thankfulness.

O Grant me but this while I am here,
(Since I can nothing give)
Thy suff'rings in my heart to bear,
And in thy death to live !

H Y M N CCCII.

THAT I am thine, my Lord and God !
Sprinkled and ransom'd by thy blood,
Repeat that word once more !
With such an energy and light,
That this world's flattery nor spight
To shake me ever may have power.

From various cares my heart retires ;
Tha' deep and boundless its desires,

I'm now to please but one :
He before whom the elders bow,
With him is all my business now,
And with the souls that are his own.

- 3 This is my joy, (which ne'er can fail)
To see my Saviour's arm prevail;
To mark the steps of grace;
How new-born souls convinc'd of sin,
His blood reveal'd to them within,
Extol my Lamb in ev'ry place.
- 4 With these my happy lot is cast!
Thro' the world's desarts rude and waste,
Or thro' its gardens fair;
Whether the storm of malice sweeps,
Or all in dead supineness sleeps;
Still to go on be my whole care.
- 5 See! the dear sheep by Jesus drawn,
In blest simplicity moves on;
I hey trust his Shepherd's crook:
Beholders many faults will find,
But they can guess at Jesu's mind,
Content if written in his book.
- 6 O all ye wise, ye rich, ye just,
Who the Blood's doctrine have discuss'd,
And judge it weak and slight:
Grant but I may (the rest's your own)
In shame and poverty sit down
At this one well spring of delight!

Jesus ne'er was slain,
Can make his ransom vain,
Now it heals no more ;
It's tenderness is fled ;
Rich he is not head,
Lord of all, as heretofore ;

Refers my state to him)
Ed I must esteem,
Wretched all I do,
Heart throbs ! and seizes fast
Grant which will ever last ;
Shows, it knows, these things are true.

Dear Lord, in following thee,
Dark uncertainly
Foot obedient move ;
A Brother and a King,
By to his yoke will bring,
Ever lives and ever loves.

My Way, my Truth, my Life !
Thou let sorrow, doubt and strife,
Falls off like autumn leaves ;
Thou art as privileg'd by thee,
And undistracted be
Soul which to thy sceptre cleaves.

My weary mind recline
Eternal love of thine,
Human thoughts forget ;

Child-

Childlike attend what thou wilt say;
Go forth and do it while 'tis day,
Yet never leave my sweet retreat.

- 12 At all times to my spirit bear
An inward witness, soft and clear,
Of thy redeeming pow'r:
This will instruct thy child and fit,
Will sparkle forth whate'er is right,
For exigence of ev'ry hour.
- 13 Thus all the sequel is well weigh'd!
I cast myself upon thy aid,
A sea where none can sink;
Yea, in that sphere I stand, poor worm,
Where thou wilt for thy name perform
Beyond whate'r I ask or think.
-

H Y M N CCCIII.

- 1 **W**HAT is it wounded bleeding Love,
That strikes so sensibly?
'Tis when I view the fervent zeal,
That urg'd thee on to die;
And how from that dear blood of thine,
So freely shed for me,
Flows all my happiness in time,
And in eternity.
- 2 **O!** I have tasted once and felt
The virtue of thy blood;

That sin had spoil'd and marr'd throughout,
 Throughout that makes all good ;
 Is fix'd then deeply in my heart,
 Eras'd it ne'er can be,
 At at th' expence of all thy blood
 I'm now redeem'd and free.

gaping bloody wounds, to me
 How dear are ye and sweet !
 You I've found for evermore
 A sure, and safe retreat ;
 Now willingly I own myself
 But dust and ashes vile ;
 While yet I'm nothing less than this,
The Lamb's triumphant spoil.

My frail nature chance to slip
 Beyond the proper bounds,
 You know'st, O Lord ! what smart it gives ;
 How grievously it wounds !
 With eager haste I therefore fly,
 And safe for ever hide
 Within the holes of thy dear wounds,
 Within thy pierced side.

My suff'rings then, and bloody death
 Thy heart shall e'er retain ;
 And earnestly I'll shun what gives
 Both thee, and me such pain :
 Nothing now in all the world,
 Howe'er so seeming nice,
 Shall yield me any farther joy,
 Bought but my ransom price.

6 Our hearts sink down in tender love
 Of thee, thou dearest Lamb !
 How we may wholly live to thee,
 This, this is all our aim :
 Protect each member of thy flock,
 Let us stout warriors be ;
 And one more favour we would ask,
 O make us Lambs like thee !

7 For ever then remain engrav'd
 Deep in our hearts recess !
 And whom in heart we so much love
 O let our mouth confess !
 That so each sheep of all thy fold,
 Ev'n 'till the judgment-day,
 May, on his sinner-forehead, still
 Thy seal confess'd display.

H Y M N CCCIV.—

The New Jerusalem.

1 **A**WAY with our sorrow and fear,
 We soon shall recover our home ;
 The city of saints shall appear,
 The day of eternity come !
 From earth we shall quickly remove,
 And mount to our native abode ;
 The house of our Father above,
 The palace of Angels and God.

r mourning is all at an end,
 When raised by the life-giving word;
 e see the new city descend,
 Adorn'd as a bride for her Lord;
 e city so holy and clean,
 No sorrow can breathe in the air,
 No gloom of affliction or sin,
 No shadow of evil is there.

faith we already behold,
 That lovely Jerusalem here,
 r walls are of jasper and gold,
 As crystal her buildings are clear;
 moveably founded in grace,
 She stands as she ever hath stood;
 And brightly her builder displays,
 And flames with the glory of God.

o need of the sun in that day,
 Which never is follow'd by night,
 Here Jesus's beauties display
 A pure and a permanent light:
 e Lamb is their light and their sun,
 And lo by reflection they shine,
 With Jesus ineffably one,
 And bright in effulgence divine.

he saints in his presence receive
 Their great and eternal reward,
 Jesus, in heaven they live,
 They reign in the smiles of their Lord.
 he flame of angelical love,
 Is kindled at Jesus's face,
 And all their enjoyment above
Consists in the rapturous gaze.

HYMN

H Y M N CCCV.

1 **WOULD** you be well all over?
Then go to Jesus Christ,
And let his blood you cover,
Come only undisguis'd;
Come, poor and miserable,
Ev'n just so as you are;
You'll find that he is able
All losses to repair.

2 By being griev'd and vexed
That you still are so bad,
You may be long perplexed;
But if Christ's blood you had,
You soon would be all gladness
Thro' his great sacrifice,
And lose that peevish sadness:
His ransom does suffice.

3 His wounds are open fountains
To wash you white all o'er;
And were your sins like mountains,
Nay, as the sands on shore,
They're all aton'd and paid for
By Christ's all-saving blood:
What should it be delay'd for?
Come to your bleeding God!

M N CCCVI. — L. M.

ght my lot be cast with these,
least of Jesu's witnesses!
Lord would count me meet
his dear disciple's feet!

thing do I require,
ow't 'tis all my heart's desire,
at I receive to give,
nt of thy church to live.

lowly Lord to go,
upon his church below,
grace to angels giv'n,
the Royal heirs of heav'n.

now thy drawings feel,
according to thy will,
the pray'r, the seal impart,
k the answer to my heart.

or thou shalt never go,
ay'r is heard, it shall be so ;"
hath pass'd thy lips, and I,
h thy people live and die.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCCVII.

WHATEVER nature's hand hath giv'n,
Reject or never hope for heav'n;
Her vices, virtues bid depart,
And root her wisdom from thy heart :
Her righteousness, sure source of pride,
Cast like a filthy rag aside ;
Thus naked wait in hope to prove,
That new creation from above ;
Then angels shall their brother own,
And God himself shall call thee son !

H Y M N CCCVIII.

1 **A**RISE ye, who are captive led,
Complain no more, for Christ our head
From ev'ry sin relieves ;
Redemption he'll to none deny,
His precious name is *Jesus* : why ?
He saves whoe'er believes.

2 When floods of wrath divine arose,
When heav'n and earth, and hell were foes,
My Jesus prov'd a friend ;
His bleeding wounds a shelt'ring place,
A refuge sure in my disgrace,
His blood from vengeance screen'd.

The Holy One for all made sin, *
Nail'd to the cross my soul to win,
His blood he freely spilt;
And now his righteousness divine,
Imputed to my faith is mine,
Removing sin and guilt.

He kindly took our flesh and blood,
Now without blush his brotherhood,
His stock and kindred owns;
His God our God and Father is,
What glorious privilege is this,
To his redeemed ones !

Acquainted he with deepest grief,
Our sorrows bore, and as a thief
Hung on th' accursed tree;
In him the fairest Son of men,
Nor form nor comeliness were seen :
O depth of mystery !

The Judge of all condemned was
To death ; to gain our woful cause,
The Prince of life was slain :
The Lord delighted in his death,
And would have every soul by faith
Salvation to obtain.

The Son, tho' on the Godhead's throne,
Will ne'er disclaim his flesh and bone,

Z

But,

* 2 Cor. v. 21.

But, like a tender nurse,
The sucklings feed with breasts of love,
And show'r his mercies from above;
For he's the living source.

8 His promises he cannot break,
Never a helpless soul forsake,
For life and blood he pawn'd;
Tho' storms and waves with fury beat,
Yea, ev'n in fi'ry trials heat,
The rocks unshaken stand.

9 *Jehovah's* strength with me abides,
While Christ himself in me resides,
Immanuel, God with us:
Let Satan roar, let hell assail,
The Bridegroom's heart can never fail,
The serpent's head he'll bruise.

10 Rejoice, ye heav'ns, and earth reply!
With praise, ye sinners, fill the sky,
All grace his death procures:
Your woes with blessings are exchange'd,
You in his children's order rang'd,
Eternal life is yours.

H Y M N CCCIX.—S. M.

1 **M**Y soul repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
- So ready to abate.

High as the heav'ns are rais'd
 Above the ground we tread,
 So far the riches of his grace
 Our highest thoughts exceed.

The pity of the Lord,
 To those that fear his name,
 Is such as tender parents feel:
 He knows our feeble frame.

Our days are as the grass,
 Or like the morning flower;
 If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the field,
 It withers in an hour.

But thy compassions, Lord,
 To endless years endure;
 And children's children ever find
 Thy word of promise sure.

H Y M N CCCX.—C. M.

THE Lord supplies his people's need,
Jehovah is his name;
 In pastures fresh he makes them feed
 Beside the living stream.

He brings their wand'ring spirits back,
 When they forsake his ways,
 And leads them for his mercy's sake
 In paths of truth and grace.

Z 2

8 When

- 3 When they walk thro' the shades of death,
His presence is their stay ;
A word of his supporting breath
Drives all their fears away.
- 4 His hand in fight of all their foes
Doth still their table spread,
Their cup with blessings overflows,
His oil anoints their head.
- 5 The sure provisions of our God,
Attend us all our days :
O may his house be our abode,
And all our work his praise !
-

H Y M N CCCXI.—C. M.

- 1 **O** For an heart to praise my God !
An heart from guilt set free,
An heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely spilt for me !
- 2 An heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite, heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

An heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
And fill'd with love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe :
Jesu, for thee distressed I am,
I want thy love to know.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above,
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

H Y M N CCCXII.

SON of God ! thy blessing grant,
Still supply my ev'ry want,
Tree of life thy influence shed,
Why thy sap my spirit feed !

Tend'rest branch, alas ! am I,
Wither without thee, and die :
Weak as helpless infancy—
O confirm my soul in thee !

Unsustain'd by thee I fall,
Send the strength for which I call ;
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.

- 4 All my hopes on thee depend,
Love me & save me to the end !
Give me the continuing grace—
Take the everlasting praise !
-

H Y M N CCCXIII.—L. M.

- 1 **B**EFORE *Jehovah's* awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy,
Know that the Lord is God alone !
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love,
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

I Y M N CCCXIV.

O, ye humble sinner-train,
Is for whom the Lamb was slain,
let us raise our voice :
reason to-rejoice.
g, with saints in heav'n,
r'd, and sins forgiv'n ;
d eternal laud
incarnate God.

cup with faith, and see
bled for you and me,
his glorious throne,
ng for his own.
Christians have to fear
ey view their Saviour there ?
nquish'd, heav'n appeas'd ;
concil'd, and pleas'd.

d dangers may beset ;
e but trav'lers yet.
y indeed is hard,
p a constant guard,
ted up with air,
ted to despair,
eeping Christ in view ;
ring us safely thro'.

H Y M N CCCXV.

- 1 **O** Ye sons of men be wise :
Trust no longer dreams and lies.
Out of Christ, Almighty pow'r
Can do nothing but devour.
- 2 When the blessed Jesus died,
God was clearly justified :
Sin to pardon without blood,
Never in his nature stood.
- 3 Worship God then in his Son :
There he's Love, and there alone.
Think not that he will, or may
Pardon any other way.
- 4 See the suff'ring Son of God,
Panting ! groaning ! sweating blood !
Brethren, this had never been,
Had not God detested sin.
- 5 Be his mercy therefore sought
In the way himself has taught.
There his clemency is such,
We can never trust too much.
- 6 He that better knows than we,
Bids us all to Jesus flee
Humbly take him at his word ;
And your souls shall bless the Lord.

H Y M N

I Y M N CCCXVI.

H we talk of Jesu's blood,
it how little's understood !
Frings so intense
ave no perfect sense.
i rightly comprehend-
gining, or their end !
od, and God alone,
r weight is fully known.

ideous monster, sin,
urse hast thou brought in !
on groans thro' thee,
cause of misery !
st ruin'd wretched man,
e the world began ;
t God afflicted too ;
less than that would do.

ve then rejoice indeed ?
it from thee we're freed.
justest cause to grieve
hou wilt to us cleave.
eves us from thy guilt :
hink whose blood was spilt.
ear, or feel, or see,
raise our hate to thee.

4 Dearly

- 4 Dearly are we bought ; for God
 Bought us with his own heart's blood.
 Boundless depths of love divine !
 Jesus, what a love was thine !
 Tho' the wonders thou hast done
 Are, as yet, so little known ;
 Here we fix, and comfort take ;
 Jesus died for sinners' sake.
-

H Y M N CCCXVII.—S. M.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, come ;
 Let thy bright beams arise,
 Dispel the darkness from our minds ;
 And open all our eyes.
- 2 Cheer our desponding hearts,
 Thou heav'nly Paraclete ;
 Give us to lie, with humble hope,
 At our Redeemer's feet.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith ;
 Our doubts and fears remove ;
 And kindle in our breasts the flames
 Of never-dying love.
- 4 Convince us of our sin ;
 Then lead to Jesu's blood :
 And to our wond'ring view reveal
 The secret love of God.

Shew us that loving man,
That rules the courts of bliss,
The Lord of Hosts, the mighty God,
Th' eternal Prince of peace.

'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,
And new create the whole.

Dwell therefore in our hearts ;
Our minds from bondage free :
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and thee.

H Y M N CCCXVIII.—C.M.

Christ very Man and God.

A Man there is, a real man,
With wounds still gaping wide,
(From which, rich streams of blood once ran)
In hands and feet and side.

('Tis no wild fancy of our brains,
No metaphor we speak :
The same dear man in heav'n now reigns,
That suffer'd for our sake.)

This wond'rous man, of whom we tell,
Is true Almighty God :
He bought our sins from death and hell ;
The price his own heart's blood.

4 That

- 4 That human heart he still retains,
Tho' thron'd in highest bliss;
And feels each tempted member's pains:
For our affliction's his.
- 5 Come then, repenting sinner, come;
Approach with humble faith:
Owe what thou wilt, the total sum
Is cancell'd by his death.
- 6 His blood can cleanse the blackest soul;
And wash our guilt away.
He shall present us sound and whole
In that tremendous day.
-

H Y M N CCCXIX.

- 1 JESUS is our God and Saviour,
Guide, and counsellor, and friend,
Bearing all your misbehaviour,
Kind, and loving to the end.
Trust him; he will not deceive us,
Tho' we hardly of him deem:
He will never, never leave us;
Nor will let us quite leave him.
- 2 View him in the doleful garden;
View him on the bloody tree,
Dearly purchasing a pardon,
For his people, full and free.

whim now in heav'n sitting,
interceding for us there,
a moment intermitting
his compassion and his care.

hing but thy blood, O Jesus,
can relieve us from our smart ;
hing else from guilt releafe us ;
Nothing else can melt the heart.
and terrors do but harden,
all the while they work alone ;
a sense of blood-bought pardon
soon dissolves a heart of stone.

tly to thy garden lead us,
To behold thy bloody sweat :
s' thou from the curse hast freed us,
let us not thy cost forget,
thy groans and cries rehearsed,
by the Spirit, in our ears ;
I we, viewing whom we pierced,
Melt in sympathetic tears.

H Y M N CCCXX.

COME, ye Christians, sing the praises
Of your condescending God ;
me, and hymn the holy Jesus,
Who hath wash'd us in his blood.

We are poor, and weak, and silly,
And to ev'ry evil prone ;
Yet our Jesus loves us freely,
And receives us for his own.

2 Tho' we're mean in man's opinion,
He hath made us priests and kings ;
Pow'r, and glory, and dominion
To the Lamb the sinner sings.
Leprous souls, unsound and filthy,
Come before him as you are :
'Tis the sick man, not the healthy,
Needs the good Physician's care.

3 Oh ! beware of fondly thinking
God accepts thee for thy tears :
Are the shipwreck'd sav'd by sinking ?
Can the ruin'd rise by fears ?
Oh ! beware of trust ill-grounded :
'Tis but fancied faith at most,
To be cur'd, and not be wounded ;
To be sav'd, before you're lost.

4 No big words of ready talkers,
No dry doctrine will suffice :
Broken hearts, and humble walkers,
These are dear in Jesu's eyes.
Tinkling sounds of disputation,
Naked knowledge all are vain :
Ev'ry soul, that gains salvation,
Must and shall be born again.

H Y M N ' CCCXXI.—C. M.

BRETHREN, those who come to bliss,
Come thro' fore temptations;
t us all, rememb'ring this,
Pray for faith and patience.

the suff'ring church of Christ,
Gather'd from all quarters :
l contain'd in that red list,
Were not murder'd martyrs.

ints who feel the load of sin,
Yet come off victorious,
ffer martyrdom within ;
Tho' it seems less glorious.

ie Holy Ghost will make the soul
Feel its sad condition ;
r the sick, and not the whole,
Need the good Physician.

that mighty multitude,
Who of life were winners,
his we safely may conclude,
All were wretched finners.

I were loathsome in God's fight,
Till the blood of Jesus
'ash'd their robes, and made them white :
Now they sing his praises.

7 Ev'ry

- 7 Ev'ry kindred, tongue, and tribe,
From their tribulation
Stand; and to the Lamb ascribe
All their free salvation.
- 8 Let us likewise laud the Lamb :
And in all affliction,
Count our case with theirs the same,
Without contradiction.
-

H Y M N CCCXXII.

- 1 **C**H RIST is the friend of sinners :
Be that forgotten never.
A wounded soul,
And not a whole,
Becomes a true believer.
To see sin, smarts but slightly ;
To own with lip-confession,
Is easier still ;
But oh ! to feel,
Cuts deep beyond expression.
- 2 Trust not to joyous fancies,
Light hearts, or smooth behaviour.
Sinners can say
(And none but they)
Precious is the Saviour !"

Then hail, ye happy mourners,
How blest your state to come is!

Ye soon will meet
With comfort sweet;
It is the Lord's own promise.

3 The contrite heart and broken
God will not give to ruin.

This sacrifice
He'll not despise;
For 'tis his Spirit's doing.
Then hail, ye happy mourners:
Who pass thro' tribulation.
Sin's filth and guilt,
Perceiv'd and felt,
Make known God's great salvation.

4 Dry doctrine cannot save us,
Blind zeal, or false devotion.

The feeblest pray'r,
If faith be there,
Exceeds all empty notion.
Then hail, ye happy mourners;
Ye will at last be winners.
By Jesu's blood,
The righteous God
Is reconcil'd to sinners.

H Y M N CCCXXIII.—C.M.

For a Public Fast.

- 1 **L**ORD, look on all assembled here ;
Who in thy presence stand,
To offer up united pray'r
For this our sinful land.
- 2 Oft have we, each in private, pray'd
Our country might find grace,
Now hear the same petitions made
In this appointed place.
- 3 Or, if amongst us some be met,
So careless of their sin,
They have not cry'd for mercy yet ;
Lord, let them now begin.
- 4 Thou, by whose death poor sinners live,
By whom their pray'rs succeed,
Thy Spirit of supplication give,
And we shall pray indeed.
- 5 We will not slack ; nor give thee rest ;
But importune thee so,
That, till we shall be by thee blest,
We will not let thee go.
- 6 Great God of hosts, deliv'rance bring,
Guide those that hold the helm ;
Support the state ; preserve the king ;
And spare the guilty realm.

10

Or should the dread decree be past,
And we must feel thy rod;
May faith and patience hold us fast
To our correcting God.

Whatever be our destin'd case,
Accept us in thy Son.
Give us his gospel, and his grace:
And then thy will be done.

H Y M N CCCXXIV.—C.M.

WHEN I, by faith, my Maker see
In weakness and distress,
Brought down to that sad state for me,
Which angels can't express.

When that great God, to whom I go
For help, amaz'd, I view
By sin and sorrow sunk as low
As I—and lower too.

(For all our sins we *his* may call,
As he sustain'd their weight.
How huge the heavy load of all;
When only mine's so great!)

Then, ravish'd with the rich belief
Of such a love as this,
I'm lost in wonder, melt with grief,
And faint beneath the bliss.

A A 2

5 Lord,

- 5 Lord, help a worthless worm so weak
He can do nothing good :
May all I act, or think, or speak,
Be sprinkled with thy blood.
-

H Y M N CCCXXV.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS God, thy children keep.
Jesus, guide thy silly sheep.
Fix, oh ! fix our fickle souls.
Lord, direct us ; we are fools.
- 2 Bid us in thy care confide.
Keep us near thy wounded side.
From thee let us never stir ;
For thou know'st how soon we err.
- 3 Lay us now before thy feet,
Safe from pride and self-conceit.
Be the language of our souls ;
“ Lord, protect us, we are fools.”
- 4 We are fools ; but thou art wise.
Son of *David*, ope our eyes.
Hold thy Lambs secure from harms
In thy everlasting arms.
- 5 Oh ! defend thy purchas'd flock.
See th' insulting *Ishmael's* mock.
Guard us from a world of sin ;
Foes without, and worse within.

- 6 Dang'rous doctrines from without,
Lyes, and errors, round about;
From within a treach'rous heart,
Prone to take the tempter's part.
- 7 Look upon the unequal war;
Saviour, do not go too far.
Crafty is the foe and strong;
Saviour, do not tarry long.
- 8 By thy word we fain would steer;
Fain thy Spirit's dictates hear.
Save us from the rocks and shelves:
Save us chiefly from ourselves.
- 9 Never, never, may we dare
What we're not to say we are.
Make us well our vileness know:
Keep us very, very low.
- 10 May we all our wills resign,
Quite absorpt and lost in thine.
Let us walk by thy right rules.
Lord, instruct us; we are fools.
-

H Y M N CCCXXVI.

- 1 GREAT High-Priest, we view thee stooping,
With our names upon thy breast,
In the garden, groaning, drooping,
To the ground with horrors prest.

A A 3

Weeping

Weeping angels stood confounded
To behold their Maker thus :
And can we remain unwounded,
When we know 'twas all for us ?

2 On the cross thy body broken
Cancels ev'ry penal tie.
Tempted souls, produce this token
All demands to satisfy.
All is finish'd; do not doubt it,
But believe your dying Lord :
Never reason more about it ;
Only take him at his word.

3 Lord, we fain would trust thee solely :
'Twas for us thy blood was spilt.
Bruised Bridegroom, take us wholly ;
Take, and make us what thou wilt.
Thou hast borne the bitter sentence
Past on man's devoted race :
True belief, and true repentance
Are thy gifts, thou God of grace.

H Y M N CCCXXVII.

The Wish.

1 **I**F dust and ashes might presume,
Great God to talk to thee ;
If in thy presence can be room
For crawling worms like me :

would my *wish* present ;
 these I have none ;
 desires are now content
 compriz'd in one.

not sue for length of days ;
 honour, or for wealth ;
 which far surpasseth these,
 corrupted health.
 not ask, a monarch's heir,
 confessor to be :
 wisdom I would share,
 nobler pedigree.

nor strength would I request ;
 either I condemn :
 a petition to be blest
 what transcendeth them.
 that angels might convey
 all this night to heav'n :
 with patience I can stay,
 all my sin's forgiv'n.

and I crave in highest state
 right hand to sit :
 of Zeb'dee's sons) for that
 myself unfit.
 thy church on earth would strive
 pious post to fill :
 I might not well perceive,
 to do thy will.

no boon I would intreat
 unless led by thee,

To gaze upon thy bloody sweat
In sad *Gethsemane*.

To view (as I could bear at least)
Thy tender broken heart,
Like a rich olive, bruis'd and prest
With agonizing smart.

6 To see thee bow'd beneath my guilt,
Intolerable load!
To see thy blood for sinners spilt,
My groaning, gasping God!
With sympathizing grief to mourn
The sorrows of thy soul;
The pangs and tortures by thee borne
In some degree condole.

7. There musing on thy mighty love,
I always would remain :
Or but to *Golgotha* remove,
And thence return again.
In each dear place the same rich scene
Should ever be renew'd :
No object else should intervene;
But all be love and blood.

8 For this one favour oft I've sought :
And if this one be giv'n,
I seek on earth no happier lot ;
And hope the like in heav'n.
Lord, pardon what I ask amiss ;
For knowledge I have none.
I do but humbly speak my wish ;
And may thy will be done.

H Y M N CCCXXVIII.

Pride.

I NNUMERABLE foes
Attack the child of God.
feels within the weight of sin,
A grievous galling load.

Temptations too without,
Of various kinds, assault.
Snares beset his trav'ling feet,
And make him often halt.

From sinner, and from saint,
He meets with many a blow :
His own bad heart creates him smart,
Which only God can know.

But tho' the host of hell
Be neither weak nor small ;
The mighty foe deals dangerous woe,
And hurts beyond them all.

'Tis pride, accursed pride,
That spirt by God abhorr'd :
What we will, it haunts us still ;
And keeps us from the Lord.

It blows its pois'nous breath,
And bloats the soul with air ;
The heart up-lifts with God's own gifts,
And makes ev'n grace a snare.

7 Awake

- 7 Awake—nay while we sleep;
In all we think or speak,
It puffs us glad, torments us sad;
Its hold we cannot break.
- 8 In other ills we find
The hand of heav'n not slack:
Pride only knows to interpose,
And keep our comforts back.
- 9 'Tis hurtful, when perceiv'd:
When not perceiv'd, 'tis worse.
Unseen or seen it dwells within;
And works by fraud or force.
- 10 Against its influence pray,
It mingles with the pray'r;
Against it preach, it prompts the speech;
Be silent, still 'tis there.
- 11 This moment, while I write,
I feel its pow'r within;
My heart it draws to seek applause,
And mixes all with sin.
- 12 Thou meek and lowly Lamb,
This haughty tyrant kill;
That wounded thee, tho' thou wast free,
And grieves thy Spirit still.
- 13 Our condescending God,
(To whom else shall we go?)
Remove our pride, whate'er betide;
And lay, and keep us low.

Thy garden is the place,
Where pride cannot intrude :
Or should it dare to enter there,
'Twould soon be drown'd in blood.

H Y M N CCCXXIX.

JESUS, thou art my desire !
Bow thine ear, hear my prayer,
Grant what I require.

Thro' my journey safely lead me ;
Side my way, lest I stray,
O thou hand that made me !

Lo ! thou seest me here a stranger ;
t thy love faithful prove,
Saving me from danger.

O forgive me all my folly !
Like me clean from my sin ;
Like thy Spirit, holy.

Blessed Jesus ne'er forsake me,
y defence, call me hence,
To thy bosom take me.

Save me from the things forbidden !
d of light ! lead me right,
'Till I enter heaven.

- 7 Love me, Lord, thro' Jesu's merit!
By thy grace give me peace,
And thy Holy Spirit.
- 8 Guide me thro' my griefs, and sorrows;
O my God! by thy blood
Save me from thy terrors.
- 9 By thee may I be defended
From my foes, snares, and woes,
Till my days are ended.
- 10 Then may I in peace retire
From this load, to my God,
To the heav'nly quire.
- 11 Rich in faith, and love, and duty,
May I shine all divine!
Bright in perfect beauty.
- 12 Freely taste the living fountain!
Take my seat at thy feet,
On the holy mountain.
- 13 Till the triumph shall wake the nations;
Free from pain, may I reign
In eternal mansions.
- 14 This I ask, let this be giv'n!
Only this, future bliss,
Everlasting heaven.

I Y M N CCCXXX.—L. M.

The VIRGIN's Hymn.

*Jefus faid unto them, All men cannot receive
this faying, &c.*

*He that is able to receive it, let him receive it,
Matt. xix. 11, 12.*

[EAR, Jefu, hear ; thou Virgin's Son,
High feated on thy Father's throne !
pow'r is thine, our Great High-Priest ;
grant me, grant me one request !

Virgin let me ever be,
I die a virgin meet for thee ;
Sold ! to thee myself I give ;
me, and in this temple live !

thin my flefhly walls abide,
holy beauty here refide ;
arms that alone in heav'n appear,
prefence of my Lord be here !

ou, only thou, become my mate !
let me wail my fingle ftate ;
mourn as if a barren tree,
let me bring forth fruit to thee.

- 5 Love let me know, but Love divine!
Claim for thyself this soul of mine;
Place my affections all above,
And treasure there my virgin-love.
- 6 Take all my heart, my heav'nly Spouse,
Take thou my lilly, *Sharon's* rose;
Before thee let me chafly tread,
And faithful fly th' adult'rous bed.
- 7 Ne'er once polute thine ark again,
(No earthly with thy temple stain;)
Nor meanly give a mortal part
Of my devoted, virgin-heart!
- 8 No! Let me from uncleanness turn;
(In me no flames unhallow'd burn;)
Hate ev'ry smile of carnal sin,
And thro' all nature wander clean.
- 9 Put thou thy signet on my arm,
The holy fire my bosom warm;
Set me beyond the reach of shame,
My forehead stamp with thy new name.
- 10 Above my happy place prepare,
Where troops of shining virgins are;
Virgins, who ne'er defil'd their name;
Redeem'd from earth by thee the Lamb.
- 11 To this blest court, O let me fly!
Here ceaseless Hallelujah cry;
Here let me see my Saviour's face,
And take my everlasting place!

Here lo
And le
Here l
And h

G
As
Sinn
Lift
C

Let
See

Se
C

me use my tuneful tongue,
rn the new, the virgin's song ;
me love thy saints, and thee,
e be my eternity !

Y M N CCCXXXI.

Y to our God be given,
ife, and blifs, on earth peace,
oy'd in heaven ;
who to God are turning,
eyes to the skies,
your griefs and moutning.

ath'd in sweet falvation,
tears, hears your pray'rs,
your tribulation ;
omes to help the friendless,
ith pow'r to restore
triumphs endless.

me, thou root of *Jesse*,
; Morning-star
on me, and blefs me :
are my Saviour's merit,
m all my time,
is light inherit,

, tho' by many sorrows,
clean, tho' with pain,
/ heavier terrors ;

Let

Let abundant woes beset me,
So thy grace give me peace;
And thou not forget me.

5 Sink me into deep oppression,
So thy pains purge the stains
Of my vile transgression;
Author of my life relieve me,
Look on me, graciously,
O my God, receive me.

6 Jesus, God of my salvation,
Pardon give, let me live
By thy death and passion;
Lord, I know there is no cure
But thy blood, Son of God,
This shall make me pure.

7 This, my dearest Saviour, give me,
Seal me thine, thou be mine,
Then from earth receive me;
Hasten, thou desire of nations,
From below, take me to
Heavenly habitations.



H Y M N CCCXXXII.—L. I

1 **I** Look'd, and on mount *Zion* stood,
A Lamb dy'd red in his own blood;
A Lamb appear'd as newly slain,
Surrounded by a shining train.

- 3 Peculiar these attend the Lamb,
Their foreheads bear the Father's name ;
Favour'd alike, alike belov'd,
With him in princely pomp they mov'd.
- 3 Spotless before the throne they stood,
Made perfect by *Immanuel's* blood,
They shine where he his glory shews,
Following the Lamb, where'er he goes.
- 4 Virgins, whom earth could ne'er allure,
Unstain'd their souls, and chaste, and pure ;
Who only lov'd a dying Lord,
And find him now their great reward.
- 5 Garments more white than snow they wear,
Their vests from all defilement clear ;
No earthly wish, nor woman's smile
Cou'd e'er their steadfast heart beguile.
- 6 Jesus alone had all their heart,
Nor dar'd they give a creature part ;
And now they share the Saviour's blood,
The first fruits of the Son of God.
- 7 The morning-stars together sing,
The sons of God their praises bring ;
And prostrate low before the throne,
Each heav'nly spirit lays his crown.
- 8 This heav'n *Messiah* freely gives
To all who in his name believes :
A palm of peace, an end of strife ;
A rest from toil, a crown of life.

- 9 Rise then, my soul, Christ dy'd for thee,
Purchas'd a blest'd eternity;
Shall I refuse what he wou'd give?
No—Rise, my soul, believe, and live.
- 10 Strive in that little flock to share,
From guilt, and all pollution clear;
Nor rest till thou to heav'n shall climb,
Beyond th' imperfect joys of time!
-

H Y M N CCCXXXIII.—S. M.

- 1 **S**ING, O my spirit, sing,
The Lord's redeeming love,
And let the congregation join,
And all his mercies prove.
- 2 Who? Who can say I thirst?
Then to the fountain come;
Freely partake of milk and wine,
And priceless bear them home.
- 3 Ye, who are hungry, come,
For you the Christ was giv'n;
Take, eat his flesh, and drink his blood,
And taste the fruit of heav'n.
- 4 Ye sinners dead in sin,
Jesus, and heav'n receive;
Harlots, publicans, and thieves,
Only believe, and live.

Come to your Saviour's cross,
No more in *Egypt* stay ;
O Lamb, the Victim, slain thereon,
Takes all your sins away.

We all have gone astray,
Thro' *Adam's* fearful fall ;
May we hope—The Virgin's Child
A ransom paid for all.

And all, who seek his face,
Shall full redemption know,
Thin their breasts in ceaseless streams
The well of life shall flow.

The Spirit, and the Bride
Invite our souls to peace ;
Ye ev'ry sinner, hear the call,
And share *Jehovah's* grace.

H Y M N CCCXXXIV.

POOOR sinners indeed,
We come to our head :
As wand'ring a troop
Ye have wander'd, and yet have got hope.

We no more desire
To offer strange fire,
Or set up again
Idol, our wisdom, which hath the Lamb slain.

- 8 No, Lord, we disclaim
 All helps but thy name :
 Our error we see,
 How fond of our goodness, how fighting of thee
- 4 Like sheep we have stray'd,
 Have in the Lamb's stead
 Our righteousness nam'd ;
 But now we're convinc'd, and are sorely ashamed
- 5 On this our best friend
 Alone we depend ;
 Each staff throw aside,
 And ev'ry foundation, but him that hath dy'd
- 6 We know when we lean
 On others, we sin :
 Tho' on our best frame,
 Our gifts, grace, or virtues, we grieve our dear Lord
- 7 Our habits, and good,
 We leave, and the blood
 We only behold,
 Which bought us, when we to the devil were sold
- 8 We all disregard
 But Christ our reward :
 And nothing esteem
 But Jesus the martyr, and much we love him
- 9 If sweet be our frame,
 We thank his dear name ;
 If bitter, we pray,
 And Jesus so loves us, he takes it away.

Or if it remain,
And we are in pain,
We chearfully bear,
And thank our kind Saviour, who suffers it there.

Our wills we give up,
And drink the dread cup;
Because this we see,
That's good for us, Jesus knows better than we.

Thus happy and well,
Believing, we dwell
So near the Lamb's heart,
That while we are with him, we mind not our smart.

H Y M N CCCXXXV.

NOW that I have found,
Which no man can found,
That fountain of blifs,
Well of salvation, that *Pearl of great price*.

His glory I view,
And sink very low,
When him I behold
Algotha dying, to save his lov'd fold!

I see on the wood,
Abas'd, in his blood,
Whom angels adore,
Winged and sprinkled with tears and with gore!

4 My God I espy
 Submitting to die;
 And lo! 'tis for me
He languishes yonder upon the curs'd tree.

5 With rev'rence profound
 I fall on the ground,
 And kifs him afresh,
And own, to redeem me the Word was made.

6 O God, what am I?
 What didst thou espy
 In me sinful dust,
That thou so wert humbled to save me when

7 Nought else could'st thou see
 But folly in me,
 Thy love brought thee down,
For me thy great mercy thee drew from thy th

8 For this yet again
 I bow to the man,
 The Lamb, my dear God,
Who in our frail nature once made his abode

9 Amaz'd I confess
 The myst'ry, and bless
 My Saviour, and say
My sins thou didst (dying) wash wholly away

10 Before thee, dear Lamb,
 With deep and true shame,
 Myself I abhor,
And thankfully Jesus my Saviour adore.

H Y M N CCCXXXVI.

1 **I** Love thy name,
Thou holy Lamb,
Who on the tree
Didst bleed and die for me,
And so the robe I wear,
Bought'st dear ;
For which my knee
I bow to thee,
And tell abroad
How kind thou art and good.

2 The glad report
(Of ev'ry sort)
Many thousands hear,
And unto thee repair :
Thou wilt refuse none room
Who come,
But open wide
Thine arms and side,
And take them in,
Tho' deeply stain'd with sin.

3 Thy ev'ry wound,
With depth profound !
Thy little church
Is favour'd still to search,
Wherein she room describes,
And flies
With all her care,
And throws in there

Her fin and woe ;
Bids others do so too.

- 4 In ev'ry place
Her seed have peace :
In banishment
They learn to be content,
Because they surely prove
His love,
And know he's pleas'd
When they are cas'd :
So cast their care
On him, who will it bear.

- 5 This when oppress'd
I do, and rest
I find as soon
As I the thing have done ;
All then is well and calm ;
The Lamb
Makes me sit down,
And thankful own,
He all atchieves
For him who but believes.

- 6 Some spend in vain
Their strength and pain,
In seeking what
The Lamb so dearly bought ;
And while they seek, they miss
The blifs,
Because they strive,
And don't believe :

By works, not faith,
They tire themselves to death.

- 7 But truly wise
Their works despise,
And all beside
But this, *Our Saviour dy'd* :
This they look at, and mind,
And find
The righteoufness,
The joy, and peace :
They happy then
Sit down, nor seek in vain.
-

H Y M N CCCXXXVII.

- 1 **M**Y Lord, my God !
Thy wounds and blood
My refuge are
From sin, the law, and fear :
Here have I liberty
To pry ;
What angels fain
Wou'd sound, I can ;
And sweetly see
Thy blood was shed for me.

- 2 My joy, my peace,
My righteoufness,
My wisdom too,
My holiness art thou ;

Thou

Thou me redeem'st alone ?
 I own
 No other mine :
 No : I decline,
 I hate, disclaim,
 And slight *all* but the Lamb.

3 For I have found
 The firmest ground,
 Whereon I rest,
 That is, my Saviour's breast ;
 There by faith I lean :
 On sin,
 On doubt, and dread,
 I glorious tread ;
 And live by faith
 In my Redeemer's death.

4 Thus I possess
 True happiness,
 Because I see
 Upon mount *Calvary*
 My Lord and dearest Friend
 Did end
 My sin ; and there
 My curse he bare :
 So bought my peace,
 And brought in righteousness.

5 This I believe ;
 And I receive
 My life, the Lamb,
 Believing in his name :

Nor yet for more I care,
 But here
 In Christ I see
 My liberty;
 Nor farther roam,
 For now I am at home.

H Y M N CCCXXXVIII.—C.M.

LET wars and famines be abroad,
 At home be broils and death,
 I shall be happy still, for God
 Supports my soul by faith.

Let pale diseases, plague, and sword,
 Run through the sinful land;
 I shall be safe, whilst thou, my Lord,
 Preserv'st me in thine hand.

Others may wail departed friends,
 And loss of goods and fame;
 When these are not, their comfort ends,
 As when men dream a dream.

But tho' the mountains should be mov'd,
 And seas tempestuous roar;
 If Jesus whispers, *My Belov'd*,
 I, Lord, will care no more.

- 5 What can I lose if I have thee?
Or what should make me fear?
If Christ is mine, what's death to me?
Distress, disease, or war?
- 6 Can nothing pluck me from his hands?
Then I'll rejoice in God;
Tho' men, and hell, before me stand,
And fire, and wrath, and blood.
- 7 Tho' ev'ry vine, and fig-tree too,
Nor bud, nor blossom yield;
Tho' barren be the fruitful ewe,
And desolate the field.
- 8 Tho' bleating lambs, and lowing beasts
No more adorn the stall,
I'll still be glad in God my rest,
I'll joy in him 'midst all.
- 9 Tho' rough and thorny be my road,
And frowning all I see,
My work is with the Lord my God,
It shall go well with me.
-

H Y M N CCCXXXIX.—C.M.

- 1 **D**O men desire a song of me;
Let me my subject chuse;
Let my Belov'd my subject be,
And then I can't refuse.

the fairest of ten thousand, I
Will make my pleasing theme :
His love, his constancy,
His beauty and his name.

So comely was he that he stole,
With one sweet look, my heart :
And captive my enamour'd soul,
And fill'd with love and smart.

So long was I sick to be assur'd
He lov'd and valu'd me :
He knew it, and my ease procur'd,
And mov'd my misery.

So bare my grief, and let me lay
My head upon his breast :
He softly wip'd my tears away,
My fears, my trembling ceas'd.

So full of his amazing love,
I cannot ever tell :
That still I ev'ry moment prove,
Is sure unspeakable.

So very beautiful beside,
So more than fair and bright ;
That if he looks upon his Bride,
I'm ravish'd at the sight.

So good he is altogether good,
Should any ask his name ;
He's call'd, the Naz'rene roll'd in blood ;
But his right name's the Lamb.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCCXL.—C. M.

Sabbath-day Morning.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes !
 - 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day :
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
 - 3 One day amidst the place
Where our dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days,
Of pleasurable sin.
 - 4 Bid, Lord, our souls to stay
In such a frame as this,
And when thou call'st for them away,
Waft them to endless bliss.
-

H Y M N CCCXLI.—L. M.

For New-Year's Day.

- 1 **T**HE new-born Babe, whom *Mary* bore,
Jesus, God blest'd for evermore !
Brings in another year of grace
For his beloved chosen race.
- 2 Therefore

Therefore the angels do rejoice,
 Since 'tis their pleasure, joy and choice
 To be with us : they sing so mild,
 " God is with mankind reconcil'd."

Is God in heaven now our friend,
 Who then would fear a strengthless fiend ?
 We neither hell nor devil fear,
 Since Christ the Child protects us here.

He brings along a year of praise,
 Why do we then complain always ?
 Be glad my soul, arise and bless
 This child who changes our distress.

H Y M N CCCXLII.

LAMB, Lamb, O Lamb,
 With eyes of flame,
 So thoroughly prov'd,
 So griev'd, and yet so lov'd ;
 My heart's not mine, not mine ;
 'Tis thine,
 My Lamb once slain ! thy cross, thy pain,
 Thy blood, thy toil,
 Have claim'd it for their spoil.

The bloody sweat,
 Which with such heat
 Did from thee flow,
 Bedew'd the earth below :

Each

Each drop of which warm flood
 Of blood,
 Each curse hath drown'd, that can be found
 In all God's book,
 And to us vengeance spoke.

3 Let the world hear!
 God's Son and heir,
 Who to us came,
 And for us bore the blame,
 And truly thirty year
 Liv'd here,
 Despised and mean, and then was slain :
 The ransom he
 For all the world and me.

4 Thereby I'll stand
 With life in hand :
 Me help afford
 To bear this witness, Lord :
 That many may embrace
 This grace ;
 And this good news will we diffuse
 In ev'ry land,
 The Lord will by us stand.

H Y M N CCCXLIII.—L. M.

1 **A** Voice more sweet than *Abel's* groans,
 From Jesus, for our sin atones :
 His bleeding wounds, no veng'ance seeks,
 Each drop of blood our pardon speaks.

2 Before

Before the Judge of all we come,
His name, his nature we assume;
Perfect in him, in him secure,
We know our call, our sonship sure.

Hither approach ye lab'ring throng,
Weary with toil, and wand'ring long:
Come back to Jesus! share his peace,
Freely receive his righteousness!

Come all who know your poverty!
Ye naked souls, who cannot buy:
For you! for you the Lamb was giv'n,
Your open door! your way to heav'n!

Draw near, and his salvation prove!
His everlasting! precious love:
Taste of the Lord, and you will own,
Salvation is in Christ alone!

H Y M N CCCXLIV.—L. M.

MORNING.

TO thee, Almighty God of grace,
We come our early dues to pay;
To thee we offer all our praise,
The first fruits of the dawning day.

Our morning song thy love proclaims,
O! let it mount above the skies;
Well-pleasing as those sacred flames,
Which from the golden altar rise.

- 3 In Jesus we presume to sing,
Thro' him thy throne we compass round;
Our sacrifice of praise we bring,
Till time shall end, and heav'n be found.
-

H Y M N CCCXLV.—L. M.

- 1 **I**N God's name we our way will go,
His help and grace is all we sue:
The Father's goodness us to day
In soul and body keep, we pray.
- 2 May Christ our leader be and guide,
Still on the path with us abide,
The fiend's device from us avert,
And always keep our roving heart.
- 3 Prevent us, lest we harbour pride;
Lest we in our own strength confide,
Shew us our weakness, let us see,
We have our pow'r, our all from thee.
- 4 Enrich us always with thy love;
Our kind protector ever prove;
Thy signet put upon our breast,
And let thy Spirit on us rest.

H Y M

C M N CCCXLVI.—L. M.

TAKE my soul, and with the sun
thy daily stage of duty run;
off dull sloth and joyful rise,
the morning sacrifice.

conscious time mispent, redeem,
the present day thy last esteem;
use thy talent with due care,
Great Day thyself prepare.

Conversation be sincere,
Conscience as the noon-tide, clear;
show th' all-seeing God thy ways,
thy secret thoughts surveys.

Presence of the light divine,
Thy own light to others shine;
All heav'n's propitious rays,
In love and chearful praise.

C Y M N CCCXLVII.

BE, my soul ! adore thy Maker;
Angels praise, join thy lays,
Thou shalt be partaker.

- 2 Father, Lord of ev'ry spirit,
 In thy light lead me right,
 Thro' my Saviour's merit.
- 3 Never cast me from thy presence,
 Till my soul shall be full
 Of thy blessed essence.
- 4 O my Jesus, God Almighty,
 Pray for me, till I see
 Thee in *Salem's* city.
- 5 Holy Ghost, by Jesus given,
 Be my guide, lest my pride
 Shut me out of heaven.
- 6 Thou this night wast my protector,
 With me stay all the day
 Ever my director.
- 7 Holy, holy, holy Giver
 Of all good, life and food,
 Reign ador'd for ever !
- 8 Glory, honour, thanks and blessing,
 ONE in THREE give me thee,
 Never, never ceasing.

H Y M N CCCXLVIII.

EVENING.

ERE I sleep, for ev'ry favour
This day shew'd by my God,
I will blefs my Saviour.

O my Lord what shall I render
To thy name, still the same,
Gracious, good and tender ?

Leave me not, but ever love me ;
Let thy peace be my blifs,
Till thou hence remove me.

Vifit me with thy falvation :
Let thy care now be near,
Round my habitation.

Thou my rock, my guard, my tow'r,
Safely keep while I fleep,
Me with all thy pow'r.

So, whene'er in death I flumber,
Let me rife with the wife,
Counted in their number !

H Y M N CCCXLIX.—L. M.

- 1 **F**OR all the blessings of the day,
Humble thanksgiving let us pay:
And when to endless day we soar,
Our praise shall be for evermore!
- 2 Hail dear Redeemer! live and reign
Thou Lamb for sinful mankind slain:
Preserver of the ransom'd race,
Exalted high in truth, and grace!
- 3 Our guide, thou all the day hast been,
O save us, Lord, from this day's sin!
Remain our Saviour still, and be
Our hope, our guard eternally!
- 4 To-night thy mantle gracious spread,
Upon us, and around our bed:
And lest our thoughts shou'd thee displease
Direct them to thy only praise!
- 5 Into thy hands we (sinful dust)
Our souls commend, our bodies trust;
Nor doubt we, but our only Friend
Loves, and will love us to the end.

H Y M N CCCL.—L. M.

BLESS'D be the God, whose tender care
Has kept me from the fowler's snare;
And sav'd my life another day,
Permitting me again to pray.

Lord, what am I, that thou should'st be
So kind, so merciful to me!
How many now in *Tophet* lie,
Who have not sinn'd so much as I?

Mercies unnumber'd with thee dwell,
Or I, tho' lost, am out of hell;
Grace may be had and pardon giv'n,
And freely I may enter heav'n.

! could rebellious spirits taste
These golden seasons they have past;
Or live again these mispent days,
How would they spend them all in praise!

O may I spend this life of mine,
Salvation's glorious seasons shine
On me; that I may all improve,
And, to the glory of thy love.

Love! what can a sinner say?
What for these mighty favours pay?
Nothing! Lord, for I am poor;
Love me, I'll praise thee evermore.

H Y M N CCCLI.

- 1 **W**ITH chearful heart I close my eyes,
Since God won't from me move;
And in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in thy love.
- 2 Or, if this night shall prove my last,
And end my transient days;
Lord take me to thy promis'd rest,
Where I may sing thy praise.
-

H Y M N CCCLII.

WHEN I close my eyes to slumber,
And my senses lie asleep,
Let my waking heart the number
Of thy mercies tell and keep.
Fill me with thy sacred love,
That I dream of things above,
And keep close to thee my Saviour,
Even in my night's behaviour.

H Y M N CCCLIII.

LORD we are thy inheritance,
The purchase of thy bitter pain :

This was thy Father's firm decree,
When all our souls he gave to thee.
So we in thy blest name now sleep,
Because the angels watch do keep,
The blessed holy Trinity,
Be praised to eternity.

H Y M N CCCLIV.

CHRIST, everlasting source of light,
All things lie naked in thy fight ;
Thou splendor of thy Father's face,
Teach us to tread the paths of grace.

We come t' implore thy sov'reign might,
To keep us safe this instant night.
The feeble flesh keep chaste and pure,
And let us rest in thee secure.

And when our eyes are bound in sleep,
The lamp of faith still burning keep ;
And, oh, sustain us while we rest,
And sin remove, so are we blest.

Great Guardian of thy Christian flock,
Thy presence be our saving rock ;
The soul thou'lt ransom'd by thy blood,
Unite with thee, th' eternal good.

H Y M N. CCCLV.—C.M.

Christ's Nativity.

- 1 COME, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your grateful tribute bring;
And celebrate with one accord
The birth-day of our King.
- 2 Let us with humble hearts repair
(Faith will point out the road).
To little *Bethlehem*; and there
Adore our infant-God.
- 3 In swaddling bands the Saviour view!
Let none this weakness scorn.
The feeblest heart shall hell subdue,
Where Jesus Christ is born.
- 4 No pomp adorns, no sweets perfume
The place where Christ is laid.
A stable serves him for his room;
A manger is his bed.
- 5 The crowded inn, like sinners hearts,
(O ignorance extreme!)
For other guests of various sorts
Had room; but none for him.
- 6 But see what diff'rent thoughts arise
In ours and angels breast.
To hail his birth *they* left the skies;
We lodg'd him with the beasts.

t let believers cease their fears,
 Nor envy heav'nly pow'rs:
 sinless innocence be *theirs*,
 Redemption all is *ours*.

H Y M N CCCLVI.

ET us all with grateful praises
 Celebrate the happy day,
 When the lovely loving Jesus
 First partook of human clay:
 When the heav'nly host assembled,
 Gaz'd with wonder from the sky:
 Angels joy'd, and devils trembled,
 Neither fully knowing why.

When had Satan reign'd imperious
 Till the woman's promis'd seed,
 Born a babe, by birth mysterious,
 Came to bruise the serpent's head.
 Oush, dear babe, his pow'r within us,
 Break our chains, and set us free.
 Pull down all the bars between us,
 Till we fly, and cleave to thee.

Angels on their flocks attending,
 Shepherds then in night-time watch'd,
 And the messenger descending,
 From the court of heav'n dispatch'd.
 Arms of glory deck'd his mission,
 Bursting thro' the veil of night,

Fear

Fear possess'd them at the vision :
Sinners tremble at the light.

- 4 Dove-like meekness grac'd his visage;
Joy and love shone round his head,
Soon he cheer'd them with his message :
Comfort flow'd from all he said.
" Fear not, fav'rites of th' Almighty,
" Joyful news to you I bring;
" You have now in *David's* city,
" Born, a Saviour, Christ the King.
- 5 " Go and find the Royal stranger
" By these signs. A babe you'll see,
" Weak, and lying in a manger,
" Wrapt and swaddled ; that is he."
Straight a host of angels glorious
Round the heav'nly herald throng,
Utt'ring, in harmonious chorus,
Airs divine ; and this the song.
- 6 " Glory first to God be given
" In the highest heights ; and then
" Peace on earth, proclaim'd by heav'n,
" Peace, and great good will to men."
Thus they sang with rapture kindling
In the shepherds hearts a flame,
Joy and wonder sweetly mingling :
All believers feel the same.
- 7 Lo, sweet babe, we fall before thee.
Jesus, thee we all adore
To thee, kingdom, pow'r, and glory,
We ascribe for evermore.

Glory to our God be given
In the highest heights ; and then
Peace on earth brought down from heaven,
Peace, and great good will to men.

H Y M N CCCLVII.—L. M.

- 1 JESUS, all praise is due to thee,
That thou wert pleas'd a man to be :
A virgin's womb thou didst not scorn,
And angels shout to see thee born. *Hallelujah.*
- 2 The blessed Father's only Son
Did chuse a manger for his throne ;
The everlasting Sov'reign Good
Assumes our feeble flesh and blood. *Hallelujah.*
- 3 Whom earth could not contain nor skies,
He on a woman's lap now lies ;
He, who the world's foundation laid,
Is now a little infant made. *Hallelujah.*
- 4 Th' eternal splendor is in light,
Affords the world its saving light,
And drives the clouds of sins away,
To make us children of the day. *Hallelujah.*
- 5 The Son, th' Almighty God confess'd,
Became in his own world a guest ;
And open'd, thro' this world of strife,
A way to everlasting life. *Hallelujah.*
6 For

- 6 For therefore poor on earth he came,
That we might all his riches claim;
To make us heirs of endless bliss,
With all those darling saints of his. *Hallelujah!*
- 7 For us these wonders hath he wrought,
To shew his love surpassing thought:
Then let us all unite to sing
Praise to our new-born God and King. *Hallelujah!*
-

H Y M N. CCCLVIII.—L.M.

- 1 **A** Little child is born for you,
Of a pure virgin chaste and true;
And this almighty, weakly boy
Shall be the cause of all your joy.
- 2 It is Christ Jesus, God the Lord,
Who will to sinners help afford;
Your Saviour, who will make you free
From all your sin and misery.
- 3 He brings with him salvation's store,
Which God the Father did before
Appoint for all, that to him cleave,
To live, since they on him believe.
- 4 And now observe the signs with care,
The signs, poor rags and manger are;
There you will find the infant King,
Whose pow'r upholdeth ev'ry thing.

joyce with all our heart,
h the shepherds soon depart,
what presents from above
as with this his Son of love.

my heart, my soul and eyes!
at in yonder manger lies!
; that little lovely child ?
ft, by whom we're reconcil'd.

e, O welcome, noble guest !
ners not despised hast,
ft into our misery !
ll I pay due thanks to thee?

Creator, without end !
ldst thou so low condescend,
and sleep on wither'd grafs,
tr of the ox and afs.

ie world did thousands hold,
with precious stones and gold,
ese worlds by far would be
still too mean for thee.

eloved Jesus dear !
a clean loft bed prepare
for ever in my heart ;
om thee will never part.

HYMN

H Y M N CCCLIX.

- 1 **A**LL glory be to God on high,
Ye sons of *Adam* fill the sky,
With praise and thankfulness;
God, from an everlasting love,
Decreed with his dear Son above
A sinful world to bless.
- 2 Stand still, and see what God hath done,
He had but one beloved Son,
And him he freely gave:
For whom was this; but for a race
Of cursed sinners, vile and base?
Yet all he came to save.
- 3 All glory to th' eternal Son,
That he most freely did put on
Our flesh and misery:
That he, our God, a man was made,
And bore our curse, our ransom paid,
By bleeding on the tree.
- 4 He as a poor mean child was born,
His birth no palace did adorn,
A manger was his bed:
Look, look upon this rising Sun,
Till tears of love thy eyes o'er-run,
This babe is *Christ* our head.

H Y M N CCCLX.—C. M.

For Good-Friday.

WHAT object's this that meets my eyes,
From out *Jerusalem's* gate?
Which fills my mind with such surprise,
As wonder to create?

Who can it be that groans beneath
A cross of massy wood?
Whose soul's o'erwhelm'd with pains of death,
And body's dropping blood?

Is this the man, can this be he,
The Seers have foretold
Should with transgressors number'd be,
And for their crimes be sold?

Yes now I know, 'tis he, 'tis he!
Ev'n Jesus God's dear Son;
Wrapt in mortality, to die
For crimes that I had done.

O blessed sight! O lovely form!
To sinful souls like me:
I'll creep beside him as a worm,
And see him die for me.

I'll hear his groans, and view his wounds,
Until with happy *John*,
I on his breast a place have found,
Sweetly to lean upon.

D D

H Y M N

H Y M N CCCLXL.—L. M.

- 1 **I** Sing of one who martyr'd was
 Under *Tiberius Cæsar's* reign :
 Whom *Pilate* sentenc'd to the cross,
 Whom *Jews* by wicked hands have slain.
- 2 I sing how much his soul endur'd,
 When bound, how firm and meek he stood ;
 When ev'ry chain, and ev'ry cord,
 Wrung his dear hands, and fetch'd the blood
- 3 *Herod* and *Pontius Pilate* too,
 By *Israel's* cruel children fir'd,
 Unite to load the Lamb with woe,
 And bruise him as they them desir'd.
- 4 His fav'rite people (tho' his own,
 When unto them he came) profess'd,
They never knew God had a Son,
 And so despis'd him like the rest.
- 5 To these the traitor *Judas* came,
 And to their hands his Lord betray'd :
 Presented to their rage the Lamb,
 And heap'd more sorrows on his head.
- 6 Then to the smiters turn'd he meek,
 Who smote his cheeks and tore his hair,
 The plowers also plow'd his back,
 Their scourges made long furrows there.

7 *Nike*

- 7 Naked they made the Saviour stand,
Yet cover'd with disgrace and blood ;
Then for a sceptre in his hand,
They forc'd a reed, and mocking stood.
- 8 Constant he bore the shame unmov'd
At all the inj'ry to him done ;
For yet ev'n those that mock'd he lov'd,
And took their blows, and rail'd at none.
- 9 A crown of thorns (the dire effect
Of sin and death) he patient wore ;
A robe they gave him, this he deck'd
With drops of tears, and sacred gore.
- 10 This done, they then (from court to court,
Just like a sheep when shorn is dumb)
The Master hail ; the meaner fort
Him ask, *When will thy kingdom come ?*
- 11 Thus round *Jerus'lem's* city led,
Oppress'd with wrath divine, his soul,
They bring him (bow'd his sacred head)
Forth to the mountain of a scull.
- 12 Here as he travell'd, sore and tir'd,
Bearing the cross, the heavy tree,
He fainted, and well nigh expir'd,
Between two thieves his company.
- 13 But rais'd still greater griefs to know,
His body to the cross they bound ;
His hands and feet the nails bor'd through,
While men derided all around.

- 14 Three tedious hours he (lifted up
A victim on th' accursed wood)
Drank the deep dregs of that dire cup
Of gall and wormwood mix'd by *God*.
- 15 Men saw, but hid away their face;
His friends far off stood looking on;
None help'd, nor could, for all their race
Had sinn'd, and all their pow'r was gone.
- 16 At last, 'tis *finish'd*, loud he cry'd,
And strait departed back to heav'n;
Confirm'd the things for which he dy'd,
Confirm'd our peace, our sin forgiv'n.
- 17 He dy'd, and countless armies view'd
Their Master breathe his latest breath,
And shouted while he (roll'd in blood,)
O'ercame the pow'rs of hell and death!
- 18 He dy'd, but lives for evermore!
Lives in his saints, and on the throne:
This is the *LAMB* whom I adore;
This is the *man*, I sing alone.
- 19 Let my right hand her art forget,
Ere I another praise beside;
Or cease to sing his bloody sweat,
His griefs and pain, and how he dy'd.
- 20 Live *JESUS*! ever live and reign,
Exalted far o'er ev'ry name!
Live, O despised *Nazarene*!
Exalted *GOD*, and bleeding *LAMB*!

H Y M N CCCLXII.—C. M.

For Easter-Day.

- 1 **H**AIL, holy Lord ! I joy to see
Thou hast a conqu'ror been :
Teach me to share thy victory,
And triumph over sin.
- 2 I thank thee Jesus for thy death,
Thy blood and suff'rings too :
I thank thee for the holy faith
By which thy wounds I view !
- 3 I thank thee for thy cross and pain,
For all thou hast endur'd,
For rising from the dead again :
My dear Almighty Lord.
- 4 No more I now may dread the tomb,
For 'tis a hallow'd place ;
'Tis sweet'ned with the best perfume,
And lin'd with heav'nly peace.
- 5 Nor will I fear to die, for me
Thy rising justifies :
With thy dead body gloriously,
I know I shall arise.

H Y M N CCCLXIII.—L. M.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, thou Lamb's beloved bride!
All griefs and tears now lay aside:
With chearful hearts now let us sing.
The resurrection of our King. *Hallelujah*
- 2 He, having triumph'd over death,
Now re-assumes his vital breath:
The angels wait with watchful eyes,
And joy to see their God arise.
- 3 Our inly-near beloved Lord
Has well perform'd his promis'd word;
And now would have his spouse rejoice;
He loves to hear her chearful voice.
- 4 Let us then join the angelic throng
In singing to our Lamb a song:
Salvation to our God and King,
Whose death did our salvation bring.
- 5 Blessing and praise we give to thee,
That thou from death hast set us free;
Thy resurrection from the grave
Shews plain, that thou hast pow'r to save.
- 6 Thy blood shall wash our garments white,
Thy blood shall make our faces bright,
And chear^{ted}ly we'll meet our Head,
We know for us his blood was shed!

7 *Astonish*

Astonish'd, at thy footstool low
With humble thankful souls we bow !
Our words can never fully tell
What in our melted souls we feel !

H Y M N CCCLXIV.

- 1 **W**ELCOME blest day of sweet repose,
Whereon the Son of God arose,
And chac'd away our fear;
The day that God hath set apart,
To gladden every troubled heart:
And dry up every tear.
- 2 Welcome blest day of solemn joy,
And pleasure that can never cloy,
Eternal life begun:
Let all in earth and heaven record,
The glories of their risen Lord;
The wonders he hath done !
- 3 Welcome thou birth-day of our hope,
That we shall stand upon the top
Of *Sion's* sacred hill:
With all the raptur'd host above,
See, the dear object of our love;
And do his perfect will.
- 4 This is the day the Lord hath made,
Rejoice and be exceeding glad,

Ye dear peculiâr race;
Exalt him with a heart sincere,
His boundless power and sway revere,
And triumph in his grace.

- 5 Your every action, word, and thought,
Your life, your all, to him devote,
Who bought you with his blood;
Let him your great exemplar be,
And loudly shout, 'tis he!—'tis he!—
Redeem'd us unto God! *Hallelujah!*
-

H Y M N CCCLXV.

- 1 SEE Jesus, our Deliv'rer great,
Rising, his vict'ry to complete;
In vain's the seal and stone!
O grave, where is thy victory?
Here, here, thy mighty Conqu'ror see;
Rising, he leaves the tomb.
- 2 Awhile he with his fav'rites stay'd,
Stength to their feeble faith convey'd,
Then mounts the stary sky:
The heav'ns with acclamations ring,
To welcome their victorious King,
And shout his victory.
- 3 Mindful of all thy favours, now
In gratitude we prostrate bow
- F

Before thy loving face :
Give all, assembled in this hour,
To feel thy resurrection's pow'r,
And sing redeeming grace.

Nearly to every heart display
Thy sacred bloody wounds this day ;
Each drooping heart inflame :
Refresh'd, we'll then unwearied go
Along this wilderness below,
And spread thy righteous fame.

Jesus, when will the hour appear,
That we thy powerful call shall hear,
And round thy throne attend ?
When shall we see thee face to face,
And join above to sing thy praise,
Eternity to spend ?

H Y M N CCCLXVI.

CHRIST the Lord is ris'n to-day !
Son's of men and angels say,
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Singing ye heav'ns, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won :
Lo ! our Sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo ! he sets in blood no more.

- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath open'd paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King,
Where O death is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save,
Where thy victory, O grave?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Foll'wing our exalted Head,
Made like him, like him we rise,
Our's the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 6 What tho' once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parents fall;
Second life we all receive,
In our heav'nly *Adam* live.
- 7 Hail! the Lord of earth and heav'n,
Praise to thee by both be giv'n;
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the Resurrection—Thou!
- 8 King of Glory! Soul of Bliss!
Everlasting life is this—
Thee to know, thy pow'r to prove,
Thus to sing and thus to love.

I Y M N CCCLXVII.—S. M.

Christ's Intercession.

WELL! the Redeemer's gone
T' appear before our God,
o sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood.

No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down ;
justice calls for sinners blood,
The Saviour shews his own.

Before his Father's eye,
Our humble suit he moves ;
he Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honours sing :
Jesus the Priest receives our songs,
And bears 'em to the King.

I Y M N CCCLXVIII.

For Whit-Sunday.

WANTED is the Saviour's prayer,
Now descends the Comforter ;

Brings

Brings his sayings to our mind :
Heavenly teacher of mankind !

- 2 Come, divine and peaceful guest,
Enter now our waiting breast ;
Holy Ghost, each heart inspire,
Kindle there the gospel-fire.
- 3 Crown the agonizing strife,
Principle, and Lord of life ;
Life divine in us renew,
Thou the Gift and Giver too !
- 4 Now descend and shake the earth,
Wake us into second birth ;
Now thy quick'ning influence give,
Breathe ; and these dry bones shall live !
- 5 Brood thou o'er our nature's night,
Darkness kindles into light ;
Spread thine overshadowing wings,
Order from confusion springs.
- 6 Pain and sin, and sorrow cease,
Thee we taste and all is peace ;
Joy divine in thee we prove,
Light of truth and fire of love.

H Y M N CCCLXIX.—L. M.

REJOICE, rejoice ye fallen race,
The day of Pentecost is come!
Expect the sure descending grace,
Open your hearts to make him room.

Our Jesus is gone up on high,
For us the blessing to receive;
Now comes streaming from the sky,
The Spirit comes and sinners live.

Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promis'd grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord—
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill this place!

Behold to thee our souls aspire,
And languish thy descent to meet;
Kindle in each thy living fire,
And fix in every heart thy seat.

Wisdom and strength to thee belongs,
Sweetly within our bosoms move,
Now let us speak with other tongues
The new strange language of thy love.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCCLXX.—C. M.

At the Birth of a Child.

- 1 **T**HE Lord hath seen our sister's pain!
Hath heard his handmaid's cries:
Nor cou'd he long to help refrain,
Her prayers pierc'd the skies!
- 2 She now remembers not for joy!
The anguish late she bore:
Her pangs are ceas'd! her tears are dry,
Her travailing groans are o'er.
- 3 Thou brought'st with sorrow to the birth,
The offspring of her womb:
And help'd thy daughter to bring forth,
Soon as her hour was come.
- 4 So bring us, and thine handmaid too,
In safety, and in peace,
Thro' all the new-birth pangs, and woe,
Thy glory to possess.
- 5 As thou our sister now hast spar'd,
Hast brought her through her fear,
O spare her! and be her reward,
When judgment shall appear.
- 6 Appoint her with thy hosts to wake,
When death shall close her eyes:
Our place beside her let us take,
In endless paradise!

hen, we cannot chuse but mourn,
id full of grief complain :
n, dear Lord, let us be born,
id leave this world of pain.

Y M N CCCLXXI.—C. M.

At presenting a Child to God.

O-DAY we offer thee, O Lamb !
Present to thee to-day ;
infant ; mark him with thy name ;
is nature wash away.

thy number him receive,
im with thy people chuse :
Spirit grant him—let him live
vessel fit for use !

f thy wiser hand design
o take him from us soon,
yield—for all we have is thine !
ther ! Thy will be done.

is, and on this child fulfil
hy sov'reign purpose, Lord :
ny way save us from hell,
nd teach t'escape thy fword.

erve from ev'ry act of sin,
his infant while on earth :
le from orig'nal folly clean,
Naz'rite from his birth.

- 6 Our souls (whom many sins oppress).
Arise, and gracious free :
And we enrich'd with joy and peace,
Will ceaseless sing to thee !
-

H Y M N CCCLXXII.—S. M.

Adult-Baptism.

- 1 **D**ESCEND, celestial Dove !
In ev'ry bosom dwell ;
Upon the present water move,
While we the influence feel.
- 2 Anoint with holy fire,
Baptize with purging flames
This soul, and with thy grace inspire,
In ceaseless living streams.
- 3 Thy heav'nly unction give,
Thy promise, Lord, fulfil,
Give pow'r thy Spirit to receive,
And strength to do thy will.
- 4 Thy ord'nance we obey,
O meet us in the same :
And with this water now convey
The virtues of thy name.
- 5 Witness to this thy sign,
And grant the inward grace :
Let this thy servant seal'd for thine,
From hence depart in peace.

I Y M N CCCLXXIII.—L. M.

For the Lord's-Supper.

[HAT doleful night, when our dear Lord
Into the garden did retreat,
To vent his grief in groans and cries,
In tears and in a bloody sweat.

That ne'er to be forgotten night,
When our Redeemer was betray'd ;
Before his sufferings, he took bread,
Gave thanks to God, broke it, and said,

Take, eat, this is my body broke
" For you" upon the curst tree :
Perform this ord'nance as I do,
And when you do't, remember ME.

He took the cup too, crown'd with wine,
Bless'd it, and to's disciples said,
'tis the New Testament in my blood
For you and many others shed.

Oh you, my friends, must drink of this,
Your sin's remission here you see;
Perform this ord'nance as I do,
And when you do't, remember me.

Yes, Lord, we will remember thee,
And thy love more than fragrant wine :
How can we e'er thy cross forget,
Which made thee ours, and made us thine.

E E

7 We'll

- 7 We'll thus commemorate thy death,
Till thou appear on earth again :
And Lord remember us we pray,
Make haste to take thy pow'r, and reign.
-

H Y M N CCCLXXIV.—L. M.

- 1 **N**OW, congregation of the Lamb,
Draw near and take the cup of God :
Step here beneath the Blood's bright beam ;
And drink of thy Lamb's precious blood.
- 2 That blood which from his side and head,
Which from his hands and feet distill'd ;
This, this for thee indeed was shed
When he unto the foe did yield.
-

H Y M N CCCLXXV.—C. M.

- 1 **C**OME Holy Ghost, set to thy seal,
Thine inward witness give,
To all our waiting souls reveal
The death by which we live.
- 2 Spectators of the pangs divine
O ! that we now may be ;
Discerning in the sacred sign
His passion on the tree !

peat the Saviour's dying cry
In ev'ry heart so loud,
That ev'ry heart may now reply,
This was the Son of God.

Y M N CCCLXXVI.—C.M.

TO-DAY we're bidden to a feast,
Surely a feast divine ;
Here Jesus is himself receiv'd
In form of bread and wine.

That same night he was betray'd,
Our Lord his feast enjoin'd ;
Which we might review his death,
And all his passion mind.

The purple wine is poured out,
To shew how much he bled ;
That his sacred flesh was torn,
The broken lies the bread.

The blood of goats, nor bullocks gore
The peaceful altars stain ;
The cross a bleeding victim bore,
The Lamb of God was slain.

Shepherd offer'd up himself,
To take away our sin ;
He leads our steps to heaven's gate,
And then invites us in.

- 6 Together with these symbols, Lord,
Thy blessed self impart;
And let thy very flesh and blood
Feed the believing heart.
- 8 Let us from all our sins be wash'd
In thy redeeming blood;
And let thy Spirit be the seal,
That we are sons of God.
- 7 Come Holy Ghost with Jesu's love!
Prepare us for this feast;
So shall we banquet with our Lord,
And lean upon his breast.
-

H Y M N CCCLXXVII.—L. M.

- 1 **P**ITY a helpless sinner, Lord,
Who would believe thy gracious word;
But own my heart, with shame and grief,
A sink of sin and unbelief.
- 2 Lord, in thy house I read there's room:
And vent'ring hard behold I come.
But can there, tell me, can there be,
Amongst thy children, room for me?
- 3 I eat the bread, and drink the wine:
But oh! my soul wants more than sign.
I faint; unless I feed on thee,
And drink thy blood as shed for me.
- 48

sinners, Lord, thou cam'st to bleed :
 d I'm a sinner vile indeed !
 rd, I believ'd thy grace is free :
 magnify that grace in *me*.

HYMN CCCLXXVIII.

WHEN we take the sacred symbols
 Of his body, bread and wine;
 While the heart relents and trembles,
 We rejoice with joy divine.
 us makes the weakest able :
 Feeds us with his flesh and blood.
 edy beggars at his table
 Are the welcome guests of God.

ase thy fears then, weak believer :
 Jesus Christ is still the same,
 sterday, to-day, for ever ;
 Saviour is his unctious name.
 wliness of heart and meekness
 To the bleeding Lamb belong.
 ast in him ; and by thy weakness
 Thou shalt prove that Christ is strong.

H Y M N CCCLXXIX.

- 1 **S**UFF'RING Saviour, Lamb of God,
How hast thou been used !
With th' Almighty's wrathful rod
Soul and body bruised !
- 2 We, for whom thou once wast slain,
We, whose sins did pierce thee,
Now commemorate thy pain,
And implore thy mercy.
- 3 We would with thee sympathize
In thy bitter passion ;
With soft hearts and weeping eyes
See thy great salvation.
- 4 Thine's an everlasting love :
We have dearly try'd thee.
Whom have we in heav'n above ?
Whom on earth beside thee ?
- 5 What can helpless sinners do,
When temptations seize us !
Nought have we to look unto,
But the blood of Jesus.
- 6 Pardon all our baseness, Lord ;
All our weakness pity :
Guide us safely by thy word
To the heav'nly city.

Oh ! sustain us on the road
Thro' this defart dreary ;
Feed us with thy flesh and blood,
When we're faint and weary.

Bid us call to mind thy cross -
Our hard hearts to soften :
Often, Saviour, feed us thus ;
For we need it often.

H Y M N CCCLXXX.

THAT doleful night before his death,
The Lamb for sinners slain;
Did almost with his latest breath
This solemn feast ordain.
To keep thy feast, Lord, we are met ;
And to remember thee.
Help each poor trembler to repeat,
For me, he died, for me.

Hal.

Thy sufferings, Lord, each sacred sign
To our remembrance brings :
We eat the bread, and drink the wine ;
But think on nobler things.
Tune our tongues, and set in frame
Each heart that pants to thee,
To sing, " Hosanna to the Lamb,
" The Lamb that dy'd for me."

Hal.

H Y M N CCCLXXXI.—C. M.

- 1 JESUS, the Saviour of my soul,
Be thou my heart's delight;
Remain the same to me always,
My joy by day and night.
- 2 Hungry and thirsty after thee,
May I be found each hour;
Humble in heart, and happy kept
By thy Almighty pow'r.
- 3 Oh ! may I never once forget
What a poor worm I am;
From death and hell redeem'd by blood,
The blood of God's dear Lamb.
- 4 May thy blest Spirit, in my heart,
Most sweetly shed abroad
The love of God, th' incarnate God,
Who bought me with his blood.
- 5 The myst'ry of redeeming love
Be ever dear to me;
And may the flesh and blood of Christ
My daily manna be.

I Y M N CCCLXXXII.—C. M.

ESUS, with uplifted hands,
Mark'd with wounds all bloody,
Didst his chosen people stand,
Cherishing his body.

From thy fulness, Lord, impart
Grace and peace for ever;
Let us drink from thy pierc'd heart
Life as from a river.

We would nothing taste or know,
But thee crucified:
Let thy blood on each heart flow,
Till we are sanctified.

Do enjoy the death and smart,
Lord, our souls do languish;
Deep impress on every heart
All thy pain and anguish.

When we feel thy love's strong flame,
Sin is dispossessed:
Grant us this, O gracious Lamb,
When we are distressed.

As thy cross's subjects, we
Wait thy Spirit's motion;
Where and when to follow thee,
Shall be our devotion.

- 7 To thy name, for evermore,
Be all glory giv'n;
None on earth will we adore,
None but thee in heav'n.
-

H Y M N CCCLXXXIII.

- 1 **F**AITHFUL Bridegroom, holy Lamb!
By thy church beloved;
Manifest thy sweetest name
To each heart approved.
- 2 Crown this ordinance of thine
With a solemn blessing;
Let our feast be all divine,
Each thyself possessing!
- 3 Let thy flesh afford us food,
Ev'ry grace to strengthen;
Let our drink be Jesu's blood,
Nature's pow'r to weaken.
- 4 Cause that bleeding sacrifice
Once for sinners given,
To appear before our eyes,
Earnest of our heaven!
- 5 We partake the bread and wine,
Seals of our profession;
Of the inward grace the sign,
Symbols of thy passion.

We commemorate thy death,
While we are receiving,
Feeding in our hearts by faith,
With unfeign'd thanksgiving.

May we thus our time employ,
While below we tarry;
Till our souls t' unfading joy,
Angels come to carry.

H Y M N C C C L X X X I V .

After the Lord's-Supper.

[ORD, accept our feeble praise.
For the banquet given;
Tho' unworthy, we would raise
Hearts and hands to heaven.

If the streams of grace divine
We have now been tasting:
On the bread, and mystic wine,
With rich comfort feasting.

That indeed thy flesh we find,
Drink thy blood so precious;
Jesus, Saviour, thou art kind,
Merciful and gracious!

On our guilty souls thy rod
Fall with gentle chidings;
And thou healest with thy blood,
All our great backslidings.

- 5 May we to thy bleeding crōs,
Soul and body fasten;
All for Jesus count but loss,
To his coming hasten !
- 6 Take our hearts so often blest,
Yet so oft rebelling :
Let them on thy bosom rest,
In thy wounds still dwelling !
- 7 Now, O Lord, that we have fed
On thy body broken,
Bruise within the *serpent's head*,
Of thy love the token.
- 8 None from trials are below
Totally exempted,
All-sufficient grace bestow,
Succour, Lord, the tempted !
- 9 Guard us from the tempter's wiles,
From the sin of *Judas* ;
From the world's deceitful smiles,
Till to heav'n thou lead us.
-

H Y M N CCCLXXXV.—C. M.

Funeral Hymns.

- 1 **T**HEE we adore eternal name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we !

fleeting lives grow shorter still,
 months and days increase ;
 ev'ry beating pulse we tell
 ves but the number less.

ear rolls round and steals away,
 breath that first it gave ;
 e'er we do, where'er we be,
 're travelling to the grave.

ers stand thick thro' all the ground
 push us to the tomb ;
 erce diseases wait around,
 hurry mortals home.

God on what a slender thread,
 ing everlasting things !
 ernal states of all the dead,
 on life's feeble strings.

e joy or endless woe,
 ends our ev'ry breath ;
 et how unconcern'd we go,
 on the breath of death !

n, O Lord, our drowsy sense
 walk this danger'ous road ;
 four souls are hurry'd hence
 y they be found with God.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCCLXXXVI.—C. M

- 1 **W**HY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Why should we wish the hours more slow,
That keep us from our Love?
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb!
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a sweet perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he blest'd,
And soften'd ev'ry bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our feet the way!
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.

H Y M

H Y M N CCCLXXXVII.—C. M.

MY soul, come, meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

• (And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb;
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.)

• Oh! could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.

• Then should we see the saints above,
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love,
To dwell with mortal worms.

• (How we should scorn these cloaths of flesh,
These fetters, and this load:
And long for ev'ning to undress,
That we may rest with God.)

• We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away,
To their eternal home.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCCLXXXVIII.—C.M

- 1 **R**OUSE up, my soul, the awful day
Is coming swiftly on,
When thou must leave this house of clay,
And fly to worlds unknown.
- 2 When thou must rise to realms of light,
Where all the holy dwell :
Or sink with all the sons of night,
To misery and hell.
- 3 Oh ! to what region must thou go,
Where will thy lot be cast ?
In heav'nly blifs, or hellish woe ?
When this short life is past ?
- 4 Is Christ thy Saviour, God thy God,
And heav'n thy chosen rest ?
Would'it thou with them make thine abode,
And there be ever blest ?
- 5 Where all in prompt obedience move,
Glad to perform their parts :
Whilst holy joy, and heav'nly love,
Tune all their tongues and hearts.
- 6 Would such delights, my soul, as these,
Yield happiness to thee ?
Such work, and such companions please,
Thro' all eternity ?

- 7 Or, art thou not bent fully still
Inferior things to mind?
A rebel to thy Saviour's will,
And to his beauties blind?
- 8 'Tis thy concern thy state to know,
And that without delay:
And to what regions thou must go,
When thou hast dropt thy clay.
-

H Y M N CCCLXXXIX.—L. M.

Dying in the faith

- 1 **H**OW many dangers have I past,
And gain'd the heav'nly prize at last?
How many bitter sorrows known,
All now must cease—I have the crown.
- 2 Grave! thou may'st terrify no more;
Death! thou hast lost thy sting, thy pow'r;
Earth! Earth! thy charms no more deceive;
Hell tempts in vain to disbelieve.
- 3 Deluded hence no more I am,
I triumph over sin and shame;
The grave, nor death, nor hell I fear;
Nor earth can longer keep me here.
- 4 Near the blest'd courts of Canaan's land,
I on the rock of ages stand;
With sweet contempt the world I view,
Adieu my foes, my friends adieu.

- 5 'No more I sojourn now with men,
I long have here a burthen been ;
But now the joyful hour is come,
And I ascend to dwell at home.
-

H Y M N CCCXC.—S. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy will be done,
We part with joy below,
And glad to see our brother gone,
Where streams of pleasure flow :
Departed soul, farewell,
We know thee now no more ;
Till we, in joys unspeakable,
Meet on th' eternal shore.
- 2 There at the judgment bar,
We must with thee appear ;
So help us, Master, here to war ;
That we may triumph there.
And let our brother's death
Mind us, that we must die ;
And soon, like him, resign our breath,
And share eternity.
- 3 O may we see his face,
Where holy spirits reign ;
And there his happy soul embrace,
Never to part again,
He bless'd is gone before,
Gone to his journey's end ;

in the joys for evermore,
all endless ages spend.

d by the Spirit come,
and made in Jesus clean ;
enters now our Father's home,
and ceases now from sin :
teach us, Lord, to live,
that when thou call'st us hence,
may a crown of life receive,
or just inheritance.

I Y M N CCCXCI.—C. M.

IGHT dear in the Almighty's fight,
The saints put off their clay ;
borne to everlasting light,
the spirits fly away.

blest'd are they whose work is done,
who hear the Saviour's word ;
enter my joy, and share my throne,
And banquet with thy Lord."

that peace must such a soul possess,
who views with faithful eyes,
wardon seal'd, his righteousness
separ'd in paradise ?

'd with the spirits are the dead,
who from their labours rest ;
sleep in Christ, their living Head,
and wake in Jesu's breast.

- 5 No more let tears our eyes o'erflow,
Nor grief our spirits move ;
Our brother leaves his friends below,
To join his friends above.
- 6 The great assize is near at hand,
We there must all appear
In milky robes with Jesus stand ;
Or tremble at his bar.
- 7 The banish'd children soon shall find
Their long-expected home ;
Ev'n the sincere of all mankind,
And then the end shall come,
- 8 When Jesu's jewels are compleat,
The seed whom he foreknew ;
Then shall he give to each his seat,
And crown the holy few.
- 9 He hastens now the number home,
And having made them clean,
Aloud he calls, " There still is room,
" Ye faithful, all come in."
- 10 Master, go on to bring again
Thy sheep from ev'ry land ;
Lead back the wand'ring sons of men
To reign at thy right hand.
- 11 Hasten thy kingdom, let the days
Of sinful flesh be few ;
We long to dwell in endless praise,
And bid to time adieu.

H Y M N CCCXCII.—C. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD ! our brother's happy soul
To paradise is gone ;
Is gone where endless pleasures roll,
To share our Saviour's throne.
- 2 All tears are wiped from his eyes,
And he from sin releas'd ;
Caught up to God above the skies,
Where wearied spirits rest.
- 3 He mourns no more his state below,
His griefs for ever cease ;
Timely deliver'd, reigns he now
In Jesu's holiness.
- 4 Soon shall this body glorious rise,
And, like our Saviour's, shine ;
Be number'd with the just, and wise.
In majesty divine.
- 5 Teach us, Almighty God, and true,
Our fleeting age to see ;
How few our years, and evil too,
And how to follow thee.
- 6 Prepare us for the solemn day,
When we must cease to live ;
And when our souls are forc'd away,
Do thou our souls receive.

H Y M N CCCXCIII.

- 1 **S**ONS of God by blest'd adoption,
 View the dead with steady eyes;
 What is sown thus in corruption,
 Shall in incorruption rise.
 What is sown in death's dishonour,
 Shall revive to glory's light :
 What is sown in this weak manner,
 Shall be rais'd in matchless might.

- 2 Earthly cavern, to thy keeping -
 We commit our brother's dust :
 Keep it safely, softly sleeping,
 Till our Lord demand thy trust.
 Sweetly sleep, dear saint, in Jesus,
 Thou, with us, shalt wake from death.
 Hold, he cannot, tho' he seize us;
 We his pow'r defy by faith.

- 3 Jesus, thy rich consolations
 To thy mourning people send :
 May we all, with faith and patience,
 Wait for our approaching end.
 Keep from courage vain or vaunted,
 For our change our hearts prepare ;
 Give us confidence undaunted,
 Cheerful hope, and godly fear.

Y M N CCCXCIV.—L. M.

The Commendatory Hymn.

DIEU! dear soul, to heav'n return;
No more to weep, no more to morn;
God, who made thee out of clay,
Paradise direct thy way.

presence of the Lord our God,
Port thee in the narrow road;
Art in peace to Jesu's feet,
Re take thy everlasting seat.

to thy Lord, to *Sion* go;
Where streams of ceaseless pleasures flow;
Thy guide, thy Saviour prove,
Love thee with eternal love.

not that path, which leads to God,
And bold the way by Jesus trod;
Orth, and meet the saints, thy friends,
Share the joy, which never ends.

Maker all thy sins forgive,
Be thy parting soul receive;
Be thy place in heav'n prepare,
Well till we shall meet thee there.

H Y M N CCCXCV.

- 1 **A** H, sister in Jesus, adieu !
Thy warfare is happily o'er ;
Thy spirit hath fought its way through,
And pitch'd on the heav'nly shore :
Thy course upon earth is all run,
The days of thy mourning are past ;
The joys that above thou hast won
For ever and ever shall last.
- 2 O blessed estate of the dead,
The dead that have dy'd in the Lord !
From trouble and misery freed,
And sure of their endless reward :
By sorrow no longer oppress'd,
When join'd to the spirits above ;
With Jesus in glory they rest,
They rest in the arms of his love.
- 3 Oh, when will the Saviour extend
The arms of his mercy to me ?
The days of my pilgrimage end,
My soul from its prison set free ?
When will the dear moment arrive,
Which long I have pin'd for in vain ?
And still I wou'd die, to revive ;
And suffer, with Jesus to reign.
- 4 Ah ! give me to bow my faint head,
My sorrowful soul to resign ;

From pain everlastingly freed,
To sink on the bosom divine :
My Saviour, why dost thou delay
To call a poor wanderer home ?
Come quickly and bear me away ;
The Bride and the Spirit say, Come.

H Y M N CCCXCVI.—C. M.

The Love-Feast.

- 1 JESUS! we bid thee to the feast ;
Come in, O Lord, come in :
Enter, and see, and love the guest,
And speak the people clean.
- 2 O'er ev'ry soul thy mantle spread,
In love our folly hide :
And make us all in thee our Head,
Compleat and justify'd.
- 3 Hallow the feast in which we join,
By being present here :
While all shall taste the kingdom's wine,
And hidden manna share.
- 4 Inspire us with celestial joy,
Unclose thou ev'ry eye :
Let blessings ev'ry heart employ,
Offer'd to thee Most High !

5 Let

- 5 Let love in ev'ry bosom move,
Which floods may never drown :
The fruit of that eternal love !
Which we from thee have known.
- 6 Forbid that any evil rise,
To interrupt our bliss :
Let us enjoy (while envy dies)
Our Father's happiness.
-

H Y M N CCCXCVII.—L.M

An Epithilamium.

- 1 **H**OW much was Cana's marriage blest,
When Jesus stoop'd to be the guest ?
How glorious must their feasting be,
When God was in the company ?
- 2 Hither, O spotless Jesus ! come,
And let thy presence fill the room,
We bid thee to this marriage Lord,
O Come, and be thou here ador'd !
- 3 The bridegroom and the bride prepare,
With all the souls assembled here,
Above, a part in thee to claim ;
And share the marriage of the Lamb.
- 4 Us marry to our Maker God,
And seal the union with thy blood :
Confirm it by our sins forgiv'n,
The foretaste of our future heav'n.

- 5 Among the number thou wilt bless,
Cover us with thy righteousness :
Let thine our wedding garment be,
When we ascend to sup with thee.
- 6 Left (while we here 'midst mortals stay)
The creature draw our heart away,
O blessed Shepherd, closely join'd
Our hearts, and wand'ring souls to thine.
- 7 Still let the voice behind us say
(If e'er we unadvised stray)
This is the path ; and we therein
Will walk, till these our eyes have seen.
- 8 Make us at all times on our guard,
For trials, and for death prepar'd :
Ready to leave our all below,
Husbands, and wives, and children too.
- 9 Nor may these souls in marriage giv'n,
Forget their native country, heav'n ;
Where, pure as angels, all shall feast,
One only bride ! for Jesus drest.
- 10 The married there shall virgins be,
Adorn'd with ceaseless chastity :
There ev'ry child shall share the throne,
O may my happy soul be one !

H Y M N CCCXCVIII.

JUDGMENT.

- 1 **L**O he cometh ! countless trumpets,
Blow before the bloody sign,
'Midst ten thousand faints and angels,
See the Crucified shine.
Hallelujah !
Hallelujah !
Hallelujah !
Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb !
- 2 Now his merit, by the harpers,
Thro' th' eternal deep resounds :
Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,
Ev'ry eye shall see his wounds ;
They who pierc'd him,
They who pierc'd him,
They who pierc'd him,
Shall, at his appearing, wail.
- 3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth, shall flee away ;
All, who hate him, must, ashamed,
Hear the trump proclaim the day.
Come to judgment,
Come to judgment,
Come to judgment,
Stand before the Son of Man.

H Y M N CCCXCIX.—L. M.

LET not so great a distance be,
My Lord, betwixt my soul and thee ;
Tho' I have caus'd it, kindly stoop,
And make thou all my breaches up.

I cannot bear to live unless
Thy gracious presence I possess ;
I count myself a nether hell
If thou refuse with me to dwell.

I rather chuse to hide my head
Within the grave's desir'd shade,
Than live, if thee I may not prove,
Each day, and hour, and minute, love.

I rather would that all my friends,
And ev'ry gift thy Father sends,
Were taken far away, than find
Thee, O my Saviour, seem unkind.

The greatest sorrows man can bear,
I'll welcome with a heart sincere,
If thou wilt my companion be,
And let me daily talk with thee.

H Y M N

H Y M N CCCC.—L. M.

- 1 'TIS strange, and yet 'tis true I stray,
And stumble in the straitest way;
I need our Saviour me to keep,
And lead me daily step by step.
- 2 I'm glad I know my need, for I
Am happy in his company;
When he is with me I go well,
But if he hides I wander ill.
- 3 Other poor sinners not restor'd
To be familiar with my Lord,
Are far from happy; well they may,
When always out of mercy's way.
- 4 And those who have enjoy'd the light,
Who knew the Lamb and walked right;
Ev'n these, if he be absent, err,
And faint, and fall, and sin, and fear.
- 5 This by experience I am taught,
That when I see myself in fault
I look to Jesus, and he sees
And save me from my miseries.
- 6 I feel how I to sin am prone,
And so I quiet sit me down
At Jesu's feet; and there I learn
When to go forward, when to turn.

H Y M N CCCCL.

- 1 **W**HEN I'm in bondage, then I see
How rightly this is charg'd on me,
Thou hast thyself destroy'd ;
So when my Saviour's love I view,
And freedom have, I see 'tis true
Thy help is in thy God.
- 2 In ev'ry change of mind and frame
I dare not thee, my Master, blame,
I know *myself's* in fault ;
Thou art the same, tho' I decay,
And change and turn ten times a day ;
I know *thou* changest not.
- 3 A Saviour always thee I prove,
For ever full of grace and love,
Whene'er my sin I see ;
Tho' I myself in darkness lead,
And fill my soul with guilt and need,
Thou always set'st me free.
- 4 I find my help and strength art thou ;
I should far from thee daily go,
But thou in thy dear hand
Preserv'st me still, O still me keep
Among thy chosen fellowship,
I'm in *Canaan's* land.

Men hardly all thy fame believe,
Nor credence to thy children give ;
Like *Adam* all themselves would dress
And hide with leaves their nakedness.

2 One says the news of thee is good,
Extols in words the Saviour's blood,
But will himself by works prepare
The blessed benefit to share :
I must shake off my sin, he saith,
E'er I am blest by Jesu's death.

3 Another cries out, I must mourn,
Must weep e'er I again am born ;
Must do my duty, then believe
God will thro' Jesus me receive :
Few, very few, believe the Lamb,
Can freely love vile souls like them.

Open, my Love, he kindly said,
And I will enter in;
My locks are fill'd with purple dew,
And torn my hands by sin.

At first, alas ! I made excuse,
 And answer'd to his word,
 My raiment's off, and I'm ashamed,
 Because I'm naked, Lord.

Let me prepare myself, I said,
 (And my best presents bring)
 But on my cloaths, I'll open then,
 And wait upon the King.

This said, he waited while I stay'd ;
 I slept, he call'd no more ;
 But silently he (griev'd) retir'd,
 And left my bolted door.

Awak'd, but found my Lord was gone,
 I cry'd, I call'd in vain !
 Incommon terror then I felt,
 Nor cou'd from tears refrain.

Like Mary press'd with strange remorse,
 To all I saw, I said,
 My All is gone ! is gone from me,
 Nor know I where he's laid.

O what a weight did I sustain !
 What torment did I feel !
 I thought he'd call no more, but I
 Must now be sent to hell.

- 9 A dark, a solitary way,
In search of him I trod;
And sick of love, and faint was I,
When lo! appear'd my God!
- 10 Thro' faith's blest'd lattice I espy'd,
By glimm'ring light, the LAMB;
I wou'd have sung, but secret joy
My happy soul o'ercame.
- 11 I thought upon my former sin,
And like one frightened flood;
Till with a smile he cry'd, *My child,*
And then I said, *My God.*
-

H Y M N CCCCIV.—L. M.

- 1 I Lord, the prodigal have been,
My substance I have spent in sin:
I now my youthful follies see,
And naked mourn my misery.
- 2 My innocence, my spotless dress
I've lost, and all my righteousness:
Reduc'd, and made a stranger here;
Nothing but filthy rags I wear.
- 3 With men I oft have sought to join;
Wou'd fain have eaten husks with swine:
But O their joys won't do for me,
'Tis empty all, and vanity.

- 4 For heav'nly bread I pant, I pant,
I know I now begin to want;
None gives my hungry soul to eat,
None pities my forlorn estate.
- 5 My Father's servants happy are,
While I, the sinful, perish here:
They have enough, and plenty know,
Nor guess the sorrow I go thro'.
- 6 I'll rise, and wretched as I am,
I'll cry to him from whom I came:
Longer my Father shall not be
A stranger to my misery.
- 7 Behold a sinner, Lord, I'll say,
Thy son that lately went away;
Mis'ry and sin is all I plead,
And want of grace, and want of bread.
- 8 See me thus far from thee, and run
To meet thy poor afflicted son;
And while I tell my wretched case,
Fall on my neck and me embrace.
- 9 Bring the best robe, thy righteousness,
And let my feet be shod with peace;
Seal with thy ring my trembling hand,
And bring me to my native land.
- 10 Let all thy children, now above,
Rejoice at thy redeeming love;
O tell them, This my son's forgiv'n,
And ransom'd to inherit heav'n.

- 11 The fatted calf for him shall bleed,
A feast shall for my child be made;
Your brother shall possess my peace,
Sing ye to grace, to pard'ning grace.
 - 12 Grant this my Father, and my tongue
Shall join in thy redeemed throng;
With them my harp shall ceaseless sound,
I once was lost, but now am found.
 - 13 I'll sing the merits of the blood
That bought me, and restor'd to God:
I sinn'd, I'll say, but Christ was slain,
Was dead, but am alive again.
-

H Y M N CCCC.V.

- 1 **O**NCE slaughter'd, now exalted Lamb,
We sing to thy eternal name,
The whole assembly join:
To yonder harpers harps we tune
Our solemn songs, and round the throne
We sing the man divine!
- 2 Our poor unmeet society
Mix with the happy company
Of Christians gone before:
And as they bless *Messiah's* blood
We imitate their song, and God
The holy Lamb adore.

3. Brethren and sisters, all agree
To sing he liv'd and dy'd for me,
I thank him for his grace :
Quickly thy chariot, Lord, send down,
To bear us to the wish'd-for throne,
Where we may see thy face.

4. Or if thou here would'st have us stay
A longer space, lo! we obey,
Only let us be sure,
That heav'n is ours, die when we will,
And let thy Spir't be with us still,
And we'll desire no more.

H Y M N CCCCVI.—L. M.

1. **D**ISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord ;
Help us to feed upon thy word :
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.
2. Tho' we are guilty, thou art good ;
Wash all our works in Jesu's blood :
Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release ;
And bid us all depart in peace.

H Y M N CCCCVII.—S. M.

1. **O**NCE more, before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name ;

Record his mercies, ev'ry heart,
Sing ev'ry tongue the same.

- 2 Hoard up his sacred word,
And feed thereon, and grow :
Go on to seek and know the Lord,
And practise what you know.
-

H Y M N CCCCVIII.—C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, help us on thy word to feed,
In peace dismiss us hence;
Be thou, in ev'ry time of need,
Our refuge and defence.
- 2 We now desire to blefs thy name;
And in our hearts record,
And with our thankful tongues proclaim,
The goodness of the Lord.
-

D O X O L O G I E S.

I.

O Praise the Lord, ye heav'nly host;
The same on earth be done :
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The great, the good Three-One.

II.

TO the great Godhead, Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,

B

Be glory, praise, and honour giv'n
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

III.

WITH all the heav'nly host,
Let Christians join to laud
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our Saviour and our God.

IV.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as large as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure nor end.
'Tis Jesus the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home,
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

V.

PRAISE God my friends, praise God, my soul
Praise God exceeding merciful :
Praise God, ye shining pow'rs above,
For God is altogether love.

VI.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below ;
Praise him above ye heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

VII.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore :
Join we with the heav'nly host
To praise thee evermore :
Live by heav'n and earth ador'd,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All glory be to thee.

VIII.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amidst the heav'nly host,
And in the church below ;
From whom all creatures drew their breath,
By whom redemption blest the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

IX.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.



N D E X.

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Oh! Lord, how faithless is my heart —	147	180
O Lord, how great's the favour —	148	181
O thou tender loving Jesus —	154	188
O dearest Lord, give me a heart —	158	191
O patient, spotless Lamb —	172	204
Oh! my Lord, I ask a favour —	173	205
O Saviour, could I always keep —	178	210
O tell me no more — —	184	216
O my Lord! I've often mused —	189	222
O man how deadly was thy wound —	212	245
O worthy Lamb! what endless store —	214	248
O it was grace amazing free —	215	249
Of him, who did salvation bring —	222	258
O God, we praise thee, and we own —	226	264
O Bride! behold thy Bridegroom hangs —	235	275
Our spirits join t' adore the Lamb —	242	284
O Jesu. Jesu, my good Lord —	245	287
O Lamb, O wounded bleeding Lamb —	246	289
O Jesus, the poor sinner's friend —	247	290
O Love divine, what hast thou done —	257	300
O God unsearchable! thy rays —	265	311
O! if the Lamb ne'er slaughter'd was —	278	327
O come, thou wounded Lamb of God —	288	343
O whence was I brought —	292	347
O thou the fairest of mankind —	295	351
O head so full of bruises —	299	353
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Rejoice, rejoice, ye fallen race —	369	445
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Thou slaughter'd Lamb at my defence	271	318
Thou dearest husband of my heart —	272	319
Teach us, O Lord! thy cross's mystery	277	326
The Saviour's blood and righteousness	280	331
Thousand times by me be greeted —	286	341
The soul of Christ me sanctify —	289	344
Thou holy, spotless Lamb of God —	290	345
Thanks! that God's holy Christ hath bled	291	346
The Father me protects as God —	298	353
That I am thine, my Lord and God	302	359
The Lord supplies his people's need	310	371
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I N D E X.

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U.

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I N D E X.

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While my Jesus I'm possessing —	176	208
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With joy we meditate the grace —	209	241
What praise unto the Lamb is due	211	244
Why, thus with grief oppress'd, my heart	224	241
When I survey the wond'rous cross	241	283
What to my Master shall I say —	275	322
What pains poor souls go thro' to trace	287	341
When shall I gain my wedding dress	296	352
What is it wounded, bleeding Love	303	362
Would you be well all over —	305	366
Whatever nature's hand hath giv'n	307	368
When I, by faith, my Maker see —	324	387
Welcome, sweet day of rest —	340	414
With chearful heart I close my eyes	351	424
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What object's this that meets my eyes	360	433
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Ye all, who are wounded by sin's pois'nous sting — —	268	315
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why me
why was I made to be
thy waice and enter wth
there) vooe when
thousands muche
wretched choise and
rather sturre than
go





